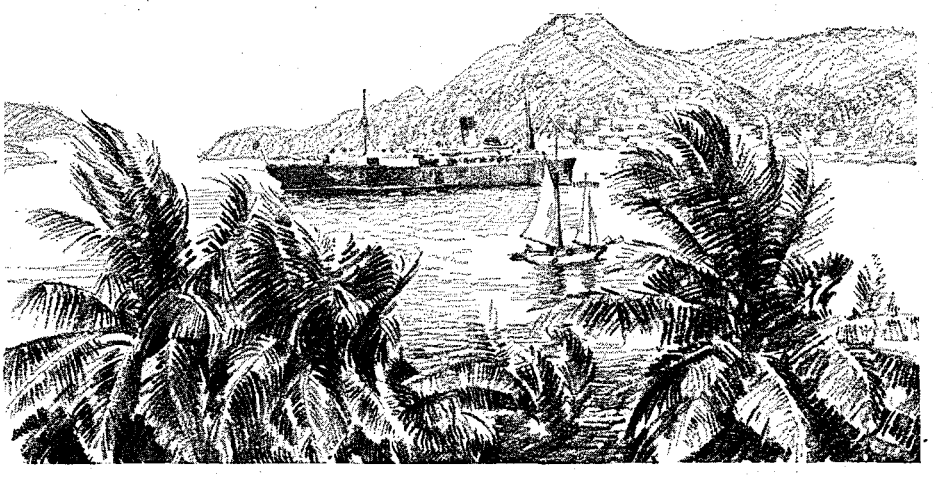
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXV FEBRUARY, 1919 NO. 2



OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

LOG-BOOK OF CHARLOTTE AMALIA CLIFFORD

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

S. S. *Diana*, January 21, 1918.
On the way to the Virgin Islands.

I ENGROSSED the above heading in my journal shortly after we left the dock in New York, but from what has occurred in the past few days I think my occasional entries in the log-book are likely to be records of Dorothea Valentine's love-affairs as they occur to her day by day, and as unluckily they are poured into my ear for lack of a better or more convenient vessel.

We are dear friends, Dolly and I. Her name is Dorothea, but apparently she will have to grow up to it, for at present everybody calls her Dolly, Dora, Dot, or Dodo, according to his or her sex, color, or previous condition of servitude. Dolly is twenty and I am thirty; indeed, her mother is only forty, so that I am rather her contemporary than Dolly's, but friendship is more a matter of sympathy than relative age, and Mrs. Valentine and I are by no means twin souls. As a matter of fact, that lady would never have noticed me, the private secretary of Clive Winthrop, a government official in Washington, had it not been that, through him and his sister, I had access to a more interesting group in society than had Mrs. Valentine, a widow of large means but a stranger in the Capital. Clive Winthrop is a person of distinction and influence, and Miss Ellen

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Winthrop, an old friend of my mother's, is one of the most charming hostesses in Washington, and I am in reality nothing but a paid scribe; the glad, willing, ardent, but silent assistant of a man who is serving the administration with all his heart; but neither he nor his sister will have it so considered. I almost think

Clive Winthrop . . . commands attention in any room that he enters.

that Miss Ellen Winthrop, still vivacious and vigorous at sixty-five, is ready to give up to me her place as head of the household if I consent to say the word; but I am not sure enough yet to say it; and because of that uncertainty I cannot trust myself in the daily company of the two persons most deeply concerned in my decision. A sea voyage is the best thing in the world to blow away doubts or difficulties; it also clears the air so that one can see one's course, whether it be toward the north of duty or the south of desire.

My work for a long time has been to report interviews, take stenographic records, and write hundreds of letters for Mr. Winthrop during the somewhat protracted discussion that preceded the acquisition of the Virgin Islands by the United States. It is odd that these tasks should have fallen to me, who added below Clive Winthrop's signature to many communications the typed initials C. A. C., for I have a special interest in this part of the world—a very close and sentimental one, since I was born on St. Thomas, one of the Virgin Islands, and christened Charlotte Amalia after the little red-roofed town on the shore of the perfect harbor. My birth in St. Thomas was entirely unpremeditated, and I was taken away as soon as my mother was able to travel; nevertheless, I have always longed during the twelve years of my loneliness, without father or mother, to see the place where they were so happy in each other and so blissful in the prospect of my appearance.

I, then, have a right to this particular holiday and this opportunity to decide my future. Miss Dorothea Valentine, on the contrary, is a wholly unexpected, I will not say an unwelcome, companion, although when I wish to be thinking of my own problems she generally desires to discuss hers, which are trivial, though interesting and unique.

Everything about the girl piques interest; her beauty, her charm, her childlike gayety and inconsequence, which are but the upper current of a deeper sea of sincerity and common sense. Somebody says: "Ladies vary in looks; they're like military flags for a funeral or a celebration—one day furled, next day streaming. Men are ships. Figureheads, about the same in a storm or a calm, and not too handsome, thanks to the ocean." The last phrases are peculiarly true of Clive Winthrop, who is sometimes called the ugliest man in Washington, yet who commands attention in any room that he enters because of his fine physique, his noble head, and his distinction of bearing and speech. Rugged he is, "thanks

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to the ocean," but he looks as if he could swim against the strongest current. On the other hand, it cannot be said that Dolly Valentine varies. She is lovely at breakfast, lovelier at luncheon, and loveliest at dinner when the dazzling whiteness of her neck and shoulders is revealed. Only a tolerably generous woman would suffer herself to be in the almost daily companionship of such a charmer, and that I am in that dangerous juxtaposition is her fault, not mine.

"You must take me with you on your sea voyage, Charlotte," she said. "I must get away from Washington and from mother. No, don't raise your eyebrows and begin to scold before you know what I mean! I am not going to criticise my maternal parent, but I am so under her thumb at the moment that I am a flabby mass of indecision. I have no more mind than a jellyfish, yet I have to decide a matter of vital importance within a month. How can I make up a non-existent mind? Answer me that. Your life is so fixed and serene and settled; so full of absorbing work; you are so flattered and appreciated that you are like a big ship anchored in a safe harbor, and you can't think what it's like to be a silly little yacht bobbing about on the open sea!" (Such is the uncomprehending view-point of twenty toward thirty; the calm assumption that ladies of that mature age can have no love-affairs of their own to perplex them!)

"There is no need of your being a silly little yacht, Dolly!" I answered. "If you want to make a real voyage you have the power to choose your craft."

"Mother always chooses for me," she said with a pout. "She doesn't gag me and put me in irons and lead me up the gang-plank by brute force, but she dominates me. I start out each morning like a nice fat, pink balloon and by evening, though I haven't felt any violent pin-pricks, I am nothing but a little shrunken heap of shrivelled rubber. You know it, Charlotte! You have seen me bouncing at breakfast and seen me flat at dinner!"

It was impossible not to laugh at her. "Don't be ridiculous!" I expostulated. "There is nothing between you and happiness but a little cloud so diaphanous that a breath of common sense would blow it away. Now read your magazine and let me write in my log-book. It is intended to be an informal report to my chief (Oh! he is that, in every sense of the word, I thought secretly) of the islands we are to visit. We shall be at

Everything about the girl piques interest.
—Page 130.

St. Thomas to-morrow morning and in the four days we have been journeying from New York the only topic of conversation in which you have shown the slightest enthusiasm is whether you should or should not marry Marmaduke Hogg!"

"Don't call him all of it, Charlotte," and she shuddered. "Mother is always doing it and I can't bear it!" Where-

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upon she flounced about in her deck-chair and hid her face in her steamer-rug.

. . . . . .

It was a foolish little love-story, that of Dorothea Valentine. Her mother was a mass of polite and unnecessary conventions; a pretty sort of person with a clear profile like that of a cold, old little bird. Her small, sharp nose resembled a beak; her eyes were like two black beads; and her conversation was a lengthy series of twitterings. Charlotte Clifford used to tell Miss Winthrop that if Mrs. Valentine had been a canary, people would have forever been putting a towel over her cage to secure silence. She was always idle, save for a bewildering succession of reconstruction periods, apparently forestalling ruins that no one else could have prophesied. She dieted and reduced her hips; had violet rays applied to her scalp; had her wrinkles ironed out by some mysterious process. If you caught her before ten in the morning you would find her with crescent-shaped bits of court-plaster beside her eyes, in front of her ears, and between her brows. She was beautifully clothed, shod, gloved, massaged, manicured, and marcelled. She lived on the best sides of the streets and at the proper hotels. She answered notes, returned calls, and gave wedding presents punctiliously. She never used the telephone for invitations, nor had anything but contempt for abbreviations, carefully writing out Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Minneapolis, Minnesota, when she addressed her sisters in those cities. A mass of the most glaring virtues was Mrs. Reginald Valentine, impeccable and unassailable, with views on all subjects as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians. She had ordered her husband's life during their ten years of marriage, he being a gentle and artistic soul, and she had more or less directed his exercise, amusements, diet, as well as his political and religious opinions. She nursed him faithfully in his last illness, but when he timidly begged to be cremated instead of buried, she reminded him that it was a radical, ultramodern idea; that the Valentine lot and monument were very beautiful; that there never had been any cremations in the family connection; and that she hoped he would not break a long-established custom and leave behind him a positively irreligious request. Various stories of Mr. Valentine's docility had crept into circulation, and it is said that on this occasion he turned his head meekly to the wall and sighed: "Very well, Emma! Do just as you think best; it's your funeral!"

Just how Dorothea blossomed on this stalk it is difficult to say. A bright-eyed, sunshiny, wilful baby, she had grown into an unaffected, attractive, breezy young woman, outwardly obedient, inwardly mutinous. She was generally calm in her mother's presence, never criticising her openly, and her merry heart kept her from being really unhappy in a relationship that many girls would have found intolerable. Beaux she had a-plenty and lovers not a few. As cream or honey to flies, so was Dorothea Valentine to mankind in general; but she took them on gayly and cast them off lightly, little harm being done on either side by the brief experience.

Of course the suits of some of the suitors had been hard pressed by Mrs. Valentine. "You will go through the woods to pick up a crooked stick at last, Dorothea," she would say. "You don't know a desirable *parti* when you see one. You will never do better than Arthur Benham or Lee Wadsworth."

"Arthur said 'enthuse,' 'sure,' and 'dope'; and Lee was bow-legged, mother," Dolly objected.

"His reputation was straight and his income all that could be desired," responded Mrs. Valentine loftily. "I wish I could convince you, Dorothea, that there are no perfect husbands. You are looking for the impossible! Indeed, I have always found men singularly imperfect, even as friends and companions, and in a more intimate relation they leave still more to be desired. You dismissed Sir Thomas Scott because he was too dictatorial, although you knew he intended to have the family diamonds reset for you."

"He'd have had them reset in Sheffield or Birmingham, but anyhow one doesn't marry diamonds, mother."

"One might at least make the effort,

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Dorothea! I notice that most of the people who disdain diamonds generally possess three garnets, two amethysts, and one Mexican opal."

Dolly laughed. "You know I did try, mother."

"I know you made a very brief and feeble effort to be sensible, and you might have conquered yourself had it not been for the sudden appearance of this young Hogg on your horizon."

"You shall not call him a young Hogg!" cried Dolly passionately. "It isn't fair; I won't endure it!"

"I thought it was his name," remarked Mrs. Valentine, placidly shifting a wrinkle-plaster from one place to another. "You wouldn't object if I had alluded to young Benham or young Wadsworth. You show by your very excitement how disagreeable his name is to your ears. It isn't a question of argument; Marmaduke Hogg is an outrageous, offensive name; if he had been Charles or James it would have been more decent. The 'Marmaduke' simply calls attention to the 'Hogg.' If any one had asked to introduce a person named Hogg to me I should have declined."

"I've told you a dozen times, mother, that the Wilmots' house-party was at breakfast when I arrived from the night train. There was a perfect Babel and everybody was calling him 'Duke.' He looked like one, and nobody said—the other. I didn't even hear his last name till evening, and then it was too late."

"'Too late!' Really, Dorothea, if you have no sense of propriety you may leave the room!" and Mrs. Valentine applied the smelling-bottle to her bird-like nose as a sign that her nerves were racked to the limit and she might at any moment succumb.

"All I know is," continued Dorothea obstinately, "that he was the best-looking, the most interesting, the cleverest, the most companionable man in the house-party, or for that matter in the universe. You don't ask the last name of Orlando, or Benedick, or Marcus Aurelius, or Albert of Belgium."

"It wouldn't be necessary." (Here Mrs. Valentine was quite imperturbable.) "The Valentines have never been required to associate with theatrical people or foreigners. In some ways I dislike the name of Marmaduke as much as Hogg. It is so bombastic! It seems somehow like an assumed name, or as if the creature had been born on the stage. When coupled with Hogg it loses what little distinction it might have had by itself. One almost wishes it had been Marmalade. Marmalade Hogg suggests a quite nauseating combination of food, but there is a certain appropriateness about it."

Dorothea's face was flaming. "You will never allow Duke to explain himself, mother, nor hear me through when I attempt to make things clear to you. You never acknowledge that you know, but you do know, that Duke's people were English a long way back, and 'Marmaduke' is an old family name. The Winthrops will tell you that Duke's father and mother were named Forrest and that they changed it to Hogg to pacify an old bachelor uncle who wanted to leave Duke six thousand dollars a year. He had no voice in the matter; he was only twelve years old."

"It was a very short-sighted business proposition," and Mrs. Valentine took another deep sniff of lavender. "Sixty thousand a year wouldn't induce me to be named Hogg, and I shall never consent to have one in my family!"

Dorothea burst into tears, a most uncommon occurrence.

"You have dwelt so long on this purely immaterial objection," she sobbed, "that you have finally inoculated me with something of your own feeling and made me miserable and ashamed. I dare say, too, I have hurt Duke's pride by trying to give him a reason for your indifferent attitude, yet never having courage for the real, piffling explanation. I am mortified at my despicable weakness and I will overcome it by realizing how unworthy I am to bear Duke's honorable, unstained name, even if it is Hogg. You might as well give up, mother! If the dearest, best, most delightful man in the world loves me, I shall marry him, name and all."

"I do not regard it as settled," replied Mrs. Valentine calmly. "The young man may not think you so desirable when he learns that my refusal to ac-

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cept him as a son-in-law means that he must take you without any income. Your dear father must have foreseen some such tragedy when he left all his money in my care!"

"Duke will take me without a penny!" cried Dorothea hotly. "I would stake my life on that!"

"Don't be melodramatic, Dorothea. We shall see in time. It is just possible that the young man may not be greedy, and so belie his name," was Mrs. Valentine's last shaft as Dorothea strode out of the room.

. . . . . .

S. S. *Diana*, January 26th, 1918.

St. Thomas, and Charlotte Amalia, the little town for which I was named, looked so lovely when we landed early this morning that I felt a positive thrill of pride. This half-way house of the sea, this gateway of the Caribbean, as it has been picturesquely called, seemed, as Dolly and I climbed the hills and the stone stairways, to materialize into a birthplace instead of a vague dream. A year ago, with the *Dannebrog*, the scarlet, white-crossed banner of Denmark, floating over the red Danish fortress on the water-front, I might have felt an alien, but the Stars and Stripes made me feel at home and I could only remember that my father and mother met and loved each other in this little Paradise, and that when I was born there they were the two happiest people under the sun. If they could have seen their daughter saluting the American flag so near the very spot in which she first saw the light, they would have been comforted, I am sure, instead of repining that they had both been taken away when she most needed their love and protection.

Such a view from *Diana's* deck as we crept into the wonderful harbor! A background of towering green hills and a dazzling blue of velvet sky and crystal sea, like that of Algiers, greeted our enchanted gaze! Like some of the coast towns of Italy, Charlotte Amalia is gay with color, and its white, red-roofed villas nestle among their luxuriant gardens and tropical foliage, standing out in a perfect riot of orange and yellow, blue and red. Never, save in Venice, have I seen such a gorgeous array of color in a landscape.

Five hours we had in St. Thomas while the *Diana* put off hundreds of barrels of cement; but what with the gayly painted boats and their dark-skinned crews, the naked brown boys diving and swimming for pennies and dimes in the harbor, a walk to Bluebeard's Tower and Blackbeard's Castle, we were well amused. Particularly so was Dorothea, who disappeared from my side for a half-hour while I chatted with the captain, rejoining me in the tiny palm-bordered park near the landing.

She was glowing with happiness.

"What do you think, Charlotte?" she exclaimed. "I have a letter from Duke. Not written after we sailed, of course, for it couldn't have reached me. He bearded mother in her fortress the morning we left Washington. She was out, or said she was, but sent a note saying that I had gone on a journey and would be absent for a month. He went directly to the Winthrops for news and they told him I was with you and that if he wrote at once by special delivery he could reach the ship before it left New York dock. He sent the letter to the captain and asked him to give it to me at St. Thomas for a surprise. The captain is such a nice man, though a good deal of a tease! Mr. Winthrop was delighted to hear you were not alone. Poor Miss Winthrop has influenza and they both wish they had taken this trip. It seems they are thinking of it."

"The Winthrops coming on this voyage," I exclaimed. "Impossible! They hadn't an idea of it."

"Mightn't he want to interview the governor and look at the island?"

"He hasn't time. I chose this journey instead of another so that I could interview the governor and look at the islands myself."

"Well, I dare say there's nothing in it. Duke didn't speak of it as anything settled, and he may not have heard right, his mind being on me. May I read you the letter—I mean parts of it?"

"I shouldn't expect to hear all of it," I replied dryly.

"Yet the bits I leave out are the ones

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Drawn by O. F. Howard.

This half-way house of the sea . . . seemed . . . to materialize into a birthplace instead of a vague dream.—Page 134.

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that show him as he is," she said, looking off into the grove of palms. "Duke is so conscientious that until we succeed in melting mother—that would be a good title for a story, '*Melting Mother*'!—and until she sanctions an engagement he won't let himself go, even on paper. So I get only a lovely sort of 'seepage' that breaks through in spite of him!"

"Skip the seepage," I said unsympathetically, "and give the news."

She reread the first paragraphs to herself with a good deal of dimpling and with eyes that suffused with feeling now and then, and turning the page began to read aloud:

"Knowing that you were on the high seas far away from me, though safe with your charming Miss Clifford (Duke admires you extravagantly, Charlotte!), I concluded to burn my ships and have a straightforward talk with your mother, although you have repeatedly warned me that this was not the best method of approach and that only patience would win my cause. I sent up my card at the New Willard, and doubtless she would have refused to receive me, but, going from the office to one of the reception-rooms to await her, I found her seated there with your Philadelphia aunt and another lady. They scented trouble and took to their heels when I had been introduced to them somewhat informally as a friend of Dorothea's, my name not being mentioned. I asked your mother, when we were left alone, if she had any objection to me other than my uneuphonious and suggestive surname.

"She replied guardedly, no, or at least nothing in particular, though she might say without conceit that Dorothea might aspire to anybody, even the highest.

"I cordially agreed, saying that if the male sex had any eye for beauty, charm, or loveliness of character, that Dorothea might marry not only anybody but everybody.

"She said she thought persiflage was out of taste when the happiness of a mother's whole life was in question.

"I begged pardon, but said it was necessary for me to whistle to keep my courage up, for the happiness of *my* whole life was in question.

"She said that was beside the point and her daughter's happiness must also be considered.

"I remarked that her daughter, to my infinite surprise and gratitude, assured me that her happiness lay in the same direction as my own.

"She vouchsafed the information that Dorothea was a romantic fool.

"I denied it.

"She dealt what she considered to be a body-blow by affirming that your property would not be in your hands till you were twenty-one.

"I replied that I didn't care if it didn't reach you till you were a hundred and twenty-one.

"She said, 'Don't be silly,' and asked me if I had ever thought of changing my name back to Forrest from Hogg.

"I inquired in return if she would mind the loss of six thousand dollars a year, supposing that I should take such a step.

"She reflected and said that she should, but she would rather lose it than take the name; and that we could rub along on Dorothea's money, she supposed, if that was our idea of a pleasant life.

"I hastened to say that I would relinquish the six thousand without a pang, confident that I could make a living anyway; but that it would be disloyal to my good old uncle, whose bounty had given me a college course, two years at Oxford and three at Harvard Law School. It had also permitted me to give my services to the United States Shipping Board without compensation.

"She said she thought it was very selfish in a government to accept a man's whole time and give him no remuneration; that Secretary McAdoo had only to say to the banks, 'Let there be money,' and there was money. There would be plenty for everybody if only the engravers and laborers at the mint would not strike.

"I reminded her that men were remunerated sufficiently in being allowed to serve their country.

"She returned that she thought that point of view foolish and fantastic, but if she found, after a year, that her daughter's peace of mind was threatened, would I then change my name and live

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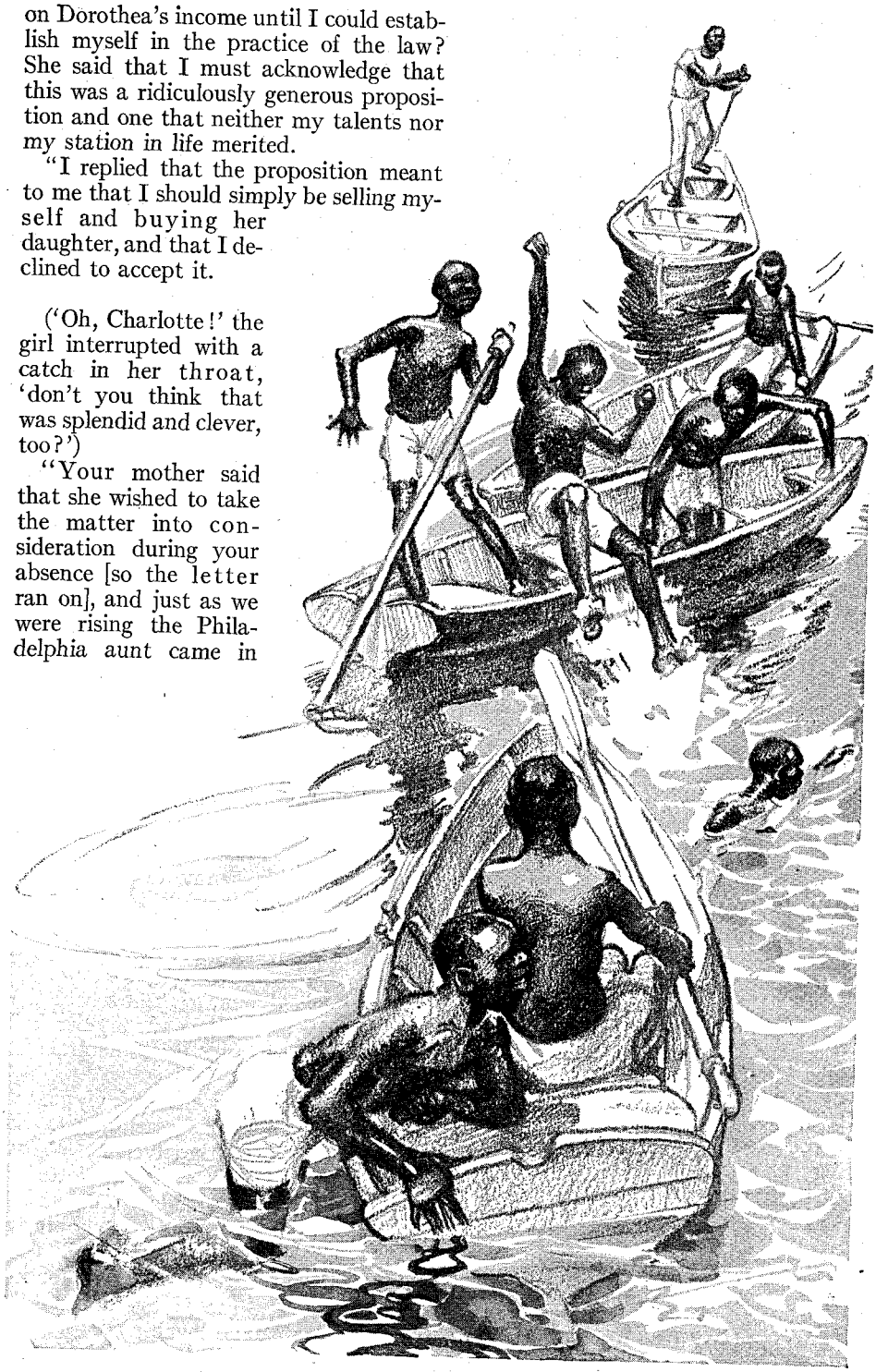
on Dorothea's income until I could establish myself in the practice of the law? She said that I must acknowledge that this was a ridiculously generous proposition and one that neither my talents nor my station in life merited.

"I replied that the proposition meant to me that I should simply be selling myself and buying her daughter, and that I declined to accept it.

('Oh, Charlotte!' the girl interrupted with a catch in her throat, 'don't you think that was splendid and clever, too?')

"Your mother said that she wished to take the matter into consideration during your absence [so the letter ran on], and just as we were rising the Philadelphia aunt came in



Drawn by O. F. Howard.

The naked brown boys diving and swimming for pennies and dimes.—Page 134.

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from one door and General Y, Senator X, and Lord Z from another.

"They are at the moment three of the most significant figures in the moving picture of Washington society, and all women pursue them. They beamed at me as if they had been commandeered for that special purpose, and Senator Y said jovially: 'How are you, Duke? Glad to see you. Are you free to dine with us?'

"I hastily turned to your mother, saying: 'I was just going to ask you and your sister if you would dine with me.'

"Lord Z, who was at Balliol with me, you remember, said: 'Then perhaps you will allow us to come to your table for coffee, Hogg?' Your mother gazed at him, astounded that his noble tongue could utter the name. Then she actually and gracefully 'fell' for the dinner, lured by the bait of the postprandial coffee with the distinguished trio, and the Philadelphia aunt kept things going serenely. She is a delightful person and will be a perfect companion for your mother when—you know when—when she needs one—and I no longer do!

('There never was a man who said things like Duke!' interpolated Dolly ecstatically.)

"All would have gone swimmingly to the end had not a page suddenly entered the room bawling: '*Mr. Hogg wanted at the telephone! Mr. Hogg? Telephone message for Mr. HOGG!*'

"Only capitals can give an idea of the volume of voice. My ear-drum, grown painfully sensitive since I met your mother, echoed and re-echoed with the tone as I threaded my way through the crowded room, followed by every eye, while I imagined people saying: 'I wonder if he's called to the stock-yard?' (It is queer, but I never felt this way in Oxford, for there they still remember Hogg, the Scottish poet, and I hung myself to his revered coat-tails.)

"The telephone message was from my secretary, and healed my wounded vanity, for it came from the British Embassy conveying the thanks of the Foreign Office for Mr. Hogg's friendly and helpful action in conducting negotiations for the chartering of ex-enemy ships lying in South American ports.

('You see what he is!' exclaimed Dolly, looking up from the letter with eyes full of unshed tears! 'Of course he has five or six superiors in office but I suppose really that Duke's extraordinary talent keeps that whole shipping board going! You mark my words, Charlotte, when Duke gives up his position and goes to Plattsburg there'll be an absolute slump in that office! But just hear what follows; it is so discouraging!')

"'But when,' he goes on to say, 'glowing with the delight that always comes to me when I have any little tribute to lay with my love at your charming number-three feet, when I returned to my table your mother had gone to her room and the Philadelphia aunt remained to explain that she had been taken suddenly ill.

"'"It will all come right, Mr.—my dear boy!" she said. "My sister has one weakness, an abnormal sensitiveness to public opinion. She thinks constantly what people will say of this, that, or the other trifling thing, and in that way perpetually loses sight of the realities of life. There is a great deal of good in her that you have never seen because for the moment she is absolutely obsessed by her objection to your name and her conviction that Dorothea might and should marry a title. My sister married Reginald Valentine more for the effect on her future visiting-card than anything else, but Dorothea's father bequeathed his good looks, his sunny disposition, his charm, and his generous nature to his daughter. You have chosen wisely, my dear Mr.—boy, but not more wisely, to my mind, than Dorothea has!"'

"So it ended, but I somehow hope that I may have converted your mother from an enemy alien to an armed neutral!"

"There is nothing more of, of, general interest," said Dolly tearfully, as she slipped the letter in the envelope. "Aunt Maggie is a trump. Oh, Charlotte! if only you had ever had a love problem like mine and could advise me! Duke always wondered that you never married."

(Dorothea ought to be cuffed for impertinence, but she is too unconscious and too pretty and lovable.)

"Perhaps there may still be hope even at thirty!" I said stiffly.

"Oh, I didn't mean that! You might

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have anybody by lifting your finger! We only wonder you've never lifted it! But you could only be happy with a very learned and prominent man, you are so clever!"

"I'm clever enough to prefer love to learning, if I have to choose, Dolly, my dear."

"I'm so sorry you didn't get a letter, Charlotte," said the girl, snuggling sympathetically to my side on the bench.

being too astonished, darling," I continued. "Come! let's go and pick bananas and pineapples and tamarinds and shaddocks and star-apples and sapodillas!"

"I won't budge a step till you tell me all about it!"

"Then you'll grow to this green bench and have to be cut away by your faithful Marmaduke!"

"Is it a secret?"

She said she thought persiflage was out of taste when the happiness of a mother's whole life was in question.—Page 136.

This was more than flesh and blood or angel could bear!

I kissed her, and, shaking her off my shoulder vigorously, I said, as I straightened my hat: "As a matter of fact, Miss Valentine, I have had a letter every day since we left New York; a letter delivered before breakfast by the steward. You have had but one, yet you are twenty and I am thirty!"

"*Charlotte!*"

"Don't add to your impudence by

"It doesn't exist at all for you. You are not of age, Dolly."

"I'm old enough to know the things that one can learn by heart!" was Dolly's comment.

When the *Diana* was leaving St. Thomas at sunset and we were well on our way to St. Croix, Dolly made a half confidence.

"You are not my chaperon, Charlotte, because in my hour of need I simply fastened myself to you like a

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limpet, or an albatross, or a barnacle, or any other form of nautical vampire that you prefer. Still, I might as well confess that I cabled to Duke, or wirelessed, or did something awfully expensive of that sort at St. Thomas while you were having that interminable talk with the captain, who, by the way, is married and devoted to his wife, they say."

"That was foolish and extravagant, my child," I answered. "I don't know what you said, but I have the most absolute confidence in your indiscretion. I hope you remembered that all messages are censored in war time?"

"I did, indeed," she sighed. "I was never so hampered and handicapped in my life, but I think I have outwitted the censors. I wish I were as sure about—mother!"

S. S. *Diana*, January 26.

St. Croix was delightful, with a motor-ride across the island from Frederikstad to Christianstad, where we lunched.

Dolly's mind is not in a state especially favorable for instruction, but I took a guide-book and, sitting under a wonderful tamarind tree, read her Alexander Hamilton's well-known letter describing a West Indian hurricane, written from St. Croix in 1772.

We were with a party of Canadian acquaintances made on shipboard and greatly interested in our first visits to sugar plantations. Vast cane-fields of waving green stretched mile after mile on the right and on the left, making it seem incredible that Mr. Hoover need beg the sweet tooth to deny itself in the midst of such riotous plenty. There was a dazzling glare from the white buildings of the town and the coral roads, but the moment we reached the outlying country all was verdant and restful. The beautiful hard roads ran like white ribbons over velvet hills and through rich valleys; tall windmills, belonging to the earlier days of sugar-making, rose picturesquely from the magnificent palms and other shade-trees; there were brilliant flowers and blossoming vines breaking through hedges here and there, and acres of pineapples and orange groves. Truly, our Canadian companions might wish us luck in our new possessions!

Later in the day.

We have left the Virgin Islands now and at dawn we neared St. Kitts, of the Leeward group, anchoring a half-mile away from the landing and putting passengers ashore in the small boats that ranged themselves near the steamer. There was a very bedlam of chatter, argument, and recrimination among the black boatmen, mounting at times to furious invective in a patois we failed wholly to understand, for though the majority of the natives speak English on all the islands, whether Dutch, French, or British, they use a language of their own vintage on these undress occasions. I could see Dolly's bright head and laughing eyes peeping through her port-hole, nodding good morning to me as I viewed the scene from my own little stateroom opposite hers.

The St. Kitts boatmaster was a superb personage in white linen uniform and cap. He stood at the top of the steps lowered from our steamer to the ocean, and from that serene height of power commanded his clamorous and refractory legions.

It was his voice that called me irresistibly from my berth and kept my ears, as well as my eyes, glued to the port-hole of my cabin. It was a deep, rich barytone, as full of color as his own native skies and sea. The white cap set off his dark skin, and a pair of eyes that shot lightnings of authority gleamed from under his vizor. He ought to have been singing the "Pagliacci" prologue at the Metropolitan Opera House, but instead he was calling resonantly (his private megaphone seemed to be located in his own throat): "*Don't crowd, Edward. . . . Push in, Victoria. . . . Get away, George. . . . Come nearer, come nearer, Mary. . . . Show your number, Albert, or meet me in court to-morrow at eleven!*"

As a matter of fact, these were the names painted on the boats crowding and jamming their way to the most favorable places for securing passengers or freight; but the quality of his voice made it seem as if, in calling Victoria, Edward, George, Mary, and Albert, he were summoning a corporeal bevy of kings and queens to do his instant bidding. The excitement reached its climax when an aged bishop descended the stairway,

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which was under some circumstances as perilous as a ladder. The bishop's quaint hat and gown and hood of various colors made him seem like a benign figure in comic opera; and perhaps because of his dignity or his multiplicity of luggage, all the boats ardently desired him as a passenger. Two green boxes, carrying much information painted in white on the sides, gave us all details of his rank, ancestry, and place of residence. These were projected down the stairway and then followed an imposing procession of servitors bearing potted plants, packages done up in linen cloth, baskets of eggs, limes, lemons, grapefruit, a canary in a cage, some white mice, and a Persian cat; the last three, it is needless to say, being in separate crates.

Majestic being, that St. Kitts boatmaster; never more impressive than when he successfully landed a bishop of the isles! Dolly and I recalled the "Admirable Crichton" in Barrie's whimsical play, who, as butler in a titled English family, was wrecked with the entire household on a desert island. It needed only the emergencies of twenty-four hours to establish him as the dominant intellectual force and the practical governor of the sadly inefficient earls, countesses, ladies, and honorables; and before long he assumed the authority properly belonging to him. That the earl's daughter finally fell in love with him seemed not so much dramatic license as a tribute to his obvious superiority. In London the lady would have been criticised as marrying beneath her; on the desert island it actually appeared as if she were doing particularly well for herself; indeed, Dolly confessed that though she would prefer marrying Marmaduke Hogg she would rather be wrecked in the company of the St. Kitts boatmaster.

S. S. *Diana*, Sunday, January 27.

After breakfast, on our way to anchor at Antigua for the night, we saw in the distance the towering cone of Nevis, the "Gorgeous Isle" of Alexander Hamilton's birth and the famous scene of Lord Nelson's marriage. It has fallen from its proud estate of former years into poverty and neglect, but it is still marvellously beautiful to the eye. We sat on deck reading, or at least glancing drowsily over the pages of our books to the sapphire sea and the emerald forests of the island shores with a never-ceasing delight. There were three Roman Catholic priests on board, also four Protestant missionaries, one of them with a wife and a family of charming children—Samuel, Naomi, Esther, Daniel. Piously they were named and never once did they bring contempt on the Holy Scriptures! From below in a far end of the boat we could hear echoes of gospel hymns in some little cabin where a Sunday-morning service was being held.

Dorothea gave a deep sigh.

"It is all so peaceful, Charlotte! One day just like another and all beautiful and tranquil. We haven't seen anybody hurry since we left New York. Do you remember Rudyard Kipling saying, when he came back there after a long absence, that he was afraid to step slowly lest the man behind him should walk up his back? Nobody ever seems nervous in these islands. The natives can be ragged and hungry without being much concerned. Work never appears to be a delight to them for its own sake, but only as a means to get food. I feel slip—slip—slipping into a heavenly state of coma. Does anything ever stir the tropics except hurricanes and earthquakes, I wonder? How can women fight for suffrage in this climate? How can a man be wakened to great ambitions?"

"Alexander Hamilton was born on Nevis and passed all his boyhood and youthful days on what is now our own St. Croix," I said.

"Yes, but he wasn't Washington's aide-de-camp nor secretary of the treasury in the tropics!"

"True; nevertheless, when he was Nicholas Cruger's bookkeeper at the age of twelve he wrote to an American friend: 'I contemn the grovelling condition of a clerk to which my fortunes condemn me, and I would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. . . . My youth excludes me from any hope of immediate preferment, but I mean to prepare the way for futurity.' You see the yeast was stirring, even in the tropics, Dolly!"

"Well, I feel no yeast stirring in me,"

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she said languidly. "All the morning I have been trying to recapture a certain 'Ode to a Cow' written by a man of action in a country hotel where mother and I were sojourning last summer. I could have echoed it when I first regarded the inhabitants of these islands, and now anybody might say it of me, for I grow more and more cow-like with every passing day. It runs this way:

ODE TO A CUD-CHEWING COW

Why, Cow, art thou so satisfied,
So well content with all things here below,
So meek, so lazy, and so awful slow?
Dost thou not know that men's affairs are mixed?
That grievously the world needs to be fixed?
That nothing we can do has any worth?
That life is care and trouble and untowardness?
Prit, Cow! This is no time for idleness!
The cud thou chewest is not what it seems.
Get up and moo! Tear round and quit thy dreams!

By this time Dorothea was asleep. Her book slid to the floor, I shaded her face with my green umbrella, pulled down her muslin frock over her pretty ankles, and gave myself up to vagrant thoughts of her probable future. Sunday on shipboard is a good day for reflections and heart-searchings. My own problem, after all, is not so baffling as Dolly's. She is as loyal as a charming and sensible girl can be to a mother like Mrs. Valentine, whose soul, if the truth were told, is about the size of a mustard-seed. A frivolous, useless, bird-minded woman is Dolly's mother; a woman pecking at life as a canary pecks at its cuttlefish, simply to sharpen its bill. How the girl can respect her I cannot imagine! I suppose flesh calls to flesh and she loves her without too much analysis, but they seem to have come to the parting of the ways. It is Dolly's highest self that is in love with Marmaduke Hogg, and I don't believe she will sacrifice it to a maternal whim and call it filial obedience. Perhaps the absence that makes the heart grow fonder is working like a philter in this journey planned by Mrs. Valentine with a far different purpose.

"Let her go with you, Charlotte," she begged me with tears in her eyes. "I must get her away from this attractive but undesirable young man! That absurd uncle who didn't want his name to die out must have been a lunatic or an imbecile. Why shouldn't such a vulgar name become extinct? And to think that my exquisite Dorothea—whose figure and eyelashes have been remarked by royalty—to think that she should be expected to graft herself on to that family tree of all others! To think that she may take that name herself and, for aught we know, add half a dozen more to the list; all boys, probably, who would marry in course of time and produce others, piling Hoggs on Hoggs, as it were! It is like one of those horrible endless chains that are condemned by the government!"

I gave way to peals of laughter at this impassioned speech, evidently annoying Mrs. Valentine, who expected sympathy. I tried to placate her with reference to the poet of the name which had none but delightful associations in Scotland.

"Then if they choose to defy me and marry each other, let them go and live in Scotland!" she snapped.

"Would you have minded Dolly's marrying Lord Bacon?" I asked.

This gave her food for thought.

"No," she said reflectively, "for, of course, he was a lord, which is something."

"But how about the associations?"

"I can't explain, but somehow they are not as repulsive to me," she insisted. "I always think of bacon cooked, not raw, and—the other is alive!"

As for my own difficulty, it is, after all, a conventional one. I cannot bear the idea of marrying my employer; a man known by sight and reputation to everybody in Washington, while I am a relatively unknown person without fortune, kith, or kin. The thought brings to mind sensational head-lines in cheap newspapers regarding the wedding of some aged millionaire with his youthful stenographer, and the consequent alarms of his household; or the alliance of some scion of a wealthy house with a trained nurse of obscure lineage and vaulting ambition. I am all alone in the world, and though my father, who died when he was only five and twenty, left me but the barest support, I have gloried in my independence and rejoiced in my modest successes.

My people on both sides were of good

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"One day just like another and all beautiful and tranquil."—Page 141.

stock. Even the Winthrops could climb my family tree and find no bad fruit on it, but the world will say: "What a splendid match for Charlotte Clifford." . . . "I wonder how Ellen Winthrop will take it?" . . . "I shouldn't have thought Clive Winthrop would marry his secretary, somehow, though there's nothing against her; but he could look higher!"

The world would be quite right. It is a splendid marriage for Charlotte Clifford, and Clive Winthrop could look higher. He is my superior and that is the reason I love him. That he loves me

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proves that there is something in me that will rise to his level. All the same, I wrote him when I came away that I could never cross the bridge between us (there is a bridge, although he does not see it) until I was no longer his secretary and until I was sure his sister would welcome me into the household that has been so harmonious and delightful to every human being that has ever crossed its threshold. Nobody could equal Ellen Winthrop as a hostess, with her fine, spirited face, lovely even at sixty-five; her gift of repartee, her stately manner, her simple, trailing dress, always of black or gray, and always reaching the floor, when most of the feminine world looks, in its best clothes, as if mounted on stilts, with a skimpy, semidetached tail wriggling its silly length behind! I could never scale the heights on which the splendid Ellen perpetually dwells, but I could sit at the foot of them and admire with all my heart, and perhaps that attitude, if fully understood, might win her affection.

(To be concluded.)

AT THE DOOR

By William Hervey Woods

Lord of this earthly scene,
I who am parting
Gladly thy guest have been,
And wistful starting,
Give thee my thanks; for though
The rest were blindness,
Into the dark I go
Singing thy kindness.

I sing earth's common things
Thou'st lordly granted—
Sunset, and shy wood-springs,
And dim, foam-haunted
In-flowing moon-litten tides,
The Spring's green laughter,
And lost Love's smile that bides
All life long after;

Amber of morning walls,
Dew, and child-fingers
Whose touch a rose-leaf falls,
A rose-breath lingers,
Sidling swift rains of June,
And strange, far-crying
Birds in the dark o' the moon
With summer flying.

Great gifts in grander hymn
Be others' showing—
I, in the twilight dim,
Trembling and going,
Give thee good-night, good Lord,
And still thanksgiving
For all one heart has stored,
Looking and living.

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A SANCTUARY OF TREES

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THE Baron d'Azan was old —older even than his seventy years. His age showed by contrast as he walked among his trees. They were fresh and flourishing, full of sap and vigor, though many of them had been born long before him.

The tracts of forest which still belonged to his diminished estate were crowded with the growths native to the foot-hills of the Ardennes. In the park around the small château, built in a Belgian version of the First Empire style, trees from many lands had been assembled by his father and grandfather: drooping spruces from Norway, dark-pillared cypresses from Italy, spreading cedars from Lebanon, trees of heaven from China, fern-leaved gingkos from Japan, lofty tulip-trees and liquidambars from America, and fantastic sylvan forms from islands of the Southern Ocean. But the royal avenue of beeches! Well, I must tell you more about that, else you can never feel the meaning of this story.

The love of trees was hereditary in the family and antedated their other nobility. The founder of the house had begun life as the son of a forester in Luxemburg. His name was Pol Staar. His fortune and title were the fruit of contracts for horses and provisions which he made with the commissariat of Napoleon I. in the days when the Netherlands were a French province. But though Pol Staar's hands were callous and his manners plain, his tastes were aristocratic. They had been formed young in the company of great trees.

Therefore when he bought his estate of Azan (and took his title from it) he built his château in a style which he considered complimentary to his imperial patron, but he was careful also to include within his domain large woodlands in which he could renew the allegiance of his youth. These woodlands he cherished and improved, cutting with discretion, planting with liberality, and rejoicing in the thought that trees like those which had befriended his boyhood would give their friendly protection to his heirs. These are traits of an aristocrat—attachment to the past, and careful provision for posterity. It was in this spirit that Pol Staar, first Baron d'Azan, planted in 1809 the broad avenue of beeches, leading from the château straight across the park to the highroad. But he never saw their glory, for he died when they were only twenty years old.

His son and successor was of a different timber and grain; less aristocratic, more bourgeois—a rover, a gambler, a man of fashion. He migrated from the gaming-tables at Spa to the Bourse at Paris, perching at many clubs between and beyond, and making seasonal nests in several places. This left him little time for the Château d'Azan. But he came there every spring and autumn, and showed the family fondness for trees in his own fashion. He loved the forests so much that he ate them. He cut with liberality and planted without discretion. But for the great avenue of beeches he had a saving admiration. Not even to support the gaming-table would he have allowed them to be felled.

When he turned the corner of his thirty-first year he had a sharp illness, a temporary reformation, and brought home as his wife a very young and lovely actress from the ducal theatre at Saxe-Meiningen. She was a good girl, deeply in love with her handsome husband, to whom she bore a son and heir in the first year of their marriage. Not many moons thereafter the pleased but restless father slid back into his old rounds again. The forest waned and the debts waxed. Rumors of wild doings came from Spa and Aix, from Homburg and Baden, from Trouville and Ostend. After four years of this the young mother died, of no namable disease, unless you call it heart-failure, and the boy was left to his grand-

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mother's care and company among the trees.

Every day when it was fair the old lady and the little lad took their afternoon walk together in the beech-tree avenue, where the tips of the branches now reached the road. At other times he roamed the outlying woods and learned to know the birds and the little wild animals. When he was twelve his grandmother died. After that he was left mainly to the housekeeper, his tutors, and the few friends he could make among the children of the neighborhood.

When he had finished his third year at the University of Louvain and attained his majority, his father returned express-haste from somewhere in Bohemia, to attend the coronation of Leopold II., that remarkable King of Belgium and the Bourse. But by this time the gay Baron d'Azan had become stout, the pillar of his neck seemed shorter because it was thicker, and the rose in his bold cheek had the purplish tint of a crimson rambler. So he died of an apoplexy during the festivities, and his son brought him back to the Château d'Azan, and buried him there with due honor, and mourned for him as was fitting. Thus Albert, third Baron d'Azan, entered upon his inheritance.

It seemed, at first, to consist mainly of debts. These were paid by the sale of the deforested lands and of certain detached woodlands. By the same method, much as he disliked it, he made a modest provision of money for continuing his education and beginning his travels. He knew that he had much to learn of the world, and he was especially desirous of pursuing his favorite study of botany, which a wise old priest at Louvain had taught him to love. So he engaged an intelligent and faithful forester to care for the trees and the estate, closed the house, and set forth on his journeys.

They led him far and wide. In the course of them no doubt he studied other things than botany. It may be that he sowed some of the wild oats with which youth is endowed; but not in the gardens of others; nor with that cold self-indulgence which transforms passionate impulse into sensual habit. He had a permanent and regulative devotion to botanical research; and that is a study which seems to promote modesty, tranquillity, and steadiness of mind in its devotees, of whom the great Linnæus is the shining exemplar. Young Albert d'Azan sat at the feet of the best masters in Europe and America. He crossed the western continent to observe the oldest of living things, the giant Sequoias of California. He went to Australasia and the Dutch East Indies and South America in search of new ferns and orchids. He investigated the effect of ocean currents and of tribal migrations in the distribution of trees. His botanical monographs brought him renown among those who know, and he was elected a corresponding member of many scientific societies. After twenty years of voyaging he returned to port at Azan, richly laden with observation and learning, and settled down among his trees to pursue his studies and write his books.

The estate, under the forester's care, had improved a little and promised a modest income. The house, though somewhat dilapidated, was easily made livable. But the one thing that was full of glory and splendor, triumphantly prosperous, was the great avenue of beeches. Their long, low aisle of broad arches was complete. They shimmered with a pearly mist of buds in early spring and later with luminous green of tender leafage. In midsummer they formed a wide, still stream of dark, unruffled verdure; in autumn they were transmuted through glowing yellow into russet gold; in winter their massy trunks were pillars of gray marble and the fan-tracery of their rounded branches was delicately etched against the sky.

"Look at them," the baron would say to the guests whom the fame of his learning and the charm of his wide-ranging conversation often brought to his house. "Those beeches were planted by my grandfather after the battle of Wagram, when Napoleon whipped the Austrians. After that came the Beresina and Leipsic and Waterloo and how many battles and wars of furious, perishable men. Yet the trees live on peaceably, they unfold their strength in beauty, they have not yet reached the summit of their grandeur. We are all *parvenus* beside them."

"If you had to choose," asked the great sculptor Constantin Meunier one day, "would you have your house or one of these trees struck by lightning?"

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"The house," answered the botanist promptly, "for I could rebuild it in a year; but to restore the tree would take three-quarters of a century."

"Also," said the sculptor, with a smile, "you might change the style of your house with advantage, but the style of these trees you could never improve.

"But tell me," he continued, "is it true, as they say, that lightning never strikes a beech?"

"It is not entirely true," replied the botanist, smiling in his turn, "yet, like many ancient beliefs, it has some truth in it. There is something in the texture of the beech that seems to resist electricity better than other trees. It may be the fatness of the wood. Whatever it is, I am glad of it, for it gives my trees a better chance."

"Don't be too secure," said the sculptor, shaking his head. "There are other tempests besides those in the clouds. When the next war comes in western Europe Belgium will be the battle-field. Beechwood is very good to burn."

"God forbid," said the baron devoutly. "We have had peace for a quarter of a century. Why should it not last?"

"Ask the wise men of the East," replied the sculptor grimly.

When he was a little past fifty the baron married, with steadfast choice and deep affection, the orphan daughter of a noble family of Hainault. She was about half his age; of a tranquil, cheerful temper and a charm that depended less on feature than on expression; a lover of music, books, and a quiet life. She brought him a small dowry by which the château was restored to comfort, and bore him two children, a boy and a girl, by whom it was enlivened with natural gayety. The next twenty years were the happiest that Albert d'Azan and his wife ever saw. The grand avenue of beeches became to them the unconscious symbol of something settled and serene, august, protective, sacred.

On a brilliant morning of early April, 1914, they had stepped out together to taste the air. The beeches were in misty, silver bloom above them. All around was peace and gladness.

"I want to tell you a dream I had last night," he said, "a strange dream about our beeches."

"If it was sad," she answered, "do not let the shadow of it fall on the morning."

"But it was not sad. It seemed rather to bring light and comfort. I dreamed that I was dead and you had buried me at the foot of the largest of the trees."

"Do you call that not sad?" she interrupted reproachfully.

"It did not seem so. Wait a moment and you shall hear the way of it. At first I felt only a deep quietness and repose, like one who has been in pain and is very tired and lies down in the shade to sleep. Then I was waking again and something was drawing me gently upward. I cannot exactly explain it, but it was as if I were passing through the roots and the trunk and the boughs of the beech-tree toward the upper air. There I saw the light again and heard the birds singing and the wind rustling among the leaves. How I saw and heard I cannot tell you, for there was no remembrance of a body in my dream. Then suddenly my soul—I suppose it was that—stood before God and He was asking me: 'How did you come hither?' I answered, 'By Christ's way, by the way of a tree.' And He said it was well, and that my work in heaven should be the care of the trees growing by the river of life, and that sometimes I could go back to visit my trees on earth, if I wished. That made me very glad, for I knew that so I should see you and our children under the beeches. And while I was wondering whether you would ever know that I was there, the dream dissolved, and I saw the morning light on the tree-tops. What do you think of my dream? Childish, wasn't it?"

She thought a little before she answered.

"It was natural enough, though vague. Of course we could not be buried at the foot of the beech-tree unless Cardinal Mercier would permit a plot of ground to be consecrated there. But come, it is time to go in to breakfast."

She seemed to dismiss the matter from her mind. Yet, as women so often do, she kept all these sayings and pondered them in her heart.

The promise of spring passed into the sultry heat of summer. The storm-cloud of the twentieth century blackened over Europe. The wise men of Berlin, made mad by pride, devoted the world not to

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the Prince of Peace but to the lords of war. In the first week of August the fury of the German invasion broke on Belgium. No one had dared to dream the terrors of that tempest. It was like a return of the Dark Ages. Every home trembled. The pillars of the tranquil house of Azan were shaken.

The daughter was away at school in England, and that was an unmixed blessing. The son was a lieutenant in the Belgian army; and that was right and glorious, but it was also a dreadful anxiety. The father and mother were divided in mind, whether to stay or take flight with their friends. At last the father decided the hard question.

"It is our duty to stay. We cannot fight for our country, but we can suffer with her. Our daughter is in safety; our son's danger we cannot and would not prevent. How could we really live away from here, our home, our trees? I went to consult the cardinal. He stays, and he advises us to do so. He says that will be the best way to show our devotion. As Christians we must endure the evil that we cannot prevent; but as Belgians our hearts will never consent to it."

That was their attitude as the tide of blood and tears drew nearer to them, surrounded them, swept beyond them, engulfed the whole land. The brutal massacres at Andenne and Dinant were so near that the news arrived before the spilt blood was dry. The exceeding great and bitter cry of anguish came to them from a score of neighboring villages, from a hundred lonely farmhouses. The old botanist withered and faded daily; his wife grew pale and gray. Yet they walked their *via crucis* together, and kept their chosen course.

They fed the hungry and clothed the naked, helped the fugitives and consoled the broken-hearted. They counselled their poor neighbors to good order, and dissuaded the ignorant from the folly and peril of violence. Toward the invading soldiery their conduct was beyond reproach. With no false professions of friendship, they fulfilled the hard services which were required of them. Their servants had been helped away at the beginning of the trouble—all except the old forester and his wife, who refused to leave. With their aid the house was kept open and many of the conquerors lodged there and in the outbuildings. So good were the quarters that a departing Saxon chalked on the gate-post the dubious inscription: "*Güte Leute—nicht ausplündern.*" Thus the captives at the Château d'Azan had a good name even among their enemies. The baron received a military pass which enabled him to move quite freely about the district on his errands of necessity and mercy, and the château became a favorite billet for high-born officers.

In the second year of the war an evil chance brought two uninvited guests of very high standing indeed—that is to say in the social ring of Potsdam. Their names are well known. Let us call them Prince Bärenberg and Count Ludra. The first was a major, the second a captain. Their value as warriors in the field had not proved equal to their prominence as noblemen, so they were given duty in the rear. They were vicious coxcombs of the first order. Their uniforms incased them tightly, bending wasplike only at the waist. Their flat-topped caps were worn with an aggressive slant, their swords jingled menacingly, their hay-colored mustaches spoke arrogance in every upturned hair. When they bowed it was a mockery; when they smiled it was a sneer. For the comfortable quarters of the Château d'Azan they had a gross appreciation, for the enforced hospitality of its owners an insolent condescension. They took it as their due, and resented the silent protest underneath it.

"Excellent wine, Herr Baron," said the prince, who, like his comrade, drank profusely of the best in the cellar. "Your Rüdesheimer Berg '94 is *colossal*. Very friendly of you to save it for us. We Germans know good wine. What?"

"You have that reputation," answered the baron.

"And say," added the count, "let us have a couple of bottles more, dear landlord. You can put it in the bill."

"I shall do so," said the baron gravely. "It shall be put in the bill with other things."

"But why," drawled the prince, "does *la Baronne* never favor us with her company? Still very attractive—musical probably—here is a piano—want good German music—console homesickness."

"Madame is indisposed," answered the

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baron quietly, "but you may be sure she regrets your absence from home."

The officers looked at each other with half-tipsy, half-angry eyes. They suspected a jest at their expense, but could not quite catch it.

"Impudence," muttered the count, who was the sharper of the two when sober.

"No," said the prince, "it is only stupidity. These Walloons have no wit."

"Come," he added, turning to the baron, "we sing you a good song of fatherland—show how *gemüthlich* we Germans are. You Belgians have no word for that. What?"

He sat down to the piano and pounded out "*Deutschland über Alles*," singing the air in a raucous voice, while Ludra added a rumbling bass.

"What do you think of that? All Germans can sing. *Gemüthlich*. What?"

"You are right," said the baron, with downcast eyes. "We Belgians have no word for that. It is inexpressible—except in German. I bid you good night."

For nearly a fortnight this condition of affairs continued. The baron endured it as best he could, obeying scrupulously the military regulations which necessity laid upon him, and taking his revenge only in long thoughts and words of polite sarcasm which he knew would not be understood. The baroness worked hard at the housekeeping, often cooking and cleaning with her own hands, and rejoicing secretly with her husband over the rare news that came from their daughter in England, from their boy at the front in West Flanders. Sometimes, when the coast was clear, husband and wife walked together under the beech-trees and talked in low tones of the time when the ravenous beast should no more go up on the land.

The two noble officers performed their routine duties, found such amusement as they could in neighboring villages and towns, drank deep at night, and taxed their ingenuity to invent small ways of annoying their hosts, for whom they felt the contemptuous dislike of the injurer for the injured. They were careful, however, to keep their malice within certain bounds, for they knew that the baron was in favor with the commandant of the district.

One morning the baron and his wife, looking from their window in a wing of the house, saw with surprise and horror a score or more of German soldiers assembled beside the beech-avenue, with axes and saws, preparing to begin work.

"What are they going to do there?" cried he in dismay, and hurried down to the dining-room, where the officers sat at breakfast, giving orders to an attentive corporal.

"A thousand pardons, Highness," interrupted the baron; "forgive my haste. But surely you are not going to cut down my avenue of beeches?"

"Why not?" said the prince, swinging around in his chair. "They are good wood."

"But, sir," stammered the baron, trembling with excitement, "those trees—they are an ancient heritage of the house—planted by my grandfather a century ago—an old possession—spare them for their age."

"You exaggerate," sneered the prince. "They are not old. I have on my hunting estate in Thuringia oaks five hundred years old. These trees of yours are mere upstarts. Why shouldn't they be cut?"

"But they are very dear to us," pleaded the baron earnestly. "We all love them, my wife and children and I. To us they are sacred. It would be harsh to take them from us."

"Baron," said the prince, with suave malice, "you miss the point. We Germans are never harsh. But we are practical. My soldiers need exercise. The camps need wood. Do you see?"

"Certainly," answered the poor baron, humbling himself in his devotion to his trees. "Your Highness makes the point perfectly clear—the need of exercise and wood. But there is plenty of good timber in the forest and the park—much easier to cut. Cannot your men get their wood and their exercise there, and spare my dearest trees?"

Ludra laughed unpleasantly.

"You do not yet understand us, dear landlord. We Germans are a hard-working people, not like the lazy Belgians. The harder the work the better we like it. The soldiers will have a fine time chopping down your tough beeches."

The slender old man drew himself up, his eyes flashed, he was driven to bay.

"You shall not do this," he cried. "It

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is an outrage, a sacrilege. I shall appeal to the commandant. He will protect my rights."

The officers looked at each other. Deaf to pity, they had keen ears for danger. A reproof, perhaps a punishment from their superior would be most unpleasant. They hesitated to face it. But they were too obstinate to give up their malicious design with a good grace.

"Military necessity," growled the prince, "knows no private rights. I advise you, baron, not to appeal to the commandant. It will be useless, perhaps harmful."

"Here, you," he said gruffly, turning to the corporal, "carry out my orders. Cut the two marked beeches by the gate. Then take your men into the park and cut the biggest trees there. Report for further orders to-morrow morning."

The wooden-faced giant saluted, swung on his heels, and marched stiffly out. The baron followed him quickly.

He knew that entreaties would be wasted on the corporal. How to get to the commandant, that was the question. He would not be allowed to use the telephone which was in the dining-room, nor the automobile which belonged to the officers; nor one of their horses which were in his stable. The only other beast left there was a small and very antique donkey which the children used to drive. In a dilapidated go-cart, drawn by this pattering nag, the baron made such haste as he could along twelve miles of stony road to the district headquarters. There he told his story simply to the commandant and begged protection for his beloved trees.

The old general was of a different type from the fire-eating dandies who played the master at Azan. He listened courteously and gravely. There was a picture in his mind of the old timbered house in the Hohe Venn, where he had spent four years in retirement before the war called him back to the colors. He thought of the tall lindens and the spreading chestnuts around it and imagined how he should feel if he saw them falling under the axe. Then he said to his petitioner:

"You have acted quite correctly, *Monsieur le Baron,* in bringing this matter quietly to my attention. There is no military necessity for the destruction of your fine trees. I shall put a stop to it at once."

He called his aide-de-camp and gave some instructions in a low tone of voice. When the aide came back from the telephone and reported, the general frowned.

"It is unheard of," he muttered, half to himself, "the way those titled young fools go beyond their orders."

Then he turned to his visitor.

"I am very sorry, *Monsieur le Baron,* but two of your beeches have already fallen. It cannot be helped now. But there shall be no more of it, I promise you. Those young officers are—they are—let us call them overzealous. I will transfer them to another post to-morrow. The German command appreciates the correct conduct of you and *Madame la Baronne.* Is there anything more that I can do for you?"

"I thank your Excellency sincerely," replied the baron. Then he hesitated a moment, as if to weigh his words. "No, *Herr General,* I believe there is nothing more—in which you can help me."

The old soldier's eyelids flickered for an instant. "Then I bid you a very good day," he said, bowing.

The baron hurried home, to share the big good news with his wife. The little bad news she knew already. Together they grieved over the two fallen trees and rejoiced under the golden shadow of their untouched companions. The officers had called for wine, and more wine, and yet more wine, and were drinking deep and singing loud in the dining-room.

In the morning came an orderly with a despatch from headquarters, ordering the prince and the count to duty in a dirty village of the coal region. Their baggage was packed into the automobile, and they mounted their horses and went away in a rage.

"You will be sorry for this, dumbhead," growled the prince, scowling fiercely. "Yes," added Ludra, with a hateful grin, "we shall meet again, dear landlord, and you will be sorry."

Their host bowed and said nothing.

Some weeks later the princely automobile came to the door of the château. The forester brought up word that the Prince Bärenberg and the Count Ludra were below with a message from head-

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quarters; the commandant wished the baron to come there immediately; the automobile was sent to bring him. He made ready to go. His wife and his servant tried hard to dissuade him: it was late, almost dark, and very cold—not likely the commandant had sent for him—it might be all a trick of those officers—they were hateful men—they would play some cruel prank for revenge. But the old man was obstinate in his resolve; he must do what was required of him, he must not even run the risk of slighting the commandant's wishes; after all, no great harm could come to him.

When he reached the steps he saw the count in the front seat, beside the chauffeur, grinning; and the prince's harsh voice, made soft as possible, called from the shadowy interior of the car:

"Come in, baron. The general has sent for you in a hurry. We will take you like lightning. How fine your beeches look against the sky. What?"

The old man stepped into the dusky car. It rolled down the long aisle, between the smooth gray columns, beneath the fan-tracery of the low arches, out on to the stony highway. Thus the tree-lover was taken from his sanctuary.

He did not return the next day, nor the day after. His wife, tortured by anxiety, went to the district headquarters. The commandant was away. The aide could not enlighten her. There had been no message sent to the baron—that was certain. Major Bärenberg and Captain Ludra had been transferred to another command. Unfortunately, nothing could be done except to report the case.

The brave woman was not broken by her anguish, but raised to the height of heroic devotion. She dedicated herself to the search for her husband. The faithful forester, convinced that his master had been killed, was like a slow, sure blood-hound on the track of the murderers. He got a trace of them in a neighboring village, where their car had been seen to pass at dusk on the fatal day. The officers were in it, but not the baron. The forester got a stronger scent of them in a wine-house, where their chauffeur had babbled mysteriously on the following day. The old woodsman followed the trail with inexhaustible patience.

"I shall bring the master's body home," he said to his mistress, "and God will use me to avenge his murder."

A few weeks later he found his master's corpse hidden in a hollow on the edge of the forest, half-covered with broken branches, rotting leaves, and melting snow. There were three bullets in the body. They had been fired at close range.

The widow's heart, passing from the torture of uncertainty to the calm of settled grief, had still a sacred duty to live for. She had not forgotten her husband's dream. She went to the cardinal-archbishop to beg the consecration of a little burial-plot at the foot of the greatest of the beeches of Azan. That wise and brave prince of the church consented with words of tender consolation, and promised his aid in the pursuit of the criminals.

"Eminence," she said, weeping, "you are very good to me. God will reward you. He is just. He will repay. But my heart's desire is to follow my husband's dream."

So the body of the old botanist was brought back to the shadow of the great beech-trees, and was buried there, like the bones of a martyr, within the sanctuary.

Is this the end of the story?

Who can say?

It is written also, among the records of Belgium, that the faithful forester disappeared mysteriously a few weeks later. His body was found in the forest and laid near his master.

Another record tells of the trial of Prince Bärenberg and Count Ludra before a court martial. The count was sentenced to ten years of forced labor on his own estate. The death-sentence of the prince was commuted to imprisonment in some unnamed place. So far the story of German justice.

But of the other kind of justice—the poetic, the divine—the record is not yet complete.

I know only that there is a fatherless girl working and praying in a hospital in England, and a fatherless boy fighting and praying in the muddy trenches near Ypres, and a lonely woman walking and praying under certain great beech-trees at the Château d'Azan. The burden of their prayer is the same. Night and day it rises to Him who will judge the world in righteousness and before whose eyes the wicked shall not stand.

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YOU AND YOU

TO THE AMERICAN PRIVATE IN THE GREAT WAR

By Edith Wharton

EVERY one of you won the war—
You and you and you—
Each one knowing what it was for,
And what was his job to do.

Every one of you won the war,
Obedient, unwearied, unknown,
Dung in the trenches, drift on the shore,
Dust to the world's end blown;
Every one of you, steady and true,
You and you and you—
Down in the pit or up in the blue,
Whether you crawled or sailed or flew,
Whether your closest comrade knew
Or you bore the brunt alone—

All of you, all of you, name after name,
Jones and Robinson, Smith and Brown,
You from the piping prairie town,
You from the Fundy fogs that came,
You from the city's roaring blocks,
You from the bleak New England rocks
With the shingled roof in the apple boughs,
You from the brown adobe house——
You from the Rockies, you from the Coast,
You from the burning frontier-post
And you from the Klondyke's frozen flanks,
You from the cedar-swamps, you from the pine,
You from the cotton and you from the vine,
You from the rice and the sugar-brakes,
You from the Rivers and you from the Lakes,
You from the Creeks and you from the Licks
And you from the brown bayou—
You and you and you—
You from the pulpit, you from the mine,
You from the factories, you from the banks,
Closer and closer, ranks on ranks,
Airplanes and cannon, and rifles and tanks,
Smith and Robinson, Brown and Jones,
Ruddy faces or bleaching bones,
After the turmoil and blood and pain
Swinging home to the folks again
Or sleeping alone in the fine French rain—
Every one of you won the war.

Every one of you won the war—
You and you and you—
Pressing and pouring forth, more and more,

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Toiling and straining from shore to shore
To reach the flaming edge of the dark
Where man in his millions went up like a spark,
You, in your thousands and millions coming,
All the sea ploughed with you, all the air humming,
All the land loud with you,
All our hearts proud with you,
All our souls bowed with the awe of your coming!

Where's the Arch high enough,
Lads, to receive you,
Where's the eye dry enough,
Dears, to perceive you,
When at last and at last in your glory you come,
Tramping home?

Every one of you won the war,
You and you and you—
You that carry an unscathed head,
You that halt with a broken tread,
And oh, most of all, you Dead, you Dead!

Lift up the Gates for these that are last,
That are last in the great Procession.
Let the living pour in, take possession,
Flood back to the city, the ranch, the farm,
The church and the college and mill,
Back to the office, the store, the exchange,
Back to the wife with the babe on her arm,
Back to the mother that waits on the sill,
And the supper that's hot on the range.

And now, when the last of them all are by,
Be the Gates lifted up on high
To let those Others in,
Those Others, their brothers, that softly tread,
That come so thick, yet take no ground,
That are so many, yet make no sound,
Our Dead, our Dead, our Dead!

O silent and secretly-moving throng,
In your fifty thousand strong,
Coming at dusk when the wreaths have dropt,
And streets are empty, and music stopt,
Silently coming to hearts that wait
Dumb in the door and dumb at the gate,
And hear your step and fly to your call—
Every one of you won the war,
But you, you Dead, most of all!

November, 1918.

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WHO PAYS THE COST OF THE WAR?

By A. Barton Hepburn

SINCE the war was brought to an end a controversy has been waged in the halls of Congress and in the various forums of public opinion in regard to the proper means of financing it, and the revenue bill now before Congress brings renewal of this discussion. The issue resolves itself into this question:

Should the government raise the required funds wholly by taxation, or should taxation be imposed as severe in amount as may be without impairing the business efficiency of the country, and the balance of funds required be raised by the proceeds of bonds sold?

A large number of economists have said that the "all-taxation" policy is practicable, because the current income of the people in any case must pay all war expenditures; that the choice between bond issues and taxation is merely a choice whether the government shall take income with a promise to repay those who furnish it, by issuing bonds; or whether the government shall take income without such promise, in the form of taxes; that the amount issued in bonds might just as easily be taken in the form of taxes; that the policy of borrowing within the country itself does not shift any part of the nation's war expenditure from the present to the future; that if the people can support the war at all, they can do it on a cash basis; that borrowing creates nothing; that except by borrowing abroad, we cannot get anything which we do not produce; that borrowing and issuing bonds produces inflation and increases the cost of the war; that taxation does not produce inflation and makes for rigid economy. In effect, it is claimed that the cost of the war must unavoidably be paid by the present and is paid by the present, and issuing bonds payable in the future does not relieve the present, but imposes a burden upon posterity, who are compelled to pay a second time.

We could have entered the war and have been more or less efficient by using such funds as we could raise by taxation, but could we have accomplished the proud results we did achieve? We placed 2,000,000 men in France, and we were a most important factor in feeding our allies as well as furnishing military supplies. In fact, we have been given the credit by our allies of winning the war; at least we were the determining factor.

To accomplish this gigantic task, we expended, in nineteen months, about $22,000,000,000,* including loans to our allies. The devotees of the "all-taxation" principle would have had this amount raised by taxation and paid by our citizens within said nineteen months.

The question is, would such a thing be physically possible? The net income of our nation before the war was variously estimated as from $2,000,000,000 to $5,000,000,000. No economist, to my knowledge, placed it higher than the latter figure. Of course, the net income or net increment of the nation is the net profit left after the payment of all expenses, including the cost of living and expenditures for indulgences of any kind. With the stoppage of all unnecessary expenditures the increment available for taxes would be very materially increased; the amount of the increase depending, of course, upon the rigidness of the economy exercised. But with rigid economy would the amount equal the enormous expenditures which our government has incurred?

If taxation is to be depended upon, the first necessity is to have something to tax. Since the income tax and war-profits tax are the main reliance, the government revenue would depend largely upon individual and corporate prosperity. All agree that taxes should be made as high as business will bear without discouragement, but too great taxation would, in effect, be a capital tax and would reduce the capital investment, and hence the volume of business. The imposition of $11,000,000,000 yearly in taxation would

*The amount authorized by Congress by appropriation and contractual obligations available by July 1, 1919, amounts to $57,000,000,000.

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have paralyzed business and have severely curtailed the volume of production. All business is a risk. By wise management and great industry, business hopes to succeed, but it may fail. If the government proposes to take all the profits, if profits there be, beyond a very limited amount, and does not propose to make good the loss, if loss should ensue, it would certainly tend to circumscribe business activity and minimize business output. That is true and always will be true as long as human nature remains the same. And this limitation of productive capacity would occur at a time when the government's necessities demanded maximum results. The war must be won, and munitions, guns, equipment, and supplies generally must be had at any price, and in the shortest possible time. Any experimental attempt to finance the war in a manner which would endanger the supply of needful articles would be as unpatriotic as it would be unwise. The government could, of course, impose any amount of taxation, even to the extent of confiscation, for *once*, but taxation so rigorous as to impair capital investment in business would not only inevitably reduce the volume of business, as just pointed out, but would also reduce the amount of income possible to the government in succeeding years. It is never wise to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

We all agree that the only source from which taxes can ultimately be paid or bonds bought is net income. But not the net income of one or two years. If the net income of the present year is not sufficient for the government's needs, the government may anticipate the net income of the future by borrowing. We will all agree that the anticipation of future income in the form of credit does not *create* any value, but it does render future values available in the present, and lends to them a present usable cash valuation, predicated upon the income which it is believed property will produce in the future. The apparent conflict of ideas between the economist and the business man arises from the assumption on the part of the economist that furnishing the implements of war pays for the war. It is evident that the war must be prosecuted with existing goods, but those who supply these goods may be paid in part by the proceeds of bonds payable in the future.

The "all-taxation" advocates draw a line of demarcation between the present and the future, which in reality does not exist. There is no way of separating the present from the future in such *ipse dixit* manner. The truth is that the present is constantly melting into the past, and the future, immediate and remote, is the main consideration in all transactions in the practical affairs of mankind. All values are predicated upon the future. The farm, the factory, bank stock, railroad stock, are all valued according to the income which it is believed they will produce in the future.

When a farmer buys a farm and leaves a purchase-money mortgage upon the same for a part of its purchase price, running ten years, he is mortgaging his future income as well as his property. The tenth crop is a part of the consideration as well as the present one. His ambition is that his income will pay his debt and free his property. Business is largely done by credit resulting from utilizing the future income, by mortgaging the future. Every entrepreneur who is using borrowed capital in his enterprise is anticipating future profits and offering what capital he has and his character and industry to inspire confidence.

The Allied governments anticipated their future incomes by borrowing $8,000,000,000 from us, and we might ask the "all-taxation" people whether this also should be raised by taxation! Our government anticipated its future income—taxes—by selling to the public bonds payable in the future. And the public anticipated its future income in buying the bonds. In a business sense, future income is just as real and just as available through credit as any other resource. It is the function of credit—of finance—to render future income available in the present, and upon that function the whole superstructure of business is based. In view of this well-known, world-wide characteristic of business, how is it possible to maintain that the cost of the war must inevitably be borne by the present, and that it is physically impossible to devolve any portion of the same upon the future, except as a double

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payment? For what are present resources? Are they cash and bank credit only? The total currency in circulation in the country is about $4,000,000,000. It would cut a sorry figure compared to the cost of the war and the enormous daily cost of business. The resources of the commercial banks of the country include, in round numbers, $12,000,000,000 invested in commercial obligations, notes, drafts, bills of exchange, running thirty days to six months, and sometimes longer, and also a reasonable percentage of long-time bonds. These commercial banks are the reservoirs wherein business reduces its future maturities, by loans and discounts, to available present credit.

But, say my opponents, even though future income can be anticipated, it can as well be anticipated for purposes of taxation as for the purchase of bonds. Let us see. The income which goes into taxes is gone forever so far as the taxpayer is concerned, but income invested in bonds provides an asset which may be used as collateral to support his credit in case the capital needs of his business render borrowing on his part necessary.

The income-tax law fixes the fiscal year, defines assets and liabilities, and determines the method of ascertaining the income. It seems to assume that all business profits are in a form available for the payment of taxes. But it should be borne in mind that the profits of a business do not take the form of money except to a moderate extent. A farmer's profits are represented by live stock; a merchant's or manufacturer's profit by goods on hand; a railroad company's profits by additional siding facilities, rolling-stock, etc. And in these days of rising prices, a very considerable proportion of all business profits are represented by the enhanced valuation put upon goods on hand, and even the enhanced valuation of real estate would be included in localities where real estate was advancing.

The "all-taxation" advocates tell us that issuing and selling bonds create inflation. True, the issuing of any new credit instrument tends toward inflation. But extraordinary taxation that would force borrowing in order to pay taxes would also produce inflation. Professor Carl C. Plehn, of the University of California, points out the real determining factor in the question of inflation when he says, in the *American Economic Review*, September, 1918: "It will possibly be agreed that it is the sudden increase in spending for non-economic purposes that creates the inflation. Hence both taxes and loans will create some inflation." The imposition of $11,000,000,000 in taxation per annum would have driven all industry to the banks for loans in order to pay their taxes. The credit instruments placed in banks by such borrowing would tend to inflation, which these economists so much dread, in the same proportion that bond issues would. During the past two years, even under existing taxation, there has been much borrowing to pay taxes, and some corporations have resorted to new financing in anticipation of taxes foreseen.

On the other hand, all bond-issuing does not create inflation. Pethwick Lawrence says: "Inflation is inherent in the flotation of a loan for purposes other than the construction of material reproductive capital." Issuing bonds or credit instruments to obtain funds to build a knitting-mill does not produce inflation, because the value of the mill offsets or equals the bonds issued. The same is true as to credit used for the creation of any productive property. The "all-taxation" advocates seem to assume that all funds secured from bond sales are expended in war activities which are destroyed by their use. That is far from true. The property of continuing value created by our government with proceeds of funds raised runs into billions. Since the beginning of this war the government has expended, and is expending, hundreds of millions in construction of vessels to supplement our navy, transport our troops, transport supplies, and for other purposes. When the war is over these vessels will still be in valuable use. The government has built shipyards, munitions and aeroplane plants, and other plants, which will have a continuing value after the war is over. There is no more reason why the present taxpayers should pay the entire cost of these production goods than why the cost of the Panama Canal should have been imposed upon the taxpayers at the time of its construction.

Again, did the bonds our government sold to raise money to loan our allies in-

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volve inherent inflation? Our government holds interest-bearing bonds of the Allied countries for the amounts borrowed.

Another serious mistake which these "all-taxation" people make is in assuming that all war supplies are furnished by private corporations and individuals, whose profits would be subject to an income tax. The war was on such a magnificent scale, the demands so enormous, that the government, as already pointed out, built shipyards, and ships, docks, munition-factories, powder-mills, aeroplane plants, etc., in fact, went into business on a large scale, and in addition commandeered other plants. The government could not await private enterprise, and used the proceeds of bonds sold to divert production from a peace to a war basis, to command men and material, to intensify activity, increase efficiency, and increase production of the things they needed.

Inflation of prices, whether from taxation or bond issues, increases the cost of living and affects more than all others those who work for a fixed stipend, or live upon a fixed income. However, the price of labor in the present crisis, with the great demand for man-power, has fully kept pace with the advance in prices. Industrial and financial corporations have treated their employees most liberally. But colleges and schools have been hard hit, crippled in their finances, and compelled to reduce their force at a time when faculty and instructors were in need of increased pay. Far the greater percentage of present inflation in prices came to us from the effects of the war in Europe before we became a belligerent.

Over 20,000,000 individuals subscribed to the last loan, thus broadening the war constituency of the government—increasing the stockholders in the government—and materially contributing to the funds necessary to prosecute the war. Funds were thus made available from people who would not have been reached by taxation.

Professor Plehn discussed this subject with great force and clearness in the *Review* above referred to. He says:

> The "all-taxes" extremists argue that in any event it is impossible to draw the actual costs of war from the future. They say, for example: "We cannot (in 1918) shoot a shell to be made in 1930," a statement of fact which need not be disputed. But when they add, "the future is not here to bear burdens," and then conclude "the surplus of current income must be the source (sole source) of funds for financing the present war," and hence would have us infer that borrowing is a mere hocus-pocus, which "postpones no burden to the future," they are dealing in pure sophistry. The trick in logic is turned by the concealed assumption that funds, which only stand for and represent realities, represent only present realities. Such a conclusion runs counter to the judgment of the business community which is thoroughly convinced that it is easier to pay heavy taxes for ten consecutive years than ten times those taxes in one year. . . .
>
> There is the further fallacy of assuming that it is possible to draw a sharp line between the present and the future in any economic process. We can stop the clock, but we cannot stop time. Any moment now in the future glides through the present into the past with tremendous certainty. Every economic process is a process involving time, and of the three—past, present, and future—the future is the most important. The whole fabric of economic life is built on hope, confidence, and faith in the future. We plant in the springtime for an autumn harvest. We build railroads not to move our accumulated products of the past, but to gather the expected future crops and manufactures. Our capital with which we work and bring forth results is not merely a hoard of accumulated savings "against a rainy day," it is the living power of future production. Its value is the present value of a stream of future income. . . .
>
> In war finance we aim to place in the hands of the government funds with which it can induce men to produce war supplies, to-morrow and the day after, not yesterday nor the day before. Credit is the means by which the shadows of coming crops and the toil of future generations are cast before them into the present. Credit, of course, has no magic power to create something out of nothing, nor can it set the table to-day with viands to be grown next year, but it does enable us to overleap the barriers of time and claim the *values* of the future as our own now.

Now, it was physically impossible to raise by taxation enough funds to enable us to get into this war and prove a winning factor as we did. In order to get money fast enough to make over the industries of the country to a war basis, supply the needs and pay the expenses of warfare on such a phenomenal scale, and supply the financial needs of our allies, it was necessary for the government to anticipate future income by selling bonds. It was necessary for the public, in order to respond to the government's needs, to antfcipate their income by borrowing in order to turn funds over to the government. This did involve inflation and resulted in hardship to many. *There was no other way to win the war. Finance by*

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means of credit brought future income to the aid of present income.

The United States entered this war to defend and enforce certain basic principles in government administration deemed indispensable to the protection of our citizens and the preservation of their liberties. Surely posterity is interested in the proper issue of such a controversy, and will gladly bear the burden of paying the interest upon and retirement of the principal of bonds issued and sold to the public in order to secure funds for the successful prosecution of the present war.

We are told, however, on high economic authority that we cannot postpone to the future the payment of part of the war cost by means of loans; that the cost of the war has to be produced to-day in terms of goods; that when bonds are paid in the future by taxes, it is simply a readjustment—some people pay and some receive—and the public as a whole are neither richer nor poorer. But adjustment and readjustment are the crux of living. Our government has $600,000,000 of bonds outstanding which were issued for funds to put down the rebellion in 1861–5, many times refunded, but the principal is still unpaid. Was not that amount of debt transferred from the Civil War period to the future?

Although these logicians conclude to the contrary, the man in the street, the man on the farm, the man in the counting-house, and the man in the legislative halls will always believe that a portion of the present-day expense can be devolved upon the future, and will act accordingly.

I recall an example of false premise which was current in my school-days. A man goes into a saloon, leans over the bar and says: "Well, I believe I will spend my ten cents for crackers this morning." The barkeeper sets him up a plate of crackers. The man turns the plate of crackers around two or three times and says: "Really now, I don't want crackers. I would like to swap these crackers for a cigar." The bar keep makes the required exchange, but after toying with the cigar a moment or two, the customer says: "Now, what I really want is a drink. If it is all the same to you, I would like to swap this cigar for a drink." The bar keep takes the cigar and sets up a drink. The customer rapidly disposes of the drink and starts off. "Hold on there," calls the bar keep, "you haven't paid me for that drink." "But," calls back the customer, "I gave you the cigar for the drink." "Well, then, pay me for the cigar." "I did. I gave you crackers for the cigar." "Well, then, pay me for the crackers." "You've got the crackers. You don't expect to keep them and get pay for them too, do you?"

THE ILL-FATED CHILDREN OF THE CZAR

By Captain Michael Zenovyewitch Geraschinevsky

Of the Keksholm Imperial Guard

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE COURT PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE CZARINA'S COLLECTION, AND BY THE CZAR'S CHILDREN

AFTER three hundred years of the ruling of the house of Romanoffs, the war, which has taken 6,000,000 of Russian lives, has brought the absolute monarch to a painful end. For three centuries one man always alone had the absolute control of 175,000,000 people. Their word was law and their names put fear into the souls of the Russians. Revolution after revolution took place to overthrow the absolute monarch and failure to succeed cost hundreds of lives. The Czar has always been separated and distant from his people. Peter the Great was the first to mingle freely with the populace. The second was Alexander the Second, who liberated the serfs, and was the grandfather of Nicholai the Second, the last ruler of Russia.

Twenty miles from Petrograd, the capital of Russia, is situated the Palace of Czarskoe Selo (Czar's Village), the favorite home of the Czar and his family. There is a Winter Palace at Petrograd,

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only used by the imperial family on state occasions. The Winter Palace at Petrograd is very large and is built in old Italian architecture. The decorations are also in the Italian style, and the Czar never cared to live there. The Czarskoe Selo Palace was built in Russian architecture and made a pleasanter home for the royal family. Nicholai the Second, the absolute ruler of Russia, was a home-loving person, a man who would gladly have given up his throne for a simple life, and would have mingled freely with his people, but was always prevented by his counsellors and the group of imperial bodies at court whom he had to follow. He gave out a great deal of affection to his children, but was very disappointed every time a daughter was born, as he had eagerly looked forward to the birth of an heir. He was very fond of his wife, but was disappointed in her German ideas, which brought the downfall of the Russian house of Romanoffs. There were four daughters: Olga, Tatiana, Maria, Anastasia. The oldest was twenty-three years old, and the youngest seventeen. When the heir was born the Czar saw a new light and trusted to make a different ruler of the Czarevitch than he was himself.

The Czarevitch Alexis was a very bright boy, and not a bit different from other boys that were not of royal blood. He was studious and quick to notice everything about him. When he was five years old a regiment was marching in review before the Czar. The Czarevitch was standing on a chair also watching the parade. Suddenly the boy yelled out in a voice loud enough for the colonel of the regiment to hear: "Regiment, about face." It came to all with such a surprise.

The colonel, hearing the order from the Czarevitch, immediately executed it. The Czar in return, realizing the love of the boy for the soldiers, appointed the Czarevitch head of all the Cossack troops in Russia. The boy was always with his father, spending most of the time at the front. They would sleep on field-cots, and lead a life away from luxury.

When the war started, part of Czarskoe Selo Palace was made into a hospital. The younger daughters of the Czar, Maria and Anastasia were made the hostesses. Olga and Tatiana were nurses at the hospital. The Czarevitch used to come to see us when he would get back from the front; in fact, he used to ask the sisters to take him with them. And it was a great treat to be taken to the hospital. I was there thirteen months, and the girls came every day except when they did not behave; their punishment was that they were not allowed to go to the hospital. We all loved the boy and girls. They were so plain we could not tell them apart from ordinary children, only that they were so wonderfully well behaved. The Czarevitch would play dice with us. The loser forfeited a run. He used to love that game. When the sisters were not around he would always complain that it was so lonesome at the castle; he would look out to see if the girls were gone before he would complain, and when we did not talk to him and stand at attention, he would get angry and say: "Oh, you make me tired; can't you talk to me?"

On one occasion at the front the Czar was occupying a simple house. General Suchomlinoff, the minister of war, came into a room where the Czarevitch sat drawing pictures with colored pencils. He was very fond of drawing pictures, and every one he would meet he would ask for a pencil. The minister did not pay any attention to the Czarevitch, and sat down. It is customary to ask permission before you may sit down in the presence of the Czarevitch. The general was an old man, of course, and was always with the Czar, so he did not pay any attention to custom. He was busily engaged writing a report for the Czar. The boy saw all this and paid no attention to him.

When the boy's governess came in to ask him when he wanted his lunch, the Czarevitch stood up, spoke to her, and when she left the room, turned to the general and said: "General, it is customary to stand up when a lady comes in the room." When the Czarevitch did not behave the Czar would call the boy's male nurse, a sailor by the name of Derevenko, who would command the prince to about face, forward march, and march him to his room, and he would have to remain and study for the rest of the day. The Czarevitch had for his playmate the son of the court physician, a boy of his age by the name of Derenkoff. His pet was a little dog, a spaniel, and he had a little automobile, which

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he would drive himself. When he would come in any place where a picture of the Kaiser was, he would always destroy it. Maria and Anastasia showed us their photograph albums. I noticed a snap-shot which they had taken of the Kaiser and the Czar together on a battleship. The face of the Kaiser was scratched. I asked the girl how that happened. Maria said it must have been that the photographs stuck together, whereupon Anastasia volunteered that it was Alexis did it with his finger-nails.

The children used to talk Russian fluently, but very fast, and I believe the reason they spoke so fast was that they were so rarely in contact with strangers that they were always in a hurry to tell them all they knew before they would be called away. The girls always sat at the bedside of the wounded soldiers and officers, playing with them in different games. They would ask us to tell them stories of the people from outside life. They would call "outside life" anything that was not in the castle, and would listen intently not to miss one word. They were very well read, and what they did not know they would look up in reference books.

The children wore very plain clothes. Their clothes were made by poor peasant dressmakers during the war. The war changed the autocratic house of Romanoff into a plain family of democratic folks.

In the winter months they loved to play in the snow. They all wore high leather boots. As soon as the play was finished they would all run over to the hospital, where they would shake the snow from their shoes, take off their own boots, and pull slippers from their pockets, put them on themselves and walk upstairs to the wounded, without aid of servants, though there were plenty of them at the palace.

They did not like to pose for photographs. They feared it was for publication, and felt embarrassed about it. All the five children kept kodaks, and loved to take their own snap-shots and develop and print them themselves. They had a little dark room built for them, where they would occupy themselves making their pictures. They always carried their photo albums around with them, and it was a great joy for them to sit on your bed and explain the snap-shots to you which they had made in many places.

They were very good players of tennis. I saw them myself swinging over the bars in the gymnasium, and they were wonderful athletes. Grand Duchess Maria would always be the peacemaker between the brother and his playmates. When a grand duke would come to play with him, the Czarevitch would always beat him up, and Maria would try to stop him, and come away with a scratched face.

When the revolution broke out all the royal children had the measles. The palace was guarded by loyal troops. Artillery was mounted all around. We had telegraphic communication from the Czar at the front, as there were telegraph instruments stationed at the palace. The Czarina ordered a religious procession to be held around Saint Theodore's Cathedral. All participated in the procession. In the evenings the Czarina and her daughters would talk to the wounded and make inquiries of all that were there in the castle to see if they had enough to eat and were comfortable.

The Cossacks, who were the body-guards of the Czar and the Czarevitch, were the first troops to go over to the Reds when they arrived around the palace, and the rest of them followed the mutineers. When the revolutionists broke into the palace all wounded officers were thrown out in the street by the Reds. Those that were not killed escaped to Siberia.

The photographs I brought into this country at the risk of my life. If they had been found on me by the Reds, I would surely have been killed. They were given to me by the children of the Czar as souvenirs. When the Czar abdicated, the Czarevitch was with him, and the boy asked the father: "Does that mean that I will not be the Czar of Russia either?" The father turned his head away. It was a bitter question, and too painful for him to answer, as the boy was the growing hope of the monarch. A coming Peter the Great—that is what we all saw in him. The Czar saw that the *boy possessed that power that was lacking in the father*, and if he had lived to be a ruler Russia would then have had a progressive Czar.

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The Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, two eldest daughters of the Czar, in their nurse's uniform.

A mistake is commonly made of confusing the Russian Sisters of Mercy with nuns because of the similarity of dress. The close resemblance of the Grand Duchess Tatiana to the Czar can be plainly seen in this picture.

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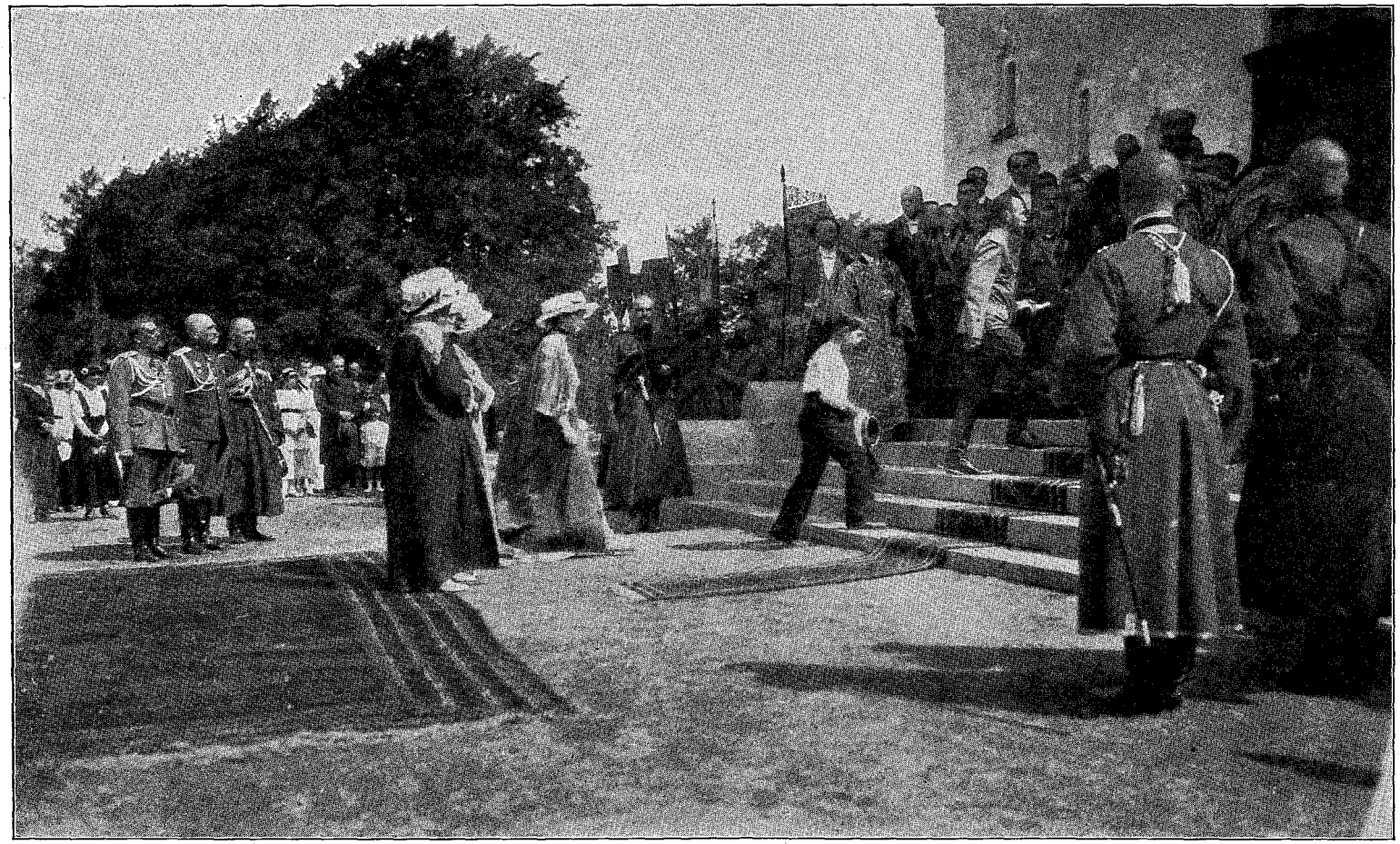

The Czar, Czarevitch, and daughters entering the cathedral after a religious procession.

The Cossacks on the right and left are the body-guards that have for hundreds of years made up the guard of the imperial family. They were also the first, when the revolution broke out, to desert the palace and go over to the Reds. The Czarevitch was the chief of all Cossack troops.

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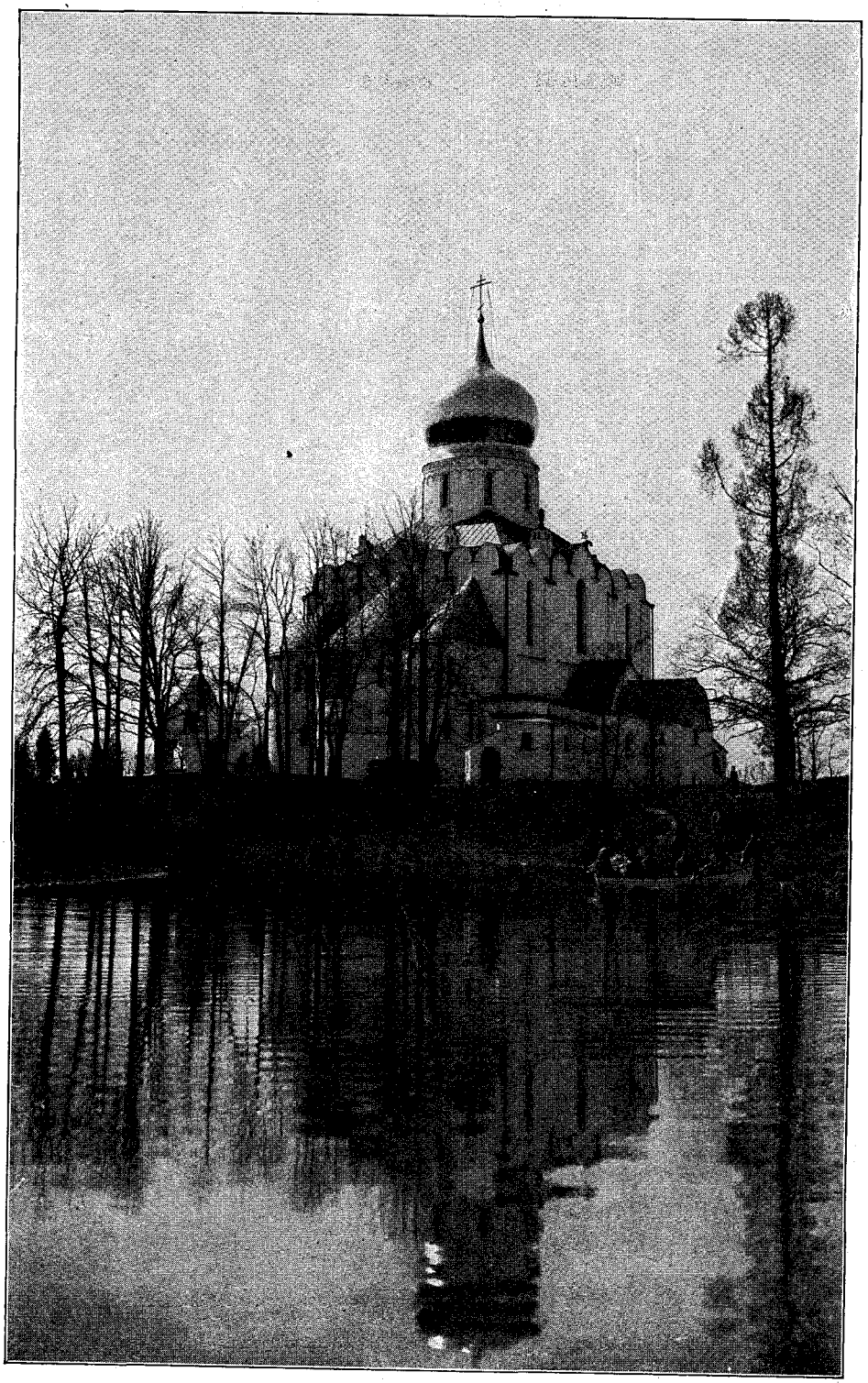

Saint Theodore's Cathedral at Czarskoe Selo.

Erected in 1909, this church, which was near his home, was one of the Czar's favorites, and is the one he and his family used to attend. The ikons are of great antiquity and are valued at millions of dollars.

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A religious procession headed by the Czar, the Czarevitch (in sailor costume), and followed by the Czarina, her daughters, and ladies in waiting, passing around Saint Theodore's Cathedral.

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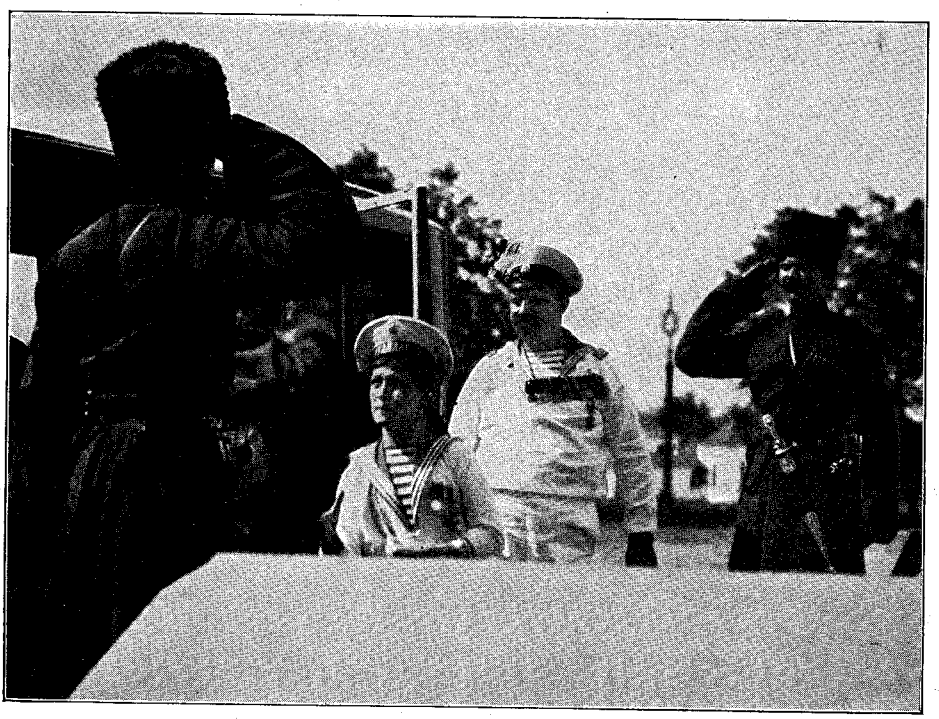
Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana arriving at Saint Theodore's Hospital.
They are being received by the colonel in charge.



The Czarevitch, dressed in a Russian sailor's uniform, arriving at Saint Theodore's Hospital accompanied by his male nurse, a sailor named Derevenko.
The Czarevitch is going over to shake hands with the Cossacks, of whom he was very fond.

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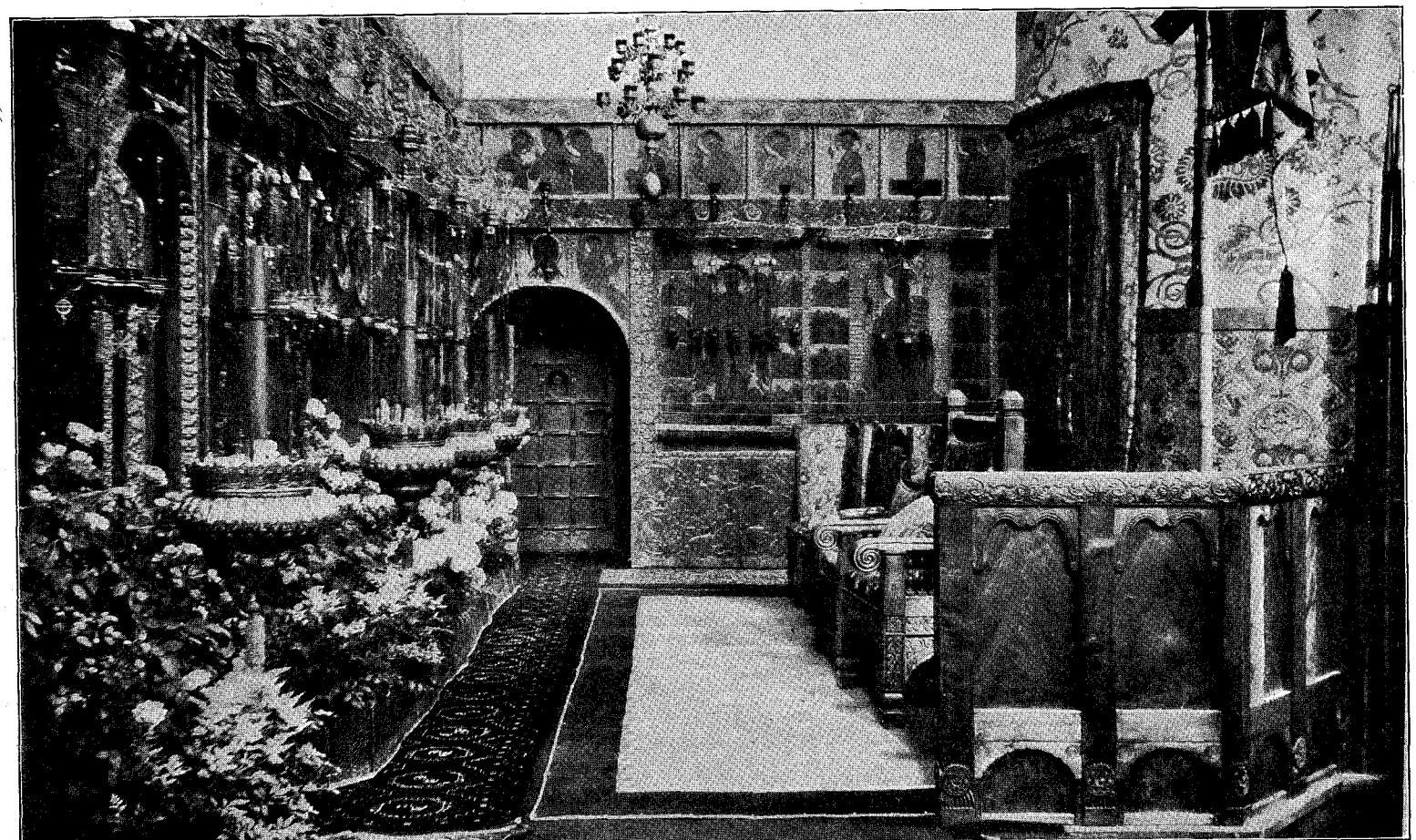

Czar's pew in Saint Theodore's Cathedral.

The special entrance for the Czar is shown. In the pew are five chairs for the Czar's four daughters and his wife. The Czar and Czarevitch always stood. There are no seats in Russian cathedrals. When this pew is occupied by the royal family the Imperial Guard of Cossacks stands behind the little fence.

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(Left) Captain Michael Zenovyewitch Geraschinevsky, of the Imperial Guard, Keksholm Regiment.
This regiment was established in 1710 and has captured twenty-eight standards, and also has two gold horns for the capture of Berlin in the Russo-German War. The head of the regiment was Franz Josef, who was dropped when the war broke out. Note the ragged edge of the captain's coat. As it was too long for the trenches he shortened it with his knife.

(Right) Grand Duchesses Maria and Anastasia paying their daily visit to Captain Geraschinevsky as he lies in bed surrounded by wounded officers.
The girls used to spend two or three hours talking with him and playing games. The captain was confined to bed for thirteen months.

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The Easter wedding of a wounded officer held in the small guests' dining-room of Saint Theodore's Hospital at Czarskoe Selo.

The men in the back in the white Boyar costume are servants of the church—deacons; those in the black Boyar costume are the servants of the palace. Seated at the table on the right-hand side, with black robes and long hair, are the priests. Russian priests are permitted to marry once, and must marry before entering the church.

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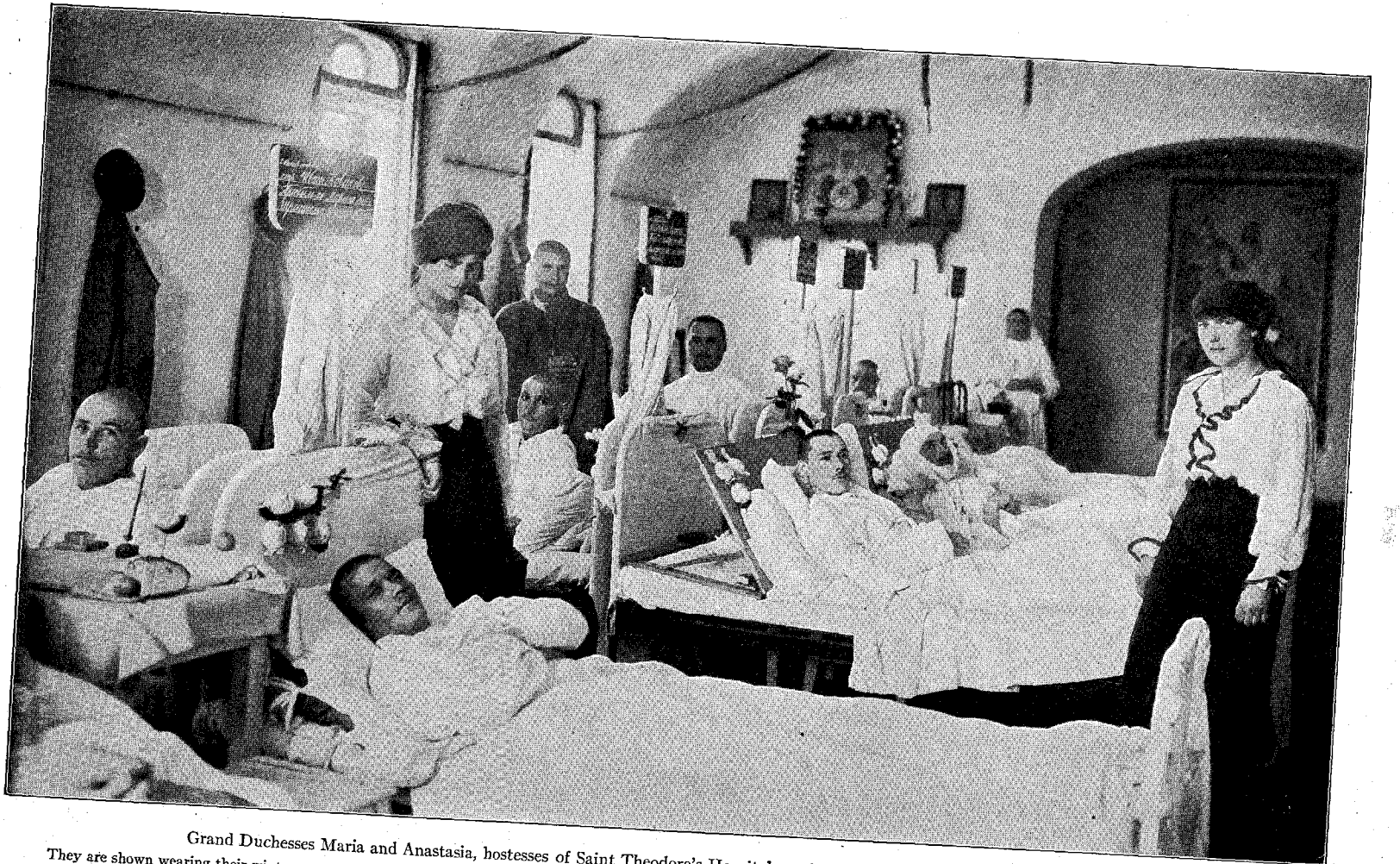

Grand Duchesses Maria and Anastasia, hostesses of Saint Theodore's Hospital, paying a visit to the wounded soldiers at Easter.

They are shown wearing their winter snow caps. They brought the soldiers Easter eggs made of porcelain, which the wounded attached to the bedside. It was very interesting to the daughters of the Czar to hear of the life led by the peasants in the country, and they would often write to the families of the wounded.

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Russian troika.

The meaning of the word troika is "three"—it is led by three Arabian horses. A conveyance of this kind, besides being picturesque, is very comfortable, and makes great speed over the snow-covered plains of Russia. The middle horse is harnessed, but the two on the sides are held only by straps, so that in travelling the two side horses run loose, while the middle one guides the direction. In the photograph the Czar's daughters are going out for a ride and have stopped at the hospital to speak to some of the wounded. On the wall on the left are the monograms, in electric signs, of all the children of the Czar, including the Czarevitch. These are put up in their honor.

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Grand Duchesses Maria and Anastasia at the bedside of a soldier who had lost his memory through a bullet which had lodged in his skull.

The girls would stand by his bedside and try by questions and talking to bring back his memory.

Grand Duchess Anastasia showing their photograph album to wounded officers.

The pictures in the album were all taken by the girls themselves. They also did all their own developing and printing. The albums were a great delight to the children and were carried from one wounded man to another.

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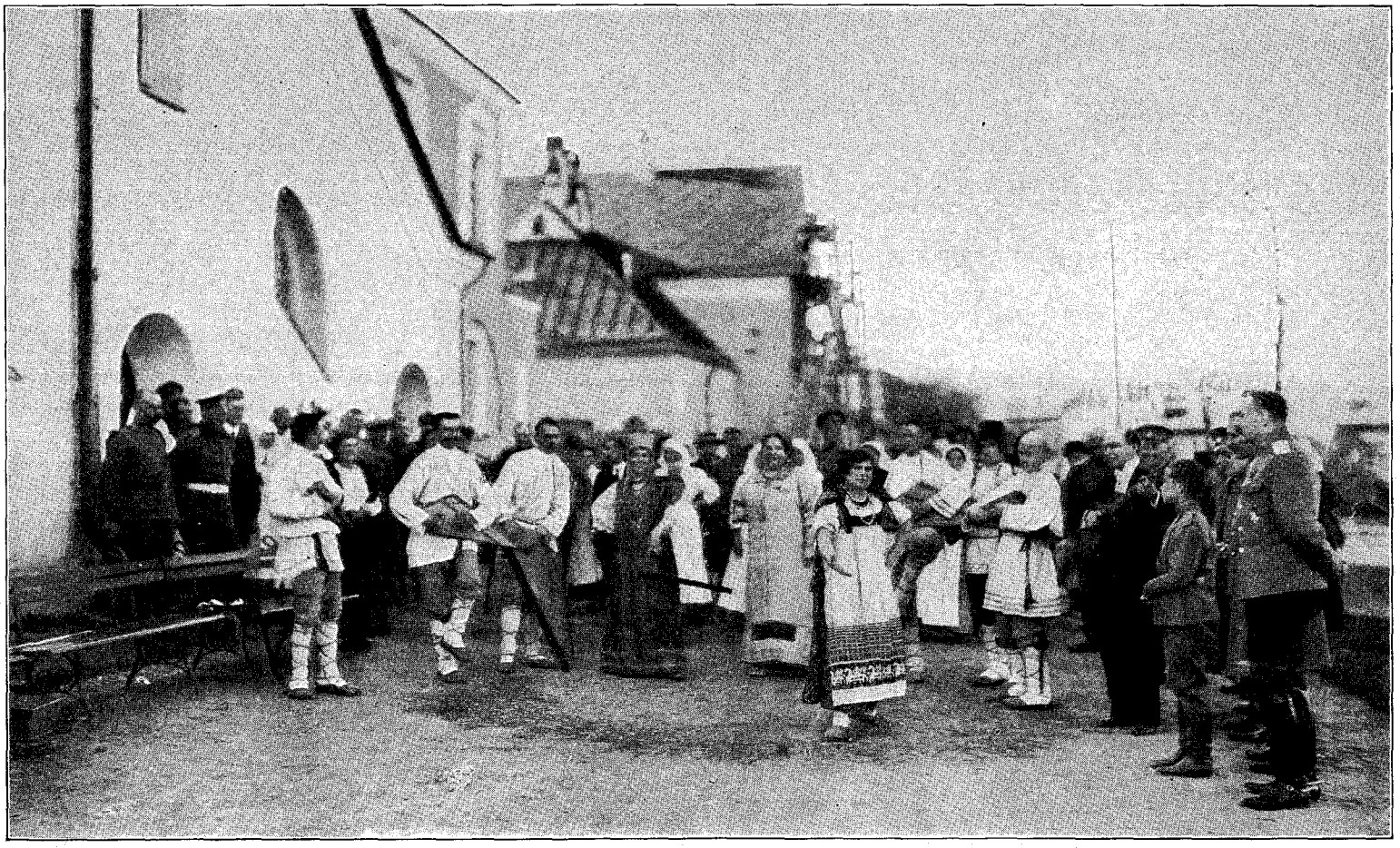

An entertainment given to wounded officers and soldiers at Saint Theodore's Hospital.
The players are wearing the native Ukranian costume.

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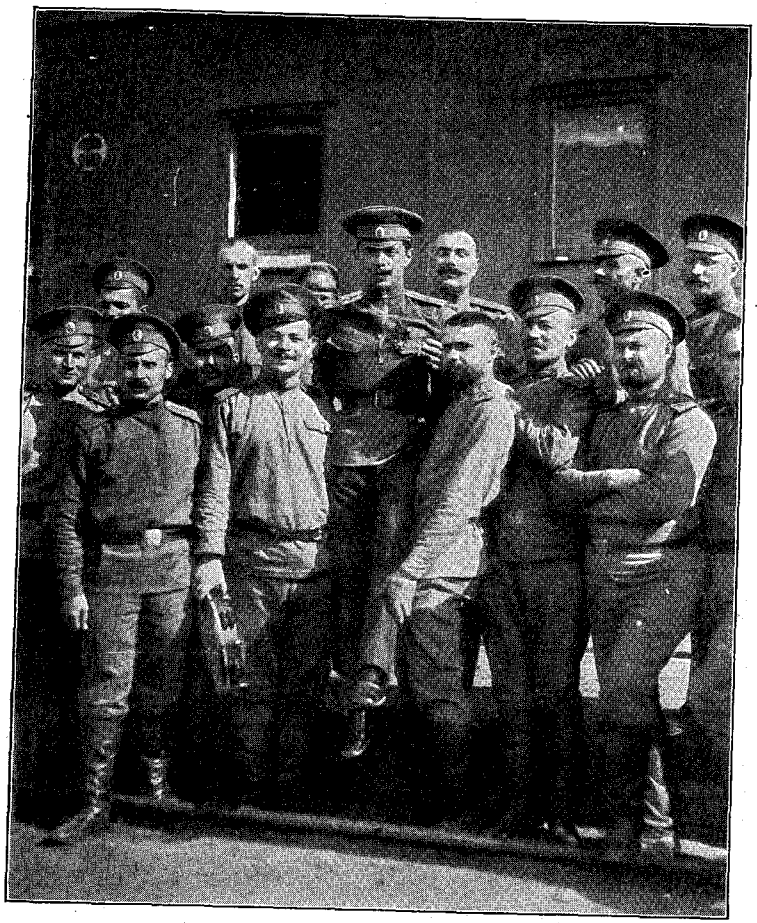

Captain Michael Zenovyewitch Geraschinevsky, when wounded, supported by his men, who were very fond of him.

The photograph was taken in a railroad-station.

Grand Duchesses Maria and Anastasia with a group of wounded officers in service and full-dress uniforms at Easter.

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Dining-room for wounded men at Saint Theodore's Hospital.

The men who came from all stations in life, mainly from the peasant class, had for the most part never known what it was to have a table-cloth, individual porcelain dish, silver knife, or spoon. It was part of the nurses' duties to instruct their patients in the use of these, and table manners, and this was a source of great fun as well as interest to both nurses and wounded.

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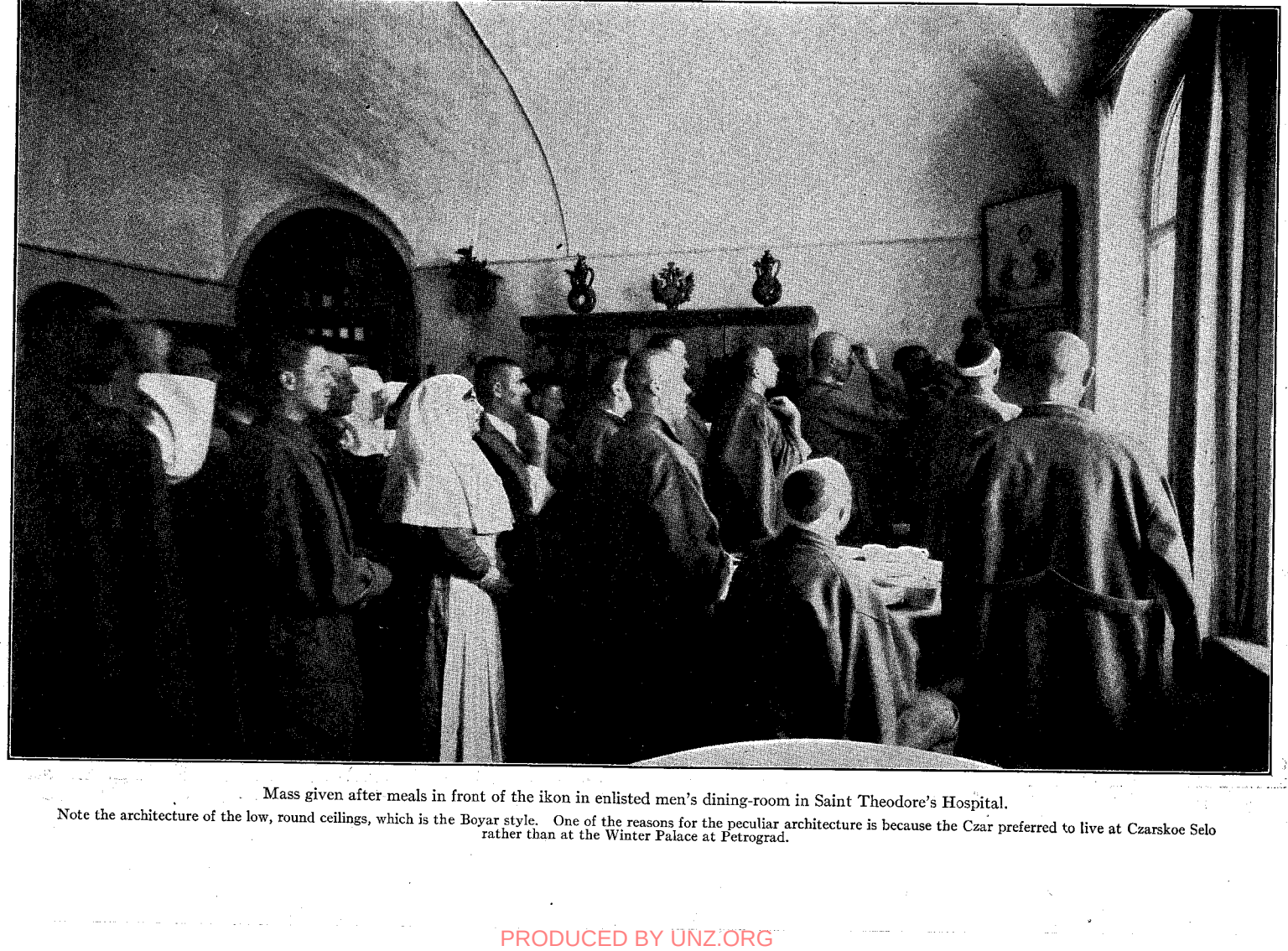

Mass given after meals in front of the ikon in enlisted men's dining-room in Saint Theodore's Hospital.

Note the architecture of the low, round ceilings, which is the Boyar style. One of the reasons for the peculiar architecture is because the Czar preferred to live at Czarskoe Selo rather than at the Winter Palace at Petrograd.

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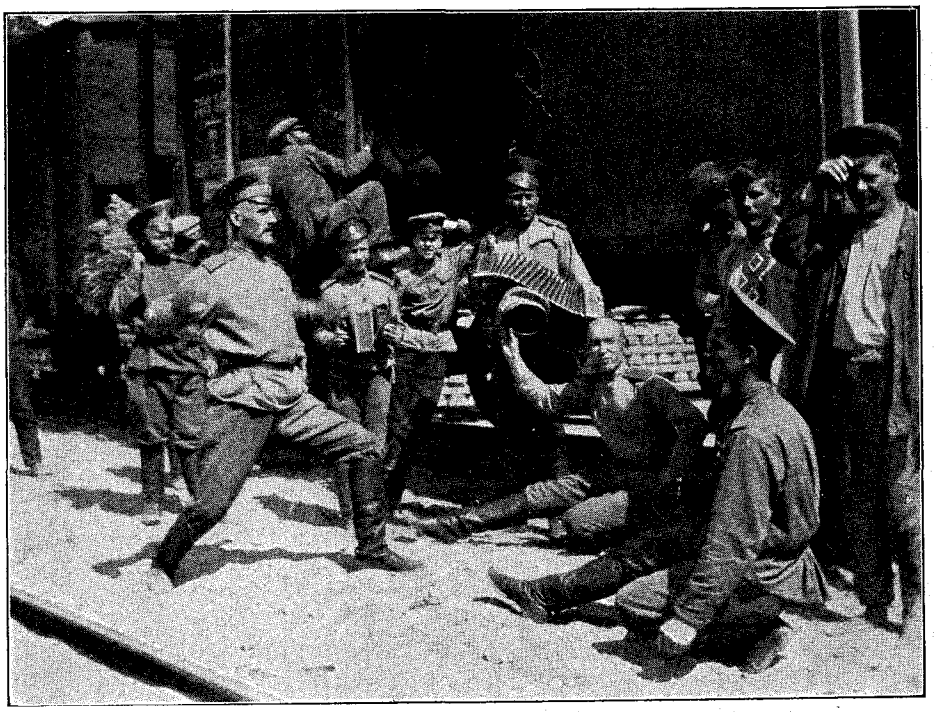
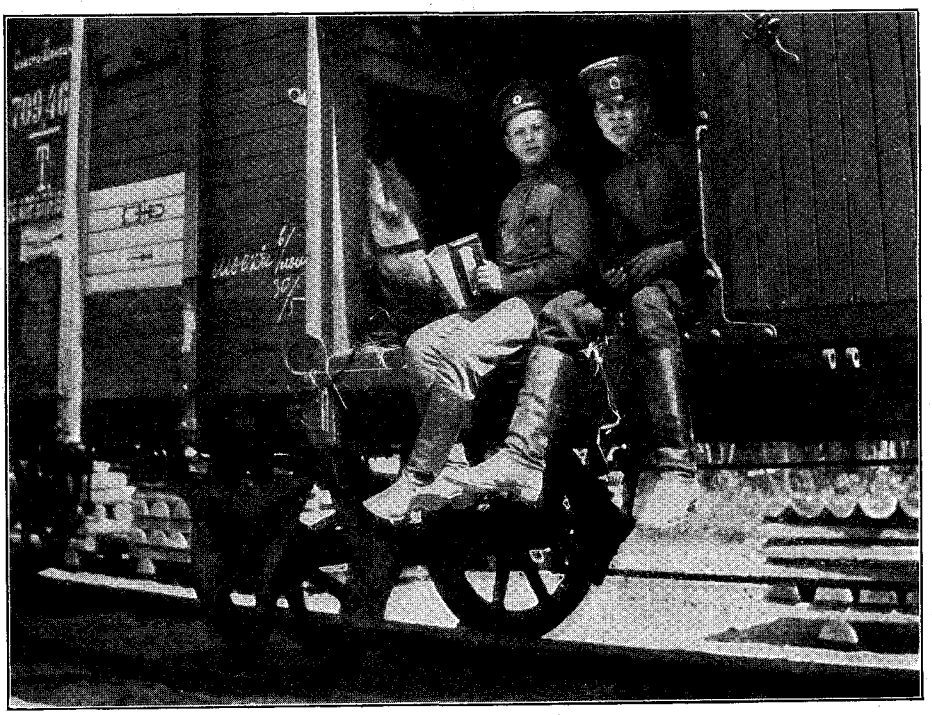


Picture of Russian soldiers on their way to the front, taken by the Grand Duchess Tatiana.

The royal train stopped in passing and the girls took this snapshot of the soldiers doing their native dance—"Kamarinsky."



Snapshot taken by Anastasia.

These youthful soldiers, not over fourteen years of age, while guarding the car, attracted the attention of Anastasia.

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LAW AND LEGISLATION

By Barrett Wendell

WHEN years ago I was charged with the pleasant duty of explaining to the French some of the national characteristics of America, hardly any proved so difficult to make clear as our habitual conception of law. To the Continental mind, I presently found, law presents itself instinctively in the guise of a decree, a statute, or a code; some constituted authority, usually based on military force—like the antique empire of Rome—finds itself in a position where it can tell men what they ought to do; it does so, and they have to behave accordingly. If law thus promulgated and enforced is to persist, of course it must be fundamentally reasonable; no earthly power, for example, could compel men to dispense with food, to hibernate like bears or chrysalises, to fly without the aid of elaborate machinery, or always to be good. Within the range of human possibility, however, constituted authority may certainly be conceived as absolute; in such event, when it becomes inconvenient the most obvious way to correct its errors is to destroy it—by more or less bloody revolution. Whereupon some new constituted authority will arise to confirm, to modify, or to replace the mandates of that which has fallen. And so *ad infinitum*.

In sharp contrast to this conception I found that to which we of America have been born and bred—that which we brought with us from our ancestral England after it had already flourished there through more centuries than have yet passed since Jamestown was founded or Plymouth. Though most of us trouble ourselves no more than most Englishmen have done as to what we mean by words we constantly use, this very fact implies such habitual assumption of their truth that you can hardly question them without giving us a rude shock—at least of surprise. And if our traditional conception of law can be compressed into a brief phrase, we should mostly agree that law has always presented itself to us as something which essentially and independently exists. In other words, perhaps, we assume it to be a highly specific phase of nature. Whatever question arises is normally to be settled not primarily by reference to codes, decrees, or statutes, but by application to a court whose business is to interpret from precedent or analogy the actual state of law, much as a chemist would tell you what compounds are explosive, what poisonous, and what wholesome. Or, to put the matter otherwise, one might say that we assume the structure of society to be, like that of language, based on long-accepted custom, proved by experience on the whole beneficial; in such event, the prime function of constituted authority, whatever form this may take, is not to impose law, but to discover and to assert it.

Obviously enough, the course of nature in society may now and again prove as troublesome as it often proves in geology. A stream left to itself may sweep away acres or torrentially waste waters without which acres must stay unfruitful. So custom left to itself may often result not only in ruinous hardship but in social harm. That is why, when geology is concerned, there is need of skilful engineers, and when law is concerned there is need of such correctives as ancestral English and American practice has found in courts of equity or in legislative action. Properly understood, however, the function of your engineer is not to contradict the laws of nature, which will persist in spite of him, but only to restrain or to modify their excesses, so far as this may be within human power. Properly understood, according to the immemorial conduct of our ancestors, the function of chancellors and legislators is similarly conditional. Above and beyond them all is the inexorable course of human existence.

Though neither the Continental nor our ancestral conception is precisely defined

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in the minds of those who hold it, though neither, indeed, is often held quite consciously, and though neither can be asserted absolutely and unconditionally, there must always follow from either a range of conclusion widely different from that consequent upon the other. Men who habitually regard legislation as the source of law must inevitably tend to regard human authority—wise or foolish—as for the moment final. Men, on the other hand, who habitually regard law as positively existent, like the laws which govern the stellar universe, must tend to regard human authority, so far as it pretends to be much more than interpretative, as at best intrusive and probably as dangerous. The Continental type of mind is accordingly apt to think of government as existing for the purpose of telling men what they ought to do; and the English and American type of mind is equally apt to suppose that the prime function of government, like that of the Decalogue, is prudently to prevent lines of conduct which may prove socially undesirable or ultimately impracticable. Two consequences clearly follow from this antagonism: a mind habituated to either conception will find the other hard to grasp; and, in ultimate analysis, the English conception is on the whole the more favorable to the abstract ideal of individual freedom.

Viewed in the light of these considerations and of the course which history is now taking, few events of the past can seem much more ironical than the American Revolution. In one important aspect this was a war of secession from the union of the British Empire, widely analogous to the later war in which the Southern States attempted to free themselves from what they conceived to be the inconveniences of the American Union. It needs little imagination to perceive that if the Southern Secessionists had prevailed, there would now have been on earth no such power as these United States, whose entrance into the World War has finally checked the aggression of Germany. By the same token, if you will stop to think, it seems hardly possible that if the British Empire had not been rent asunder in the last quarter of the eighteenth century the aggression of modern Germany could ever have loomed much larger than a local disturbance. For an unbroken course of peaceful imperial expansion would long ago have made almost world-wide the English conception of the Common Law—a law which exists and persists above and beyond the control of any human authority.

To a considerable extent, no doubt, this is actually the case. Apart from certain predatory confiscations, such as must always occur in periods of wide public disturbance, the American Revolution made little more difference in matters of law than by declaring elective such local governors as had hitherto been appointed by the Crown; and the written constitutions which resulted from it and culminated in that of the United States will prove on scrutiny to be virtually codes of accepted and tested political practice. What is more, the social effects of our Revolution even to this day, if we may take as evidence the combined love of liberty and deference to authority displayed by the citizens, old and young, who since April, 1917, have flocked to our colors and about them, prove the persistence among ourselves of those general principles which our ancestors brought with them from our mother country. Two incontrovertible facts, nevertheless, have prevented these principles from exerting quite such power as they might have had in acknowledged union of world dominion. The first need only be stated: for more than a century history has been so taught in American schools that your every-day citizen instinctively assumes England to be not only alien to us but hostile. The second demands more consideration: at least ever since the Declaration of Independence, the conscious thought of America so far as it concerns law, public and private, has been incalculably influenced by generalizations which, whatever their validity, are not of English or American but of Continental origin.

This tendency, indeed, has gone so far that, long before any period when living memory runs to the contrary, your ordinary American had come to accept as axiomatic at least two principles by no means harmonious with the actual history of our hereditary institutions. The first is that anything apparently at odds

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with the preambles of our state papers—such, for example, as Mr. Rufus Choate called "the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence"—must for that very reason be all wrong. The second is that even the whims and vagaries of legislation—so long as they are not palpably insane—should be held as binding as submissive subjects of absolute monarchy are presumed to hold the impulses of an irresponsible personal sovereign. At least for this second opinion, too, there is considerable color of reason. Under our national constitution, to be sure, no legislative act is incontestably valid until it has been so pronounced by our regularly established courts; but once so pronounced, whether in itself wise or foolish, constructive or dangerous, any legislative act must evidently have the full force of positive law, counterfeiting the inexorable law of nature itself, if the structure of the state is to prevail. Our popular error here, in short, if error it be, is a matter chiefly of mood. In obeying legislation we are profoundly right; any other course would tend toward anarchy. In regarding legislation as inherently absolute, however, we are at least perilously near the danger of forgetting that it cannot safely stray too far from the limits of custom. That the danger of irresponsibly absolute power lies not in the medium through which it operates—personal or popular—but in its own headstrong and unreasoning irresponsibility, hardly ever occurs to us.

This weakening, or at best this deep modification, of our ancestral conception of law as positively existent is by no means confined to our own country. Throughout the British Empire, and not least in England itself, there has been for more than a century an increasing tendency to substitute untested legislation for accepted practice. How far this is due to the disruption of world empire effected by the American Revolution, how far it may perhaps result from the measurelessly increased intercommunication between radical America and conservative England during the nineteenth century, or how far it is the effect of the restless spirit of our bewildering times everywhere, nobody can say. There are aspects, indeed, in which it may best be regarded as a perplexing phenomenon of world history, to be explained, if ever, by philosophers of the future. If so, it only makes the more clear one of the perils which now environ our devoted national purpose to make the world henceforth safe.

Among the difficulties which we shall presently be obliged to confront, and with us the Allies whose common cause we have made our own, too, none may prove more insidious than that which lies in the hardly apprehended conflict between the conceptions of law assumed throughout Continental Europe and those which, however dormant for the while, have been ancestral to England and to America. How dormant they are getting to be with us one or two familiar examples can hardly fail to remind anybody who may still comfortably suppose them awake as ever. Ask yourself, for instance, what you mean by a constitution. The answer is evident: a constitution is a statement of the general principles of government, including the structure or what may be called the machinery thereof, and a definition of the limits within which this may operate without injury. The constitution of England is unwritten, except so far as it is embodied in a long series of occasional fundamental statutes. The constitutions of the United States and of the States which are combined in our federal Union have been officially enacted. The function of all is nevertheless the same. Then inquire how Americans of this passing moment are disposed to regard the new constitutions, or constitutional amendments, with which for a good while they have been incessantly busy. Again, there can be little doubt about the answer. Far and wide they are attempting to make these instruments vehicles of specific and detailed legislation, such as that concerning the prohibition of alcoholic stimulants, not because this is really a matter of legal rights or principles, but only because when you once get anything into a constitution it becomes much harder to repeal than would otherwise be the case. A more ominous perversion of legal conception can hardly be imagined.

Again, there can be little doubt that at

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least in America we have long been apt to confuse the obligations imposed on us by legislation with those imposed on all mankind by the general principles of morality. Of late years, for example, we have been deluged with statutes, national and local, of which the purpose has been the regulation or the considerable modification of the normal processes of trade. Whatever the wisdom of these enactments, or their other virtues, they have had the inconvenience of abruptly declaring many lines of commercial conduct, hitherto sanctioned by custom, to be criminal; and with the best intentions in the world your business man cannot always and instantly alter his methods at command. Various prosecutions of worthy citizens have consequently filled the newspapers when no more profitable matter happened to demand the space. The general comments on these technical malefactors have been hardly distinguishable from what would properly be made on professional thieves or cutthroats. If this signify anything, it can mean only that, without stopping to think, our public opinion is not content to hold obedience to legislation a needful matter of discipline, but instinctively assumes that legislation must be positively right, just as devotees of absolutism bow before the decrees of an autocrat.

Our respect for the authority of legislation, in fact, is leading us to forget both its human and therefore fallible origin and its historical function in such a system of law as has somehow fostered the growth of English institutions and American through something like a thousand years. That you have the power to do a thing is no sufficient reason why you should actually do it. Anybody, for example, can plan the building of a house without foundations or drains; few would hold such designs advisable, and folks who did might well be held deficient in the matters of intelligence and of common sense. The office of these qualities, so far as the building of houses may be concerned, is not to contradict the laws of physics or of hygiene, but to recognize them and to confine action within the limits which they happen to impose. That the scope of legislation in its relation to the laws which inevitably control human society has similar limitations nobody, of whatever origin, would seriously deny. The Continental habit of thought, however, has tended so to emphasize the momentary authority of legislation as to neglect the limits of natural law within which this must be exercised if it is to be either safe or persistent. The habit of thought from which our institutions have sprung has tended, on the other hand, at least implicitly, so to admit the existence of fundamental law as to make the theory, though not always the practice, of our legislation either interpretative of law or prudently corrective of the hardships which uncontrolled law must sometimes involve. The logic of the one would result in admission of absolute sovereignty —none the less oppressive when exercised by peoples or parliaments than when exercised by kings or kaisers. The logic of the other would admit no sovereignty, whatever its form, better than conditional; kaisers, kings, parliaments, and peoples alike may defy or ignore the unwritten but not undiscoverable majesty of law only at their mortal peril.

Vaguely general though all these observations must rightly seem, they can hardly be held impertinent by any mind gravely concerned with the tremendous problems of the present day. One and all of us want to make the world safe. Nobody can tell us quite how to do so. We must honestly, devotedly experiment, and with the details of our experiments we cannot here concern ourselves. Already, however, we may well try to discern what we mean by world safety. Already we may perceive that this is not surely to be found in any precise form of government which chances for the while to appeal to our reason or to our prejudices. It will be approached, we should all agree, by any system which shall permit men to pursue the course of their daily lives with no more molestation than is needful for the maintenance of public order, and which shall secure to them, thus responsibly free, due rewards for social services and due penalties for social offenses.

Though the impatience of our time may often make us less ready to admit another truth, few of us, on reflection, would venture to deny it: such rewards and such

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penalties are matters not of hours, or days, or years, but rather of lifetimes and of generations. A safe world we may dare hope to be a world which shall last through centuries. If so, we may be content when the end of each century shows socially constructive tendencies to have been on the whole rewarded and socially destructive tendencies to have been on the whole condemned. For the moment we are apt to prate about individual lifetimes as if they comprised the whole story of existence; in truth, we all know that at best they are only links in the chain or stages in the growth of social security, and that the strength of the chain or the sturdiness of the growth can be demonstrated only when not one but many of its parts prove strong or sturdy.

Sure of this, we need ponder little to perceive that of the powers now extant in the world the most nearly durable have proved to be the governments of England and of our United States. Once assured of this, we can hardly fail to recognize the distinguishing feature of their constitutional systems: in both the Common Law has grown and persisted, and this means that, wittingly or not, both have mistily conceived law to exist by virtue of its own being and have consequently implied the function of legislation to be not absolutely authoritative but rather corrective or palliative. If we of America are to help make the future world safe, our true task now is to revive, to assert, and to propagate this most fundamental of our ancestral principles.

THE COLLEGE: YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

By Frederick W. Roe
Assistant Dean, the University of Wisconsin

THE history of the American college* for the past twenty years and more presents a striking contrast. Outwardly it has been a period of brilliant and unprecedented expansion. In all that goes to make up the material expression of a college—buildings, equipment, endowment, number of students, and faculty—there has been an increase the like of which no previous generation saw or perhaps even dreamed. The old graduate who to-day revisits his alma mater after long absence is amazed to behold the transformations that have everywhere taken place. He sees around him new halls and new dormitories that put to shame those which he knew in the older time. He is conducted through laboratories equipped with every known facility of research, and through libraries where row upon row of books and periodicals give him a confused sense of the vastness and variety of modern learning, and a far-off suggestion of the mighty enterprise of modern scholarship. If he is a Greek-letter man, his undergraduate brethren proudly escort him through their new club-house, the beautiful and luxurious shrine of their mystical order. Or, if he chance to have been a sportsman in his time, famous on track or field, the boys of to-day will show him the athletic grounds and stadium, and they will smile among themselves as they listen to his exclamations of wonder at what he sees. Officials delight to tell him of an increased enrolment, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold; of an immensely expanded curriculum, opening out new pathways to education in all directions; and of the manifold activities and accomplishments of the college professor of to-day—until the college which the old graduate knew and loved recedes into the dim backgrounds of mem-

* By college is meant an undergraduate institution, whose central standard course of study is non-professional, whether it exists by itself or whether it is one of a group of institutions (including professional or technical schools) existing together under the name of a university.

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ory, where it will live only as a fond tradition for him and the men of his time.

But the picture has another side which has probably escaped the bewildered and reminiscent alumnus. For this period of remarkable outer achievement has been also a period of inner unrest and uncertainty—nay, for not a few it has been a period of skepticism and even of despair—without parallel in the annals of the American college. Presidents and deans, professors and alumni, even distant but not disinterested laymen, have joined in a chorus of criticism that has gone up all over the land, and that has found expression in a growing mass of reports, addresses, articles, and volumes—almost in itself a library of lamentation! The reader will discover in this material, moreover, not a little that suggests helplessness or confusion of thought, as though the movement of events has been so full and rapid that educators have been unable to determine its direction, to say nothing of controlling it. "I have found everywhere," says Woodrow Wilson, speaking as president of Princeton, "a note of apology. Learning is on the defensive. We have fallen of late into a deep discontent with the college. . . . The college has lost its definiteness of aim. [There is] hopeless confusion and an utter dispersion of energy." "The tendency of educational institutions to drift with the tide rather than to formulate definite policies and to labor constantly for their execution," says President Butler, of Columbia, in a recent annual report, "is well illustrated by the way in which the American college has, in so many instances, permitted itself to be made the prey of every passing fancy and of every succeeding educational whim. Without knowing just whither they were going, the colleges have followed the trend of the time toward a slackening of discipline, toward an unwillingness or inability to accept responsibility for passing upon relative values, and toward that confusion between general training and vocational preparation which is for the college a painless but sure form of suicide." To some of the more severe and pessimistic of its critics the college has been synonymous, indeed, with the worst sins of the past two decades in the field of education. Here the sharpest battles have been fought and here the bitterest opponents have been engaged. Nothing has escaped attack. The curriculum has been described as "chaotic"; the college professor is still spoken of as a cloistered recluse out of touch with the broad human currents of contemporary life, and dreaming of "an academic golden age in the past"; students are euphemistically alluded to as "vagrants of the higher life," while college days themselves are pictured at best as a pleasing interlude between more serious activities.

It is an encouraging sign of spiritual health that these voices of discontent have come mainly from college faculties themselves, from those who have loved the college best and have known it most intimately. And it must be confessed that the picture they have seen has had its very dark and depressing aspects. In recent years, as everybody knows, higher education has become popular, and colleges have attracted to their doors thousands of young people from every station and walk in life, with every object in view, until our student population to-day is heterogeneous as never before. Here mingle side by side in the same classroom, and even in the same club-house, students who belong to the best and oldest traditions of American life, and students whose parents came from foreign shores less than a generation ago. Here meet together the very rich and the very poor, those who come to spend money through four years of gentlemanly loafing and those who must practise a really heroic self-denial if they are to gain even the most meagre benefits of a college education. Here gather some with clear purposes as to their future, and others with none at all. To the college come young idealists eager to go crusading for a noble cause; but, alas, there come also young adventurers apparently no less eager to waste their substance, if not in riotous, at least in aimless, living. Verily the American college, like the American city, has been the melting-pot of nations! Little wonder that faculties have been stricken with confusion before the task of creating order out of this chaotic mass.

Then, too, the "college life" of these young people has been immensely dis-

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tracting. Mr. Slosson, in his book, "Great American Universities," after discussing the life at fourteen of our representative institutions, concludes his survey with this significant statement: "The most vulnerable point in our collegiate system is the diversion of the interests of the student body from the true aims of the college. Social life, athletics, dissipation, and the multitude of other student activities have cut down to the minimum the attention given to their studies." We all remember President Wilson's summary of the situation in the graphic phrase: "The side-shows are so numerous that they have swallowed up the circus, and we in the main tent do not know what is going on." For the past twenty years faculties, student bodies, and committees without number have wrangled so interminably together over intercollegiate athletics that it is possible for Dean Keppel, of Columbia, in a book on undergraduate life published last year, to say with truth of this evil that "it is not a co-operating but a splitting factor between students and faculty, and it has done more than anything else to delay the coming of the new spirit of working together and thinking together." He quotes President Garfield, of Williams, in a recent paper, to the effect that "in the New England colleges the average expenditure per student for athletic purposes was one hundred and seventy dollars, with only sixteen per cent of the students participating in them. The figures for the country at large were correspondingly fifty-nine dollars and seventeen per cent participating." Any number of college officials in public and in private have vigorously attacked this major distraction of undergraduate life, and yet they have allowed it to flourish because they seemingly have lacked the courage to abolish it.

One reason why college faculties have not suppressed intercollegiate athletics is that there have been so many other distractions that they have not known which to put down first, and, like politicians, they have been content to "muddle along" with "eligibility rules," "point systems," and similar palliatives. Certainly the teacher who for the past twenty years has observed college life at close range has seen conditions which have sorely tested his faith in higher education. Students have seemed possessed with a mania for "outside activities." From the opening of the academic year to the end they have been plunged into a whirl of distracting and frivolous affairs, involving money, time, energy, and interest quite out of proportion to any real value in these things. We have all known capable collegians by the score who have allowed themselves to be drawn so deep into this "mare maggiore" of college life as to spend many hours each week throughout a winter in successive committee or group meetings, endlessly discussing matters which, when two or three years out of college, they almost invariably describe as trivial and vain. At its best sanctified as the birthplace of noble ideals and enduring friendships, the American college has been exalted too much in recent years as a resort where young men may gather together for the purpose of "rubbing off the rough places," of "knowing how to meet people," of "getting into and doing things"—as if there were some magical elixir in academic atmosphere which should transform bustling and purposeless undergraduates into gentlemen of culture! Well-to-do parents in particular, it should be said, have not been blameless in this matter. Have they not sent their sons and daughters in increasing numbers to our colleges, lavishly supplying them with spending money and other means of distraction, providing them, indeed, with all things except the energy of mind and the decision of character necessary to accomplish anything worth while? Hard-working and high-minded people themselves, these good fathers and mothers have been unwilling to put their children to the tests of life to which, most of all, they have owed their own place and power.

Because of the popularity of the side-shows, critics have not failed to point out the unpopularity of the performance in the main tent. Diurnal migrations from comfortable club-life or diverting social pleasures, from strenuous exertions on athletic field or in editorial room, to the dull routine of recitation and laboratory, is a form of activity to which many an amiable undergraduate submits as a necessary evil. If he finds the instructor

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personally agreeable and professionally entertaining, and if his election of the study is rewarded at the end of the semester with a complimentary grade, he continues in the course. Otherwise—a carefree nomad of the intellectual life—he wanders into more attractive fields. For the collegian of the past twenty years has been living under an elective system, and he has been free to sacrifice the real business of education in favor of what he calls "the big things of college life." Everywhere it is the same story—the decadence of scholarly ideals among our students. "No one in close touch with American education," says President Lowell, "has failed to notice the lack among the mass of undergraduates of keen interest in their studies and the small regard for scholarly attainment." The intellectual life of the average student is reflected in his talk. A group of college boys do not converse. There is no exchange of mind, except on rare occasions of intimacy when two or three come to grips with the essentials. Again and again we hear the criticism—and we hear it most frequently from students themselves—that college talk is empty and frivolous, quite without intellectual curiosity. In truth, among the majority of our young people there is a low ebb of intellectual enthusiasm, of love of things of the mind for their own sake. They seem to have little passion for the company of great souls in literature, history, science, or philosophy. They pay vows to none of the gods in the academic pantheon. The magic of mind or of nature is not magic to them. Sophistication has usurped the place of reverence and wonder. The intellectual standards of our students are disappointing even when seen in their most favorable light, if we accept the testimony of Oxford tutors of American Rhodes scholars, as set forth in the reports of the *Carnegie Foundation*. Intelligent, interested, alert, and attractive, these men at Oxford have nevertheless been found to be deficient in the fundamentals of scholarly training—in thoroughness and grasp, in power of sustained application to hard tasks.

But it is vain to expect our undergraduates to keep to the main road, when the leaders themselves have gone astray. Faculties seemingly have been withdrawn from their true tasks by a kind of distraction peculiarly diverting to the professorial mind. Instead of working out and enunciating a coherent educational programme, such as would furnish a rallying centre for the scattered forces of sound culture, they have been enormously busy with "machinery"—with tables of statistics, efficiency curves, marking systems, questionnaires, reports, and surveys—the paraphernalia of committees and the impedimenta of scholars and teachers. President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation, announces (1914) that more than thirty extensive educational surveys have been made in recent years over the country, and that on the aims and ends of education they are "in most cases silent." The doctors everywhere have strangely relied upon external applications for a disease that calls for more heroic treatment!

Meantime, with the advent of the specialist and his jealously guarded interests, with the expansion of curriculums in all directions, we have fallen into confusion as to the educational position of the college. Administrative officials have given expression to this state of mind with unmistakable emphasis. "We who are members of faculties," says Dean Birge, of the University of Wisconsin, "have frankly given up the task of prescribing courses of study as an impossible one. We say that only omniscience can wisely prescribe a college course. We abandon the task as beyond our collective wisdom." "The college," says President Schurman, of Cornell, "is without clear-cut notions of what a liberal education is and how it is to be secured, . . . and the pity of it is that this is not a local or special disability, but a paralysis affecting every college of arts in America." President Foster, of Reed College, in an examination (1911) of "subjects required" for the A.B. degree in twenty-nine State universities, says: "The most striking fact exhibited is the total want of accepted ideas as to what subjects should be required for the A.B. degree, or what proportion of the studies should be prescribed." In fourteen institutions under private control "the variation exhibited is even greater than for State universities." Regarding the situation in

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forty colleges in all parts of the country, he describes the differences as "almost innumerable." In an investigation as to major and minor subjects, covering the curriculums of two hundred institutions of higher education, President Foster finds "no uniformity, not even any significant central tendencies." Little wonder that from this confusion of values and breakdown of standards there should spring up the vicious heresy of equivalence of studies—the doctrine that one subject is as liberal as another provided it be well taught! Little wonder that faculties, in despair of arriving at a common understanding as to what constitutes a *college* education, should break off into small groups or units, some to go on with their research in silent indifference, others to drum up interest in sensational or informational courses on their own account! But this is not all. The graduate and professional schools have reached down and the secondary schools have reached up, until the identity of the college is seriously threatened. Professionalism has all but upset our equilibrium from above, while from below the high schools have been clamoring for the recognition of an increasing number of "practical" subjects for admission, so that colleges still vary widely as to their entrance requirements (although recently substantial progress toward uniformity has been made) from a requirement of ten to eleven units out of sixteen, to a requirement of English alone (Chicago), or very recently to an entire abandonment of all specific requirements (Washington University). And while these forces have been storming the strongholds of college education from without, the defenders within, who should have presented a united front and a plan of campaign, have been split into factions, fearful and perplexed "what weapons to select, what armor to endue." For there has been endless discord between the philologer and the dilettante, between the cult of "interest" and the cult of "discipline," between the upholders of teaching and the upholders of research, between the humanists and the scientists, between the champions of ancient and the champions of modern languages, between the champions of "cultural" and the champions of "vocational" training—nearly everything, indeed, but a solid front and a single rallying-cry. Professors have indulged, also, in much vague and querulous talk about "the development of the human spirit in all its capacities" as a larger and nobler thing than the "social problem," for which they take Professor Dewey and his followers to task. Whereas Professor Dewey has stood for a consistent educational philosophy, not for the purpose of damning one kind of orthodox culture at the expense of another, but to make clear that education *is* a social problem or it is nothing; that a man is educated by learning how to live in the world of to-day—his world—and that he is not to use culture as an ornament or a refuge, but as an instrument of service. It is futile for the college teacher in this age to declare, as he does, that "there are whole realms of thought, feeling, and imagination which stand in no immediate relation to the social problem." As though we can withdraw from our own time and, in spiritual if not in geographical isolation, cultivate our inner selves after the manner of Tennyson's æsthetic recluse in "The Palace of Art"!

But the American college, which has always been the surest index of the spiritual life of our people, is not to be condemned if its history, without and within, for the past twenty years, has reflected the history of a period which may be said to close with the year 1914. He who now looks back upon those years recognizes in them a time of stupendous material achievement on the one hand, and of wide-spread unrest, uncertainty, and superficial living on the other. An age of wealth, prosperity, and leisure without parallel, it has also been an age of extravagance and laxity which writers have likened to the days of the declining Roman Empire. Underneath the brilliant and swift-moving surface currents of society there has flowed a deepening tide of discontent, indicated partly in the steady increase of crime, suicide, insanity, divorce, and industrial and political disturbances, but most of all in a collapse of intellectual and spiritual standards such as would compel acceptance by any large and dominating groups of the social order. We have scorned authority and tradition.

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We have had a passion for novelties. We have been so individualistic that, as Mr. Irving Babbitt says: "Every man was to have the right to express not only his own particular vision of life, but his own particular nightmare." Art, divorced from life, or at best reflecting a featureless cosmopolitanism, has thus been the victim of caprice, sensational and hectic. Witness our music and our architecture! Witness the cubists, futurists, postimpressionists, makers of "free verse," and imagists of our day! Religion, too, has lost its commanding power. Its attenuated force has found expression either in the various sects and cults that have sprung up so numerously about us, or in the substitution of "social service" and other collateral agencies intended to keep the form, if not the reality, alive. Men in the western world have not recognized Christianity as a daily influence. In the life of the spirit each has gone his own way, having cast off the older sanctions and not yet having put on new. Like the men of Arnold's time we, too, have been

> "Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born."

But a new age is coming to birth in the travail of war. "In four crowded and eventful years," as Mr. Arthur Henderson says, "we have gathered the fruits of a century of economic evolution. We have entered upon a new world." Under pressure of tragic events social forces have been unlocked or recreated, of which idealists alone had hitherto assumed the reality; and we have already solved problems which some have thought would be solved, if ever, only in a Utopia. We seem already to have been swept into a social order resting upon larger meanings and sustained by deeper impulses of common humanity. Stirred to their depths, the spirits of men and women are once more plastic to the pressure of newer and sounder ideals of public and private life. We have put aside, to an amazing degree, our individualism, both material and spiritual, and we have joined hands to beat down the common foe of civilization. A spirit of unity pervades society, clarifying the practical issues of life as never before in our time. Have we teachers not witnessed this awakening in our college boys? Have we not seen them by the hundreds who but yesterday were taking their lives listlessly, not to say aimlessly, suddenly pull themselves together at the call of war and become energetic, high-spirited leaders, ready to make the supreme sacrifice for humanity? And what we have seen, has it not created a new faith within us? The battle-cry around which these forces have rallied is the battle-cry of democracy. But the democracy for which we are fighting is more than a programme of equal rights for all. It will not rest less upon rights, but it will rest more upon the ideals of brotherhood and service; it will not be less political and legal, perhaps, but it will be infinitely more social and spiritual. The democracy which the Allied forces won by the war will, we hope, gradually but surely permeate industry, art, and religion. Otherwise the millions of workers with hand and brain will not have accomplished their deepest aims. Otherwise the myriad dead will have died in vain.

The problems of the new democracy are the opportunities of education. Out of the colossal work of reconstruction, out of the vast and complex reorganization of commerce and industry, there will arise unprecedented demands for trained men and women. In the programmes of the British Labor Party and of the American Federation of Labor we already see what new and broader responsibilities the workers are placing upon education; for they have learned the indispensable character of their work and they will no longer accept a social philosophy which would keep them permanently in an inferior status. They will demand, uncompromisingly, the peaceful establishment of an industrial democracy, in which every citizen has a voice in the conditions of his own employment and has freedom for the cultivation of his intellectual and emotional life. "The men in the trenches," said President Wilson, "who have been freed from the economic serfdom to which some of them have been accustomed, will, it is likely, return to their homes with a new view and a new impatience of all mere political phrases and will demand real thinking and sincere action." The

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social functions which federal, state, and local communities have assumed under the stress of war—are these to be thrown aside as useless when it is won? The unlocked energies and impulses of our young people, are they to be allowed to die out when the last foeman has left the field? We cannot believe it. And yet we know that we shall not long retain the most precious fruits of victory, unless we can learn to command for the work of peace the splendid forces that have been developed by war. Looking then around us and ahead, we must agree with Mr. Arthur Henderson when he said that "the coming period of reconstruction, even more than the remaining period of the war, will impose upon the leaders of all civilized states new and searching tests of character and intellect." We must, indeed, create a race of men and women who shall find reward for their work far less in personal and pecuniary aggrandizement, and far more in the work itself and in the part it will play in the well-being of society as a whole.

That industrial and professional education, turning out armies of experts, is to have a large part in the giant enterprises of the new era we cannot doubt. Will the college have a part, too? Or, as many fear, is it to be still further overshadowed, on the one hand, by the newer secondary education, awakened to its social responsibilities, and on the other by the professional schools, always responsive to immediate practical needs? Those who agree with the British Labor Party that "society, like the individual, does not live for bread alone—does not exist only for perpetual wealth production," those who see in the new time more urgent demands than ever upon the character and intelligence of man—demands upon him for vision, for unselfishness, for power to think and work in harmony with his fellows; those who dream and pray for a rebirth of art and religion, and for a peaceful revolution in industry; those, in short, who look for unity in our social, and freedom for self-development in our individual, life—they surely will not fail to see that the college, the mother of American ideals, has a part to play not less important than the part to be played by any other organization in the educational scheme. But that part ought to be restated by the colleges of to-morrow so that the significance of the education they offer shall be as clear and definite as the aims of the technical schools. It should no longer be shrouded in mystical terms by its hierophants, nor given over, supinely, to the invading hosts of professionalism—a significance that in reality measures up to new times and new ideals!

What, then, is the field of the college?

The college is, first, a place for the cultivation of *humanistic* interests and standards. It has no higher function than to impress upon every youth who enters its hospitable doors that he is a social being, and that he may not live to himself, whether in aristocratic or in intellectual isolation. Surrounded with institutions and customs which he and his contemporaries have inherited from the past, he is to learn that against this background of the past is set the present, and that this present is but the transition to a future whose character will mainly depend upon the work of the generation of which he must be a contributing unit. He is to cultivate a passion for service, not undisciplined and sentimental, but truly refined and humanized, like that of Arnold's apostles of equality who have a passion "for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other the best knowledge, the best ideals of their time; who (labor) to divest knowledge of all that (is) harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it effective outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time." He must learn, in other words, something of what mankind has achieved in science and philosophy, and something of the *standards* in morals and art that mankind has established through centuries of striving. He must be taught that there *is* a hierarchy of values in the world of thought and taste which he cannot ignore without peril to his high calling as a human being. All of which implies, of course, that his emotions must be touched to fine issues. In its eagerness to train the mind, to pour in *facts*, the college of yesterday too much abandoned the emotional side of the student's nature to its undisciplined

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satisfaction, with results which were all the while becoming more disastrous until they were stayed by the tide of great events. The college of to-morrow, if it is to play a part in *keeping* the world safe for democracy, a world in which human relations are rapidly becoming more and more neighborly, cannot neglect to discipline the emotional and imaginative side of its youth, knowing full well, as Taine says, that "men have not done great things without great emotions," and that they will not rise to a splendid *national* life in industry, art, and religion without the sanction and support of noble sympathies and a deliberate cultivation of goodwill and joy of living.

The college is also a place for the development of personal ideals and love of knowledge for its own sake. Here, under the guidance of real leaders, narrowness is to be put off and breadth is to be put on. Here, by the mediation of science, philosophy, history, and literature, young people keeping company with

> "souls tempered with fire
> Fervent, heroic, and good,
> Helpers and friends of mankind,"

are to come into possession of the unconquerable hopes that shall carry them through the routine and disillusionment of later years. At college, too, is awakened the spirit of scholarship. Students are to learn what it means to follow the intellectual life, to satisfy the curiosities that are native to alert minds, to penetrate the secrets of nature, to ascend the heights of thought, to love truth and to know the freedom that it bestows, having first known the renunciations that it demands. The college is thus the nursery of scholars, the congenial home where minds may come to themselves before they undertake the arduous tasks of intellectual and professional maturity.

Finally, the college is a place where young people who have not yet made the discovery may find out their aptitudes. "To find out what one is fitted to do and to secure an opportunity to do is the key to happiness," says Professor Dewey. Truly, but the discovery is not accomplished at the same period of life for all individuals. A large number must have time, and, much more, they must have freedom; for a youth in his choice of life-work should be guided by his likings, if he is not compelled by his necessities. Thousands of our boys and girls, with plenty of latent capacity, have not at sixteen, nor yet at twenty, discovered their special aptitudes. They must have a period of experimentation, a time of "sampling," as President Eliot happily calls it, when they may work now in this recognized field of knowledge, now in that, until the path is revealed along which they are destined to travel. As John Stuart Mill advised Caroline Fox, they must try themselves unweariedly till they find the highest thing they are capable of, faculties and outward circumstances both being duly considered.

These, then, are the aims of the college. What is to be the curriculum by which these aims shall be realized? This is the question of supreme importance, the Serbonian bog where faculties whole have sunk! And yet if it is logical to contend that the college has its own field, as distinct as any other field of education (and I have argued that it has), does it not follow that to this field there belongs a curriculum, a co-ordinated set of requirements and sequences, approximating in definiteness, if not equalling, a course of study for engineers or lawyers? Granted that the college has certain ends in view for all who claim its degree, shall it leave these ends to the hazards of an elective system or to any modification of the elective system that might allow them to remain unrealized? Are undisciplined boys and girls of sixteen and eighteen to be free to pick and choose from the wealth of offerings in our curriculum of to-day? We have indeed found the assumption absurd in practice, if not in theory, that these young people can be trusted at the commencement of their college life to know what makes for breadth, for freedom, for service, for the cultivation of intellectual and personal ideals. It is not less absurd to say that a boy, yet uncertain as to the choice of a career, is really *free* in his choice while one or more of the great fields of knowledge have not yet been revealed to him. And there are four of these fields which include the fundamentals of a college training: science, including mathematics; history, including

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economics and government; literature, including language as its propædeutic; philosophy. Regarding studies in these fields we should say, in the words of Mr. Flexner, that "American society leaves the boy no option; it is impossible to substitute anything else for them, whether taught with equal efficiency or greater."

But what are these studies by name? When and for how long are they to be required? There are many sciences and many histories, many literatures and many philosophies, and if from these the fundamentals are to be required we must distinguish between studies within these groups. Unfortunately for college education, agreement at this point ceases, the doctors have fallen apart, and even Mr. Flexner is silent. Yet if colleges are to hold their unique place in American life and, much more, if they are to play their part in the immense tasks of the new era, notably the part of supplying leaders and of sustaining at a high level the spirit of national unity, then it appears imperative that college faculties should put aside their differences and come to an understanding. I therefore venture to suggest certain courses of study which ought to supply the core of a curriculum for those undergraduates who are to receive the college degree, and which ordinarily would occupy them but little more than the freshman and sophomore years. They are: Two years of Latin, following a minimum of three years of Latin in the secondary school; one year of science (chemistry, physics, geology, biology, or mathematics); one year of English composition and one year (or, better, two years) of English literature; one year of American or European history; a half year of American government and politics and a half year of political economy; a half year or a year of philosophy (either logic, psychology, introduction to philosophy, or combinations of the same). With respect to these requirements I hasten to make certain explanations and qualifications. I will not here repeat the orthodox defense of Latin nor quote its orthodox apologists. The requirement of at least one foreign language for a fairly long period is an indispensable basic element in any strong non-professional curriculum, certainly until the psychological experts have proved beyond doubt the equal or superior advantages of some other instrument of discipline and preparation. No other one language satisfies so many purposes as Latin, and its restoration is imperative if *college* (*i. e.*, non-professional) training is to regain its old-time vigor.. The student who needs other languages for scholarly or commercial purposes may well be required to adjust himself to his necessities (the earlier the better), precisely as the engineer or the "agric" is required to do in the professional schools. Much of this required work, moreover, not only in Latin but in science, history, and literature, should in time be correlated with similar though less advanced work in the secondary school, so as to give the students the immense advantage of continuity of interest and intellectual discipline, covering a period altogether of at least six years. For the boy or girl who is to get the college degree there should be substantially no break in a few central combinations and sequences from the beginning of high school to the end of the sophomore year. College education will then have as its foundation six years of training, of which liberal studies in the four recognized fields of knowledge will form the backbone. And I believe it inevitable that as our whole educational system becomes better and better articulated, we shall find this period normally to include the years from twelve to eighteen, graduating our students from college at twenty. It should be said, further, that while the four fields of knowledge seem likely to remain fixed, the special requirements within these fields would no doubt be subject to revision both as to amount and kind from period to period, since colleges, like other schools of training, must move in harmony with the great currents of national life, not forgetting Emerson's warning that "there is not yet any inventory of man's faculties, any more than a bible of his opinions." This required work, moreover, should be followed (as, indeed, it would be according to the best accepted practice to-day) by a major or group system for the junior and senior years, in order to assure such concentration in these maturer years as would fur-

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nish the necessary *foundation* for scholarly, commercial, and professional life, but *free from the control of the professional spirit*. Finally, these requirements should in no sense block the way of students who do not wish the college degree, who do not covet the special impress which alma mater leaves upon her children. Those who desire two years instead of four, those who prefer other combinations and sequences to those required, or the few with extraordinary aptitudes in certain directions—for those and doubtless for still others separate provision should be made, such, for example, as an independent junior college for two-year pre-professional students, on lines suggested in President Butler's 1917 report to the trustees of Columbia University. At any point in the educational system, from grammar school to graduate school, the student doubtless should be at liberty to turn aside for the purpose of following his bent if he has been fortunate enough in very truth to have found it. Indeed, if his aptitude stands out with unmistakable clearness and drives him with overwhelming force, he should undoubtedly, even in college, be allowed to elect such studies as his success may justify.

But a college course, even the most carefully constructed, will not work automatically. To be successful, according to the standards of a new day, it must be sustained by an organized and co-ordinated life on the part of students and faculty, comparable after its kind to that of the best industrial and commercial concerns of which we know. Like them it must evoke an *esprit de corps* such as it has not had. A college, far more than a technical or a professional school, requires the support of an associated life, growing out of common aims, understood and believed in by those who make up its fellowship. Let us not hesitate to set forth these aims to our students from the first, in order to imbue them with a sense of the special significance of the college. Let us cease our cryptic talk about the value of "liberal" and "cultural" education, and endeavor to make clear to our young men and women the purpose of our curriculum. Indeed, when the curricular organization of secondary schools and colleges becomes fairly continuous and articulate, prospective college students will be regularly instructed as to the place and purpose of college education while they are yet in high school.

Meantime we can turn our attention to matters of more pressing importance. Let the perennial distraction of intercollegiate athletics be given up in favor of sports for all at home. The thing can be done, done quickly and effectively, if colleges will act together. And in the whole sphere of "outside activities" no other action will go further to restore the lost unity of undergraduate life. We should provide an organization of competing groups within the college, a wholesome and truly communal form of sports—a form, too, in which students will take a lively interest, as has been demonstrated over and over again. On the intellectual side, also, if colleges will establish a common basis of required work, there will be a revival of common interests. President Jordan somewhere praises the American college because it brings together all kinds of students under one roof. "The literary student gains in seriousness and power," he says, "the engineer in refinement and appreciation." A remark true enough for mature graduate students, but false for the rank and file of undergraduates. The wide diversity of interests, instead of being a means of communion, is a means of separation. Students in such an atmosphere talk athletics or society. They do not talk about the things of the mind. If the social order of the new time is to be built up on a secure foundation of common national aims and ideals, our colleges must pour into it a continuous stream of young people who have read in the same great literature, delved into the same problems of moral and spiritual life, studied together in the same laboratories, been thrilled by the same beauties, and elevated by the same ideals, so that to some few fundamentals at least there has been awakened a loyalty which no circumstance of after-life can deaden or destroy. "We should remember," said Thucydides, "that one man is much the same as another, and that he is best who is trained in the severest school."

And with required courses as the central support of the four-year curriculum, professors can make the new school se-

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vere, as the old has not been. Emancipated from the vicious tendency under an elective system, to weaken and popularize a course in order to keep up its numbers, they can greatly strengthen it in substance and continuity, and thus do much to solve the vexed problem whether the social, political, and literary studies can develop the training which has hitherto been supposed to belong almost exclusively to mathematics, to translation of foreign languages, and to laboratory science. They will no longer be at pains to entertain a listless audience with desultory information, but may take up the real business of imparting knowledge to their students, striving, as Montaigne says, "to marry it to them and make it part of their very minds and souls." Let these required courses, moreover, be planned and given more with a view of supporting the purposes of the curriculum as a whole and much less with a view of feeding more advanced courses in the same departments.

Finally, let the work of the teacher receive a fuller recognition. The college will not indefinitely survive as an institution if its destinies are guided by an aggregation of experts instead of a company of scholarly teachers. High specialization has its high place, but it must not be allowed to obscure the common ends or forbid the common fellowships essential to the American college. So low at times has the profession of teaching fallen that we have heard it said that men were expected to teach, as they were expected to do drudgery, for their living; but that their distinction, their rewards, must come from other sources. Let this heresy be put down, and let it be publicly understood that just as a man may be a musician without being a composer, so a man may be a college teacher worthy of the highest rewards without being an investigator in the specialized sense which the name has taken on in recent years. There is creative teaching, just as there is creative scholarship; and there is no nobler or more rigorously exacting profession known among men.

One thing is certain. Under the pressure of new times and new standards the college as a non-professional institution will have no place unless its course of study can be justified as convincingly before the world as the courses in our vocational and professional schools, and unless the college can render to the democratic order of to-morrow a service that shall be recognized as essential to the individual and social well-being of man. If it cannot accomplish these ends, if its faculties cannot unite upon such a programme, then within the next twenty years we shall see the college still further absorbed by the secondary and professional schools, and we shall no longer have a distinctive place for the education of our abler boys and girls between the formative years of sixteen and twenty. The American college is indigenous. No other land or people has developed its like. Those who believe that it is to have a share in the giant task of reconstruction should begin even now to shape its life to that end.

A CONCEIT

By Mary Cadwalader Jones

THEY err, my love, who say that Time is cold,
Sliding his sands, unvexed of mortal smart—
In wrath he makes so short my hours with thee
For that I chide him when we are apart.

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GENERAL ALLENBY

BY JOHN H. FINLEY
Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

I HAVE to begin by taking away from a reader a doubtlessly treasured picture of the great Commander-in-Chief entering Jerusalem. The immortal fact of the entrance I do not disturb. Nor do I touch the background of the picture which the ex-Kaiser provided when he caused a new gate to be cut in the thick walls of the Holy City, a few feet from the old Jaffa Gate, in order to signalize his own entry in 1898—a pompous entry which now seems so childishly, if not insanely, vain. I found in a church in Jerusalem a photograph of the painting which the Kaiser had caused to be made of that entry, showing himself attired in the helmet and white garb of a Crusader, on a caparisoned white horse, riding at the head of a procession with imperial banners, an awed welcome being painted on the faces of the people.

When General Allenby entered it was by the same gate (for he declined to have the "Gate Beautiful" opened for him), on foot, and without so much as a single victorious flag. But—and this is why the picture in the memory of so many must be revised—General Allenby did not appear in the most conspicuous place. He modestly kept that position which was his according to British custom. It was an aide who marched first.

So it was that when I first saw General Allenby with my own eyes I had suddenly to make over my own image of him. It was another man than the one whom I had pictured that greeted me at General Headquarters in the valley between the hills of Judæa and the sea, where the "embassies and armies of two continents had passed to and fro": of Thothmes and Rameses, Tiglath-Pileser, Shalmaneser and Sargon, Sennacherib, Necho and Nebuchadnezzar, Cambyses and Alexander the Great, Geoffrey, Richard Cœur de Lion and Napoleon. Here I was face to face with the real Deliverer of the Holy Land.

I suppose that a German general impresses one first of all as a soldier, but—and it may be due in part to the semi-civilian British uniform—the English officer impresses one first of all as a man. When I saw General Allenby I did not think of this man of powerful shoulders, of high forehead, of the kindliest of eyes, of blunt, staccato speech, and of most genial manner, as a soldier. I was in the presence of a great human being. And it was so when I met Marshal Foch, in the days before he was a marshal.

It was at General Headquarters that I first saw General Allenby. I had driven over from Jerusalem with one of my Red Cross associates to spend the night with the "C-in-C," or the "Chief," as he is called by his officers and men. And I may at this distance confess that I went with some timidity. In the first place, I was not yet inured to my military title (and that was the only one by which I was known out there). In the next place, I had never had an acquaintance with the British beyond that of meeting a few of them visiting in America, and I was anticipating a frigid formality even in that semitropical and remote country.

But I soon forgot, in the warmth of the reception, that my host was a general and that I was not a civilian, that he was an overcritical Britisher and I a provincial American. We soon found ourselves fellow inhabitants of ancient Palestine—of the Old Testament land. And when we left the dinner-table it was to pore over George Adam Smith's "Geography of the Holy Land"—a classic which is more than a geography, a veritable epic poem in prose form—and then to turn to certain passages in the Old Testament.

It is not the part of a guest to speak of what he has seen and heard at Head-

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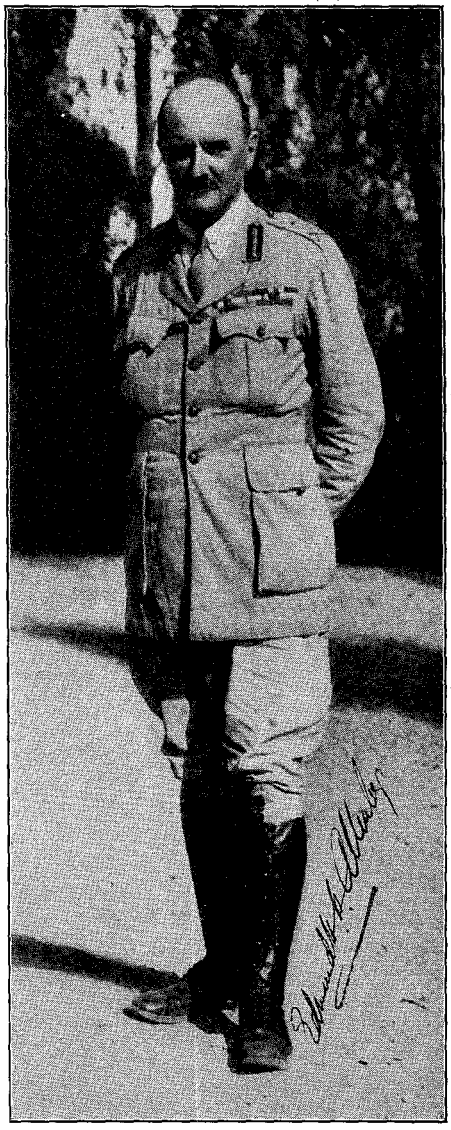
quarters, and certainly what was said that night was not intended for hearing beyond the walls of the old farmhouse, temporarily used as Headquarters, but I am sure that the Commander-in-Chief will let me share my memory of it with others, especially as it can give no comfort to the enemy.

I remember particularly that we read the thirty-fourth chapter of the Book of Isaiah, in which the utter destruction of this land (once the Land of Promise) was prophesied, when the streams should be "turned into pitch," when thorns "should come up in her palaces, and nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof." And I recall asking him, who had come up into the land by way of the Desert, whether the "pelican and the porcupine" were actually to be found there; what the "arrowsnake" was, and the "night-monster"; what sort of a cry the "satyr" made in calling to his fellow; whether "ostriches" still held court in the land, and jackals still "made it their habitation"? I discovered that he knew the fauna of this prophecy of desolation, and that he supported by a Bible dictionary his own theories as to the identity of these creatures, whose names varied in the different versions. The prophesied desolation had certainly come upon the land. The "line of confusion" had been stretched over it for centuries. And the "plummet of emptiness" had touched even its valleys that once "flowed with milk and honey."



General Edmund H. H. Allenby, the Commander-in-Chief, at Headquarters near Ramleh.

It was not many nights later that, within five miles of the very place where we sat reading this chapter in Isaiah, I heard in our Red Cross camp, within moonlight sight of the Crusaders' Tower that still stands in Ramleh, the mournful, half-human cry of jackals, giving literal confirmation of the prophecy. And another night I heard the same cry from hundreds, or so they seemed in number, out upon the sand plain just beyond the Jordan, near the place where the children of Israel must have crossed into this very Land of Promise.

But I read on into the thirty-fifth chapter—the chapter of the prophecy of the Great Restoration, which was also seemingly coming to pass. And the imperious but modest man before me was the Restorer. In the habitation of the jackals grass was beginning to grow again; "glowing sands" had become pools. Waters had literally broken out in the wilderness and streams in the Desert. All the way

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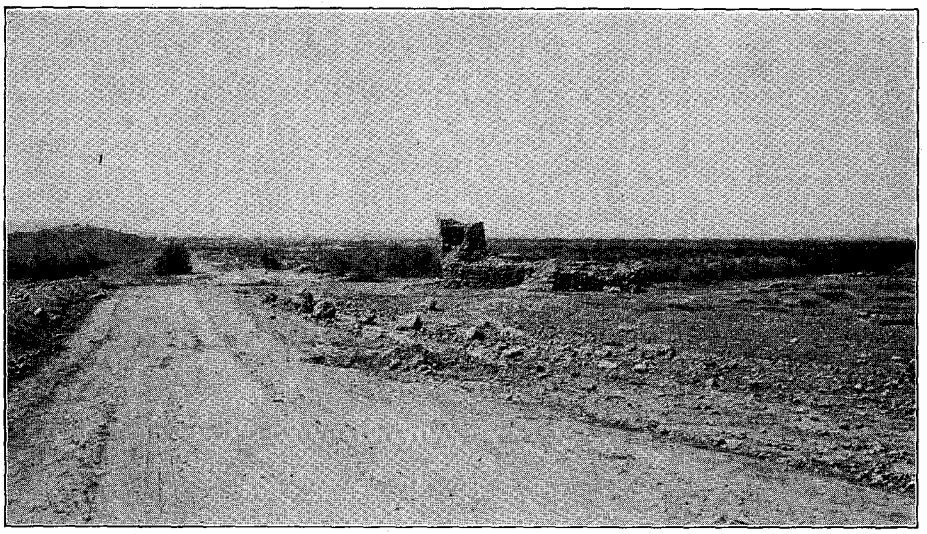
up from Egypt, nearly one hundred and fifty miles, has the water of the Nile been led to break forth in the places of desolation.

There is an Arab legend which I heard often out in the East, that not until the Nile flowed into Palestine would the Turk be driven from Jerusalem—a picturesque way of intimating that the Turk would stay there forever (as in Virgil's First Eclogue a like prophecy was made, two thousand years ago, of the impossibility of the Germans reaching the Tigris).



The valley beyond the Jordan.

But the Nile now flows into Palestine, not metaphorically but literally. I have seen the plant at Kantara, where (under the direction of a Canadian engineer) the sweet water of the Nile is filtered and started on its journey through a twelve-inch pipe across the Desert toward Gaza. The mound of sand that protects it is visible a few yards from the railroad all the way from the Suez to the edge of Palestine. And the Turk has been driven from Jerusalem by the same forces that caused the water of the Nile to flow into Palestine.

I have wondered whether those who selected General Allenby for this command were influenced to the selection in any degree by his name. Not that there is need of reason beyond his surpassing technical and personal qualifications to lead this particular expedition. But it is a singular coincidence and a happy omen that his very name may well be interpreted to carry a prophecy of his achievement. I suspect that it is of Irish association, but an Oriental origin may easily be found for it in the euphonious union of two Arab words, "Allah" meaning "God," and "Nebi" meaning "prophet." So "Allah-Nebi," a God-prophet. And surely no one in the history of Palestine in the Christian era has come with a more Godlike prophecy. If it were not known that every movement of his campaign of deliverance was planned down to the last meticulous detail, what he has accomplished would seem a miracle, something of supernatural achievement.

It is gratifying that the Deliverer of Palestine is a man who exemplifies the qualities that civilization seeks to develop in mankind under free institutions, courage, courtesy, honesty—those qualities which our Justice Holmes has summarized in the "adorable faith" of the soldier. And not only is General Allenby the sort of a man whom the civilization that had its cradle in the Holy Land would choose to represent it, but he has in turn chosen men of noblest, cleanest purpose and highest qualification to serve with him in

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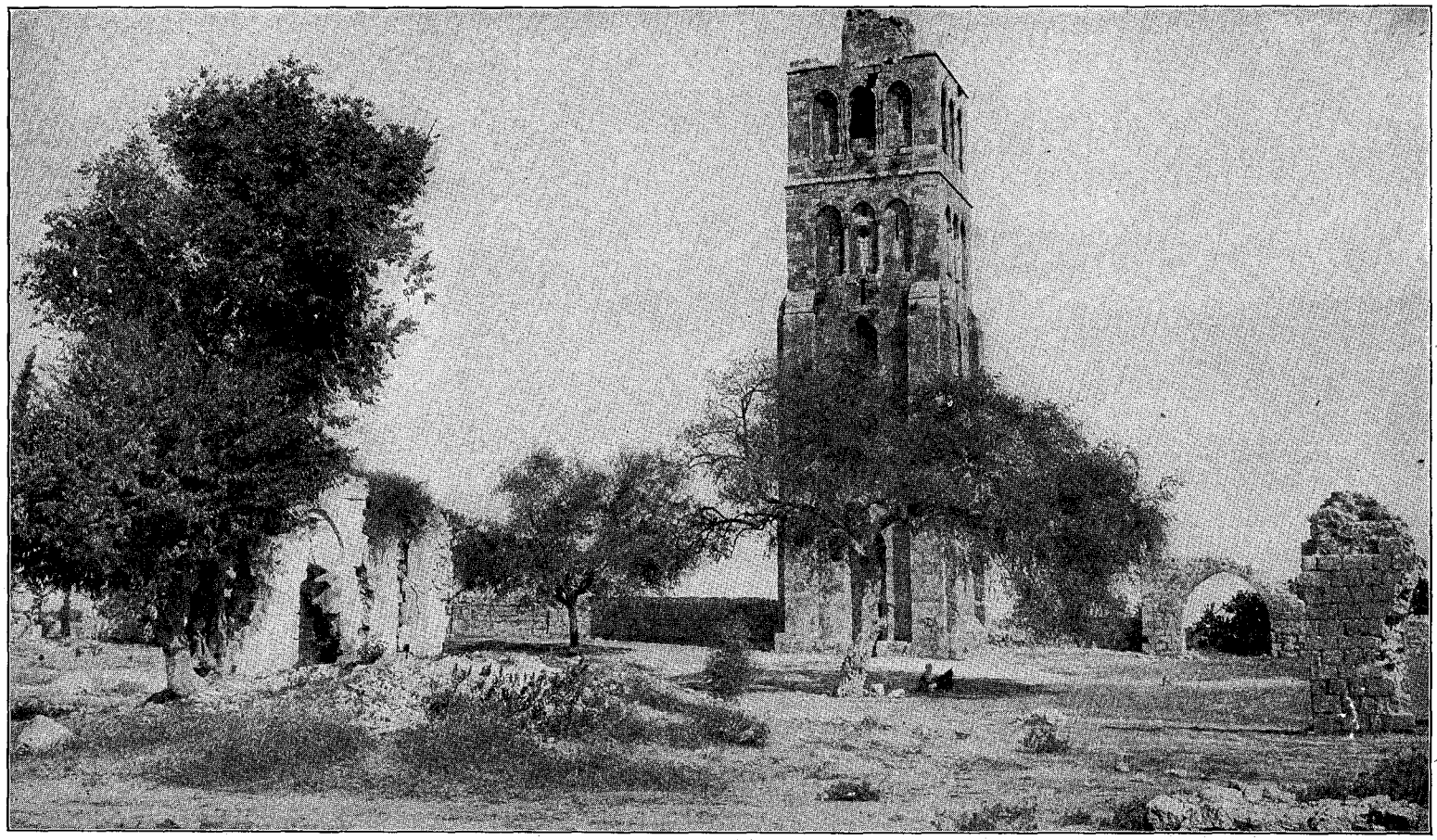

The Crusaders' Tower at Ramleh, near the Commander-in-Chief's Headquarters.—Page 193.

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helping the people of that land to come into the full fruits of justice and freedom. For example, the chief of the Occupied Enemy Territory Administration (for they do not call it conquered territory or British territory, and no flag did I see flying anywhere in Palestine except the Red Cross flag over hospitals), the chief of O. E. T. A., General Sir Arthur Money, who had been Chief of Staff under General Maude at Bagdad, is as high-minded, conscientious, and just a man and administrator as I have ever known. Another is Colonel Ronald Storrs, military governor of Jerusalem, a highest-honor man at Cambridge, who has lived and labored and studied in the East for the most of his life since he left the university. He speaks Arabic and Turkish, besides the classical languages and those of modern Europe. And one morning I came upon him composing a New Year's greeting in Hebrew to the Jewish residents of Jerusalem. I have said again and again that I could wish no better fate for Palestine and the Holy City than that their people should be guided by such men as these till they reach their own self-determined government, and that even then they should have relation to the Christendom that has sprung from this land, through men of such liberal ideals and just and reverent spirit.

General Sir Arthur Money, chief of the Occupied Enemy Territory Administration.

I invited the Commander-in-Chief, before I left him that June night in Ramleh, to join us on the Fourth of July in Jerusalem, in opening our Red Cross headquarters and in celebrating incidentally our natal day. And he came, covered with the dust of the thirty-mile automobile journey on that hot July afternoon. We emphasized the fact that, while this was Independence Day, the birthday of the Daughter of England, we celebrated it now as "Interdependence Day." He, in response, with his curt, soldier speech, made the day memorable for Americans in that part of the world, and notable among the Fourth of July celebrations in all parts of the world. But, in compliance with a courteous intimation from Headquarters, no flag was flying over our building. There was to be no sign of any foreign nation in the Palestinian skies even on that day. This did not prevent, however, the intertwining of the emblems of the Allies inside the building, where the Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by the representatives of France, Italy, and America, as well as by his own officers and by the heads of the various religious communities in Jerusalem—Moslem, Jewish, Greek, Latin, Armenian, and Protestant—illustrated the ideal state which I hope will some day rise to give more glorious fulfilment than that even of which Isaiah made prophecy in the chapter which I read with the General that night down at the entrance to the Plain of Ajalon—at Ajalon where, I found, they so scrupulously depended upon known meteorological laws that they did not, as Joshua, count upon any supernatural intervention to stay the sun in its setting over the plain, but synchro-

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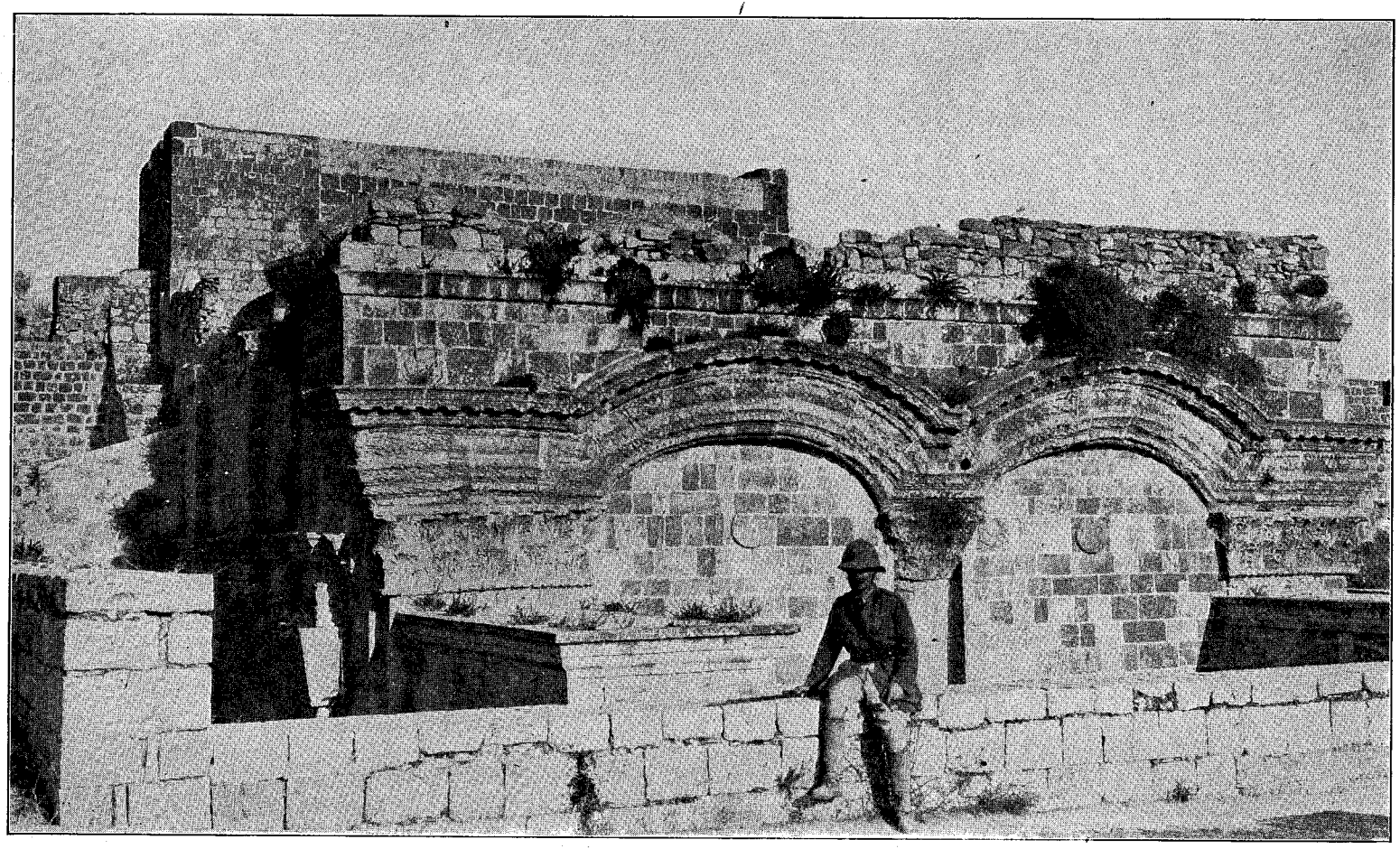

Colonel Ronald Storrs at the Gate Beautiful when making a tour of the walls of Jerusalem with the author.

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nized their watches three times in the day before going into battle in order to take full advantage of the sun and to make even the stars "fight with them."

But there was a more significant day in my acquaintance with General Allenby than that in whose night I read the prophecy. It was the day in which one caught a glimpse of the Apocalyptic vision rather than of the Isaian. I was over the hills to the north the most momentous battle of all the Christian era in Palestine was being waged under his direction and in accordance with plans made to the last minutest detail. How momentous it was I did not then, of course, surmise. And when the General a few minutes later smilingly announced, as he came from his map-room, that his cavalry were at "Armageddon," I did not

General Allenby, with staff, at Damascus, on the day of entry.

again at Headquarters. It was the morning of the 20th of September, when the army that had "dug in" fifteen or twenty miles north of Jerusalem, and had waited patiently for months, was at last advancing to the complete recovery of the Holy Land. (It was ready to make the attack in May, I have heard, and the day was set, but the exigencies of the western front demanded a sudden change, a transfer of some of the divisions, and the developing of a new army.) I had driven over from Jerusalem in the early morning in my Ford car. The "C-in-C" was outwardly placid and even playful; for a child, an American child, was at Headquarters, having just arrived by train that morning with her mother, from Egypt, on her way to Jerusalem, and the Commander-in-Chief was for the hour the host. One could not have guessed that then give to the announcement the interpretation which came to me later, as I reread the chapter in the Book of Revelation, describing the gathering of the hosts on the Plain of Megiddo, which is in the Hebrew "Armageddon." I do not impute to the General this interpretation; but I think that what was happening that morning up on the Plain of Megiddo, as it is sometimes called, or Armageddon, or Esdraelon, was as fateful for the good of the world as that which is foretold with such striking analogies in the Apocalypse.

There has been no more completely successful campaign in all this world war, I suppose. An English military observer and critic has written more emphatically and unreservedly: "There never was a victory more absolute in the history of war. . . . It was a battle without a morrow." And certainly none more dra-

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The first British arriving at Jaffa Gate, December 9, 1917.

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matic, with this wonderful background of scenery and sacred and secular history. "What a plain it is!" says Sir George Adam Smith, "upon which not only the greatest empires, races and faiths, East and West, have contended with each other, and each has come to judgment." One has but to read his chapter on Esdraelon to see the mighty pageant that has been enacted upon this plain since the days of Deborah and Barak.

It was out to the north of this Plain of Armageddon (Megiddo, or Esdraelon) that I next saw the Commander-in-Chief a few days later. He had sent me a message one morning to tell me that if I would wait, that is, postpone my return to America a few days longer, I might perhaps find it possible to walk to Dan (for I had already walked from Beersheba up to the old front). I acted immediately upon this intimation, starting out that very evening and walking all night to Janin, the edge of the plain, then the next night to Nazareth, then on to the Sea of Galilee. It was on this walking journey that I saw the "Chief's" car go flying past me, he and his general so engrossed in the panorama that they did not see the pilgrim at the roadside. And I think I never saw a more enticing landscape than that before me as I came down toward the Sea of Galilee that late afternoon. I was ready to say with the rabbis: "Jehovah hath created Seven Seas, but the Sea of Gennesaret [the Sea of Galilee] is His delight." I recall only one scene to put beside it in my own experience, and that was sunset over the Lake of Geneva in Switzerland. It has the colorful beauty of the Yellowstone without its awesomeness. And I have General Allenby in the foreground of that memorable Galilee landscape.

I tried to imagine what General Allenby's satisfaction must be in recovering for Christendom this crown of Palestine, this valley where the Great Teacher had spent most of his days on the earth, but when I saw him that evening in Tiberias, down by the sea, with his staff about him in a quiet comradeship, to which I was admitted for a few minutes, and tried to express to him my continuing congratulation on his masterful achievement, he extended his hand in a motion to ward off what I was saying, and at the same time to turn it toward his Chief of Staff.

I had a few days before sent my more

Feisul, son of the King of the Hedjaz, with his followers of the Camel Corps.

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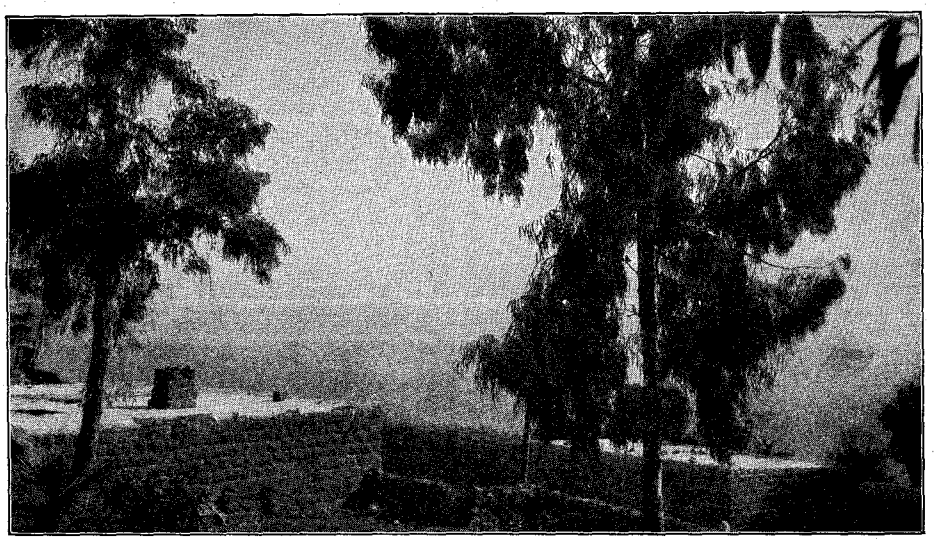

The Sea of Galilee, from Tiberias.

formal congratulations by a special despatch-rider to Headquarters, where I supposed, however, they would be lost among the messages from all the world. I had included a bit of verse (to a melodious well-known tune) which I had written some weeks before as an intimation of my pre-victorian prayer and my feeling as an American. I told him that its publication down in Egypt had been forbidden by the censor (whether for literary or military reasons I could not be certain). To my surprise there came in acknowledgment a long letter in his own hand, in which he not only expressed his appreciation of my congratulations but explained the probable reason for the suppression of the lines. By the change of one word I have obviated this particular military objection, and if the editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE permits them to appear below I shall assume that they were not rejected on literary grounds:

ALLENBY, O ALLENBY

(*To the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland"*)

I

(WRITTEN BEFORE THE ADVANCE)

O Knight of all the Earth's acclaim,
Allenby, O Allenby!
A prophet in thy very name,
Allenby, O Allenby!
Upon the "far-flung battle-line"
Thy soldiers fight in cause divine,
Deliverer of Palestine,
Allenby, O Allenby!

The stars that fought with Deborah
And Barak fight to-day with thee
Against the modern Sisera
Of iron-cross barbarity!
Would our own stars might fight there too,
Shining by day in field as blue
As were the skies that Barak knew,
Allenby, O Allenby!

The sound of marching in the trees
That led to David's victory,
Is borne again by every breeze
From Ephraim and Galilee.
It bids thee forward at its call
Till Moslem, Hebrew, Christian—all,
Shall be released from Teuton-thrall—
God lead thee on, O Allenby!

II

(WRITTEN AFTER THE ADVANCE)

And God has led thee on, O Knight,
Allenby, O Allenby!
In thy great battle for the Right,
Allenby, O Allenby!
The Earth's free nations now will bring
Their genius to its glorying
And they who sat in darkness sing
Fore'er of thee, O Allenby!

It was my great honor to be asked to accompany the Commander-in-Chief, with two of his generals and his aides, as he went up from Tiberias at dawn the next morning to Damascus. There was no formal entry, and, as I suppose, there had

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been no public announcement of his coming. He drove through the clouds of obscuring dust to the hotel (fitly named Victoria), where he was received by the temporary governor of Damascus, Colonel F. A. Lawrence, the young archæologist, an Oxford don, who had for the years of the war been living with the forces of the King of the Hedjaz, and had been their Allied leader. The Commander-in-Chief was then called upon by the son of the King, Feisul, who was to succeed this young archæologist; at any rate, when I reached the hotel I found a throng of the followers of the prince about the door, waiting the return of their leader from the conference, and an hour later I saw them in front of the government building, where the first Arab flag was flying.

In another hour the pillar of cloud was leading us across the dusty plateau, back to the Jordan, where I was permitted to alight from the automobile and continue my Beersheba-to-Dan journey on foot, for the way was now clear all the way to the foot of Mount Hermon.

So I am able to say that I remember him, the great Deliverer of Palestine, who was for the time being also my commander-in-chief, "from the land of the Jordan and of the Hermons, from the hill Mizar."

I think that as a general he must have a forever glorious rank in the world's war. "He has revealed himself," to quote further the English military critic, "as a soldier second to none that we ourselves [the British] possess. Not only so. It is simple truth to say that in brilliancy of plan, irresistible energy of execution, comprehensiveness and finality of success, no living soldier of any nation has surpassed this Battle of Armageddon—to give it what happens to be geographically its real name. What makes it absorbing to every student of war is that it was a case of a kind which hardly comes off half a dozen times in as many centuries. It was an idea which has been imagined and aimed at a thousand times for once that it has been actually done. It was in method and effect precisely the soldier's 'battle of dreams' which every famous leader has longed to realize some day, but which few indeed have ever compassed in practice."

But whatever glowing words may be spoken of him as a general, I am glad to be able to say of my own knowing, as I saw him out in the Holy Land, that he deserves as a man to take his place with the greatest of those whose deeds are recorded in the book which we, together, pored over on that, for me, memorable night out in the Vale of Ajalon.

I saw him once more. It was the night of my starting home for America. I stopped to say good-by to the Commander-in-Chief. He entered the very door through which I had first seen him come on our Isaian night—and this was to be his last night in the old Headquarters, for he was moving northward in the morning. He asked if I had heard the news: One of their airmen flying above Palestine had caught the German wireless message that Germany was ready to accept the terms proposed by America. Some one of the little company said: "It is the end." And so this dramatic episode which will make an epoch for all the East came to its end. And the beginning of the end of the Great War with the Beast, I shall ever believe, was the advance of Allenby's men out upon the Vale of Armageddon.

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THE EMPEROR'S GHOST

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. HOPPER

I HAD not known Tom Randolph a week before I was aware that life was not real to him. All his world was a stage, with himself as chief player. He dramatized everything—actions, emotions, income. Thus he made poverty picturesque, love a thing of the stars, the day's work a tragedy, or, if the professors proved kind, a comedy. He ate and drank, as it were, to music, combed his hair and blacked his boots in the glare of footlights; made exits and entrances of a kind unknown to men like myself who lacked his sense of the histrionic.

He was Southern and chivalric. His traditions had to do with the doffed hat and the bent knee. He put woman on a pedestal and kept her there. No man, he contended, was worthy of her—what she gave was by the grace of her own sweet charity!

It will be seen that in all this he missed the modern note. As a boy he had been fed upon Scott, and his later reading had not robbed him of his sense of life as a flamboyant spectacle.

He came to us in college with a beggarly allowance from an impoverished estate owned by his grandfather, a colonel of the Confederacy, who after the war had withdrawn with his widowed daughter to his worthless acres. In due time the daughter had died, and her child had grown up in a world of shadows. On nothing a year the colonel had managed, in some miraculous fashion, to preserve certain hospitable old customs. Distinguished guests still sat at his table and ate ducks cooked to the proper state of rareness, and terrapin in a chafing-dish, with a dash of old sherry. If between these feasts there was famine the world never knew.

It was perhaps from the colonel that Randolph had learned to make poverty picturesque. His clothes were old and his shoes were shabby. But his strength lay in the fact that he did not think of himself as poor. He had so much, you see, that the rest of us lacked. He was a Randolph. He had name, position, ancestry. He was, in short, a gentleman!

I do not think he looked upon any of us as gentlemen, not in the Old Dominion sense. He had come to our small Middle-Western college because it was cheap and his finances would not compass education anywhere else.

In an older man his prejudices would have been insufferable, but his youth and charm made us lenient. We contented ourselves with calling him "Your Highness," and were always flattered when he asked us to his rooms.

His strong suit was hospitality. It was in his blood, of course. When his allowance came he spent it in giving the rest of us a good time. His room was as shabby as himself—a table, an ink-spotted desk, a couch with a disreputable cover, a picture of Washington, a half-dozen books, and a chafing-dish.

The chafing-dish was the hump and the hoof of his festivities. He made rarebits and devilled things with an air that had been handed down from generations of epicures. I can see him now with his black hair in a waving lock on his forehead, in worn slippers and faded corduroy coat, sitting on the edge of the table smoking a long pipe, visualizing himself as the lord of a castle—the rest of us as vassals of a rather agreeable and intelligent sort!

It was perfectly natural that he should stage his first love-affair, and when he was jilted that he should dramatize his despair. For days after Madge Ballou had declared her preference for Dicky Carson, Randolph walked with melancholy. He came to my rooms and sat, a very young and handsome Hamlet, on my fire-bench, with his chin in his hand.

"Why should she like Dicky best?"

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"She has no imagination."

"But Dicky's a—beast——"

"With a fat bank-account."

"Money wouldn't count with Madge."

"I'm not so sure——"

"Women are not like that, MacDonald."

I saw, as he went on with his arguments, that she had become to him an Ophelia, weakly led. Women in his lexicon of romance might be weak but never mercenary. I think he finally overthrew her in his mind with "*Get thee to a nunnery!*" I know that he burned her picture; he showed me the ashes in a silver stamp-box.

He had, of course, his heroes—there were moments when unconsciously he aped them. It was after a debate that the boys began to call him "Bonaparte." He had defended the Little Corporal, and in defending him had personified him. With that dark lock over his forehead, his arms folded, he had flung defiance to the deputies, and for that moment he had been not Tom Randolph but the Emperor himself.

He won the debate, amid much acclaim, and when he came down to us I will confess to a feeling, which I think the others shared, of a soul within his body which did not belong there. Tom Randolph was, of course, Tom Randolph, but the voice which had spoken to us had rung with the power of that other voice which had been stilled at St. Helena!

The days that followed dispelled the illusion, but the name clung to him. I think he liked it, and emphasized the resemblance. He let his hair grow long, sunk his head between his shoulders, was quick and imperious in his speech.

Then came the war. Belgium devastated, France invaded. Randolph was fired at once.

"I'm going over."

"But, my dear fellow——"

"There's our debt to Lafayette."

With his mind made up there was no moving him. The rest of us held back. Our imaginations did not grasp at once the world's need of us.

But Randolph saw himself a Henry of Navarre—*white plumes;* a Richard of the Lion Heart—*crusades and red crosses;* a Cyrano without the nose—"*These be cadets of Gascony——*"

"You see, MacDonald," he said, flaming, "we Randolphs have always done it."

"Done what?"

"Fought. There's been a Randolph in every war over here, and before that in a long line of battles——"

He told me a great deal about the ancient Randolphs, and the way they had fought on caparisoned steeds with lances.

"War to-day is different," I warned him. "Not so pictorial."

But I knew even then that he would make it pictorial. He would wear his khaki like chain armor.

He gave us a farewell feast in his room. It was the season for young squirrels, and he made us a Brunswick stew. It was the best thing I had ever tasted, with red peppers in it and onions, and he served it with an old silver ladle which he had brought from home.

While we ate he talked of war, of why men should fight—"for your own honor and your country's."

There were pacifists among us and they challenged him. He flung them off; their protests died before his passion.

"We are men, not varlets!"

Nobody laughed at him. It showed his power over us that none of us laughed. We simply sat there and listened while he told us what he thought of us.

At last one who was braver than the rest cried out: "Go to it, Bonaparte!"

In a sudden flashing change Randolph hunched his shoulders, set his slouched hat sidewise low on his brows, wrapped the couch-cover like a cloak about him. His glance swept the room. There was no anger in it, just a sort of triumphant mockery as he gave the famous speech to Berthier.

"They send us a challenge in which our honor is at stake—a thing a Frenchman has never refused—and since a beautiful queen wishes to be a witness to the combat, let us be courteous, and in order not to keep her waiting, *let us march without sleeping as far as Saxony——!*"

I can't tell you of the effect it had on us. We were gripped by the throats, and the room was so still that we heard ourselves breathe. Four of the fellows left next day with Randolph. I think he might have taken us all if we had not been advised and held back by the pro-

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"Good old MacDonald—at last!"

tests of our professors, who spoke of war with abhorrence.

II

THREE years later I saw him again, in France. Our own country had gotten into the fight by that time, and I was caught in the first draft. I had heard now and then from Randolph. He had worked for nearly three years with the Ambulance Corps, and was now fighting for democracy with his fellows.

We had been shivering in the rain for a week in one of the recaptured French towns when a group of seasoned officers were sent to lick us into shape. Among the other officers was Randolph, and when he came upon me he gave a shout of welcome.

"Good old MacDonald—at last!"

I'll confess that his "at last" carried a sting, and I remember feeling the injustice of our equal rank, as I set his years of privation and hardship against my few weeks in a training camp.

He was very glad to see me, and the very first night he made me a Brunswick stew. This time there were no squirrels, but he begged young rabbits from the old

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Drawn by E. Hopper.

"C'est l'Empereur! C'est l'Empereur! He returns to lead us."—Page 209.

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couple who had once been servants in the château where we were billeted. They had trudged back at once on the retirement of the Boches, and were making the best of the changed conditions.

There was, of course, no chafing-dish, and the stew was cooked in an iron pot which hung over an open fire in the ancient kitchen. Before they sold the rabbits the old people had made one condition:

"If we may have a bit for mademoiselle——?"

"For mademoiselle?"

"She is here with us, monsieur. She had not been well. We have been saving the rabbits for her."

Randolph made the grand gesture that I so well remembered.

"My good people—if she would dine with us——?"

The old woman shook her head. She was not sure. She would see.

Perhaps she said pleasant things of us, perhaps mademoiselle was lonely. But whatever the reason, mademoiselle consented to dine, coming out of her seclusion, very thin and dark and small, but self-possessed.

I have often wondered what she thought, in those first moments of meeting, of Randolph, as with a spoon for a sceptre, the manner of a king, he presided over the feast. She spoke very good English, but needed to have many things explained.

"Do gentlemen cook in your country?"

Randolph sketched life as he had known it on his grandfather's plantation —negroes to do it all, except when gentlemen pleased.

She drew the mantle of her distaste about her. "Black men? I shouldn't like it."

Well, I saw before the evening ended that Randolph had met his peer. For every one of his aristocratic prejudices she matched him with a dozen. And he loved her for it! At last here was a lady who would buckle on his armor, watch his shield, tie her token on his sleeve!

He sat on the edge of the table in his favorite attitude—hunched-up shoulders, folded arms. His hair was cut too short now for the dark lock, but even without it I saw her glance at him now and then in a puzzled fashion, as if she weighed some familiar memory.

But it was one of the peasants who voiced it—the old man carrying away the remains of the stew muttered among the shadows to his wife:

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"C'est Napoleon."

Mademoiselle caught her breath. "Oui, Gaston." Then to me, in English: "Do you see it?"

"Yes. We called him that at school."

"Bonaparte?"

"Yes."

She was thin and dark no longer—illumined, the color staining her cheeks. "Oh, if he were here—to save France!"

I protested. "An emperor against an emperor?"

"He was a great democrat—he loved the common people. For a little while power spoiled him—but he loved the people. And the Bourbons did not love them—Louis laughed at them—and lost his head. And Napoleon never laughed. He loved France—if he had lived he would have saved us."

Out of the shadows the old woman spoke. "They say he will come again."

"Oui, Margot." Mademoiselle was standing, with her hand on her heart. Randolph's eyes devoured her. He had taken no part in the conversation. It was almost uncanny to see him sitting there, silent, arms folded, shoulders hunched, sparkling eyes missing nothing. "It is true," mademoiselle told us earnestly, "that the tra-dee-tion says he will come back—when France needs him—the soldiers talk of it."

"In almost every country," I said, "there is a story like that, of heroes who will come again."

"But Napoleon, monsieur—surely he would not fail France?"

The thing that followed was inevitable. Randolph and Mademoiselle Julie fell in love with each other. He drew her as he had drawn us at school. She was not a Madge Ballou, mundane and mercenary; she was rather a Heloise, a Nicolette, a Jeanne d'Arc, self-sacrificing, impassioned. She met Randolph on equal ground. They soared together—mixed love of country with love of lovers. They rose at dawn to worship the sun, they walked forth at twilight to adore together the crescent moon.

And all the while war was at the gates;

"For love, mademoiselle, and truth and constancy."—Page 209.

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we could hear the boom of big guns. The spring drive was on and the Germans were coming back.

I shall never forget the night that Randolph and I were ordered to the front. Mademoiselle had come in with her hands full of violets. Randolph, meeting her for the first time after a busy day, took her hands and the frail blossoms in his eager clasp. He was an almost perfect lover—Aucassin if you will—Abelard at his best.

"Violets," he said. "May I have three?"

"Why three, monsieur?"

"For love, mademoiselle, and truth and constancy."

He took his prayer-book from his pocket, and she gave him the violets. He touched them to her lips, then crushed them to his own. I saw it—sitting back in the shadows. I should never have thought of kissing a girl like that. But it was rather wonderful.

He shut the violets in the little book.

They sat very late that night by the fire. I went in and out, not disturbing them. I saw him kneel at her feet as he left her, and she bent forward and kissed his forehead.

He talked of her a great deal after that. More than I would have talked of love, but his need of an audience drove him to confidences. He felt that he must make himself worthy of her—to go back to her as anything less than a hero might seem to belittle her. I am not sure that he was braver than other men, but his feeling for effect gave him a sort of reckless courage. Applause was a part of the game—he could not do without it.

And so came that night when a small band of us were cut off from the rest. We were intrenched behind a small eminence which hid us from our enemies, with little hope of long escaping their observation. It had been wet and cold, and there had been no hot food for days. We, French and Americans, had fought long and hard; we were in no state to stand suspense, yet there was nothing to do but wait for a move on the other side, a move which could end in only one way—bayonets and bare hands, and I, for one, hated it.

I think the others hated it, too, all but Randolph. The rain had stopped and the moon flooded the world. He turned his face up to it and dreamed.

The knowledge came to us before midnight that the Huns had found us. It became only a matter of moments before they would be upon us, the thing would happen which we hated—bayonets and bare hands, with the chances in favor of the enemy!

Somewhere among our men rose a whimper of fear, and then another. You see, they were cold and hungry and some of them were wounded, and they were cut off from hope. It wasn't cowardice. I call no man a coward. They had faced death a thousand times, some of them. Yet there was danger in their fears.

Randolph was next to me. "My God, MacDonald," he said, "they've lost their nerve——"

There wasn't a second to spare. I saw him doing something to his hat.

As I have said, there was a moon. It lighted that battle-scarred world with a sort of wild beauty, and suddenly in a clear space above us on the little hill a figure showed, motionless against the still white night—a figure small yet commanding, three-cornered hat pulled low—oh, you have seen it in pictures a thousand times—Napoleon of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Friedland—but over and above everything, Napoleon of France!

Of course the Germans shot him. But when they came over the top they were met by Frenchmen who had seen a ghost. "C'est l'Empereur! C'est l'Empereur!" they had gasped. "He returns to lead us."

They fought like devils, and—well, the rest of us fought, too, and all the time, throughout the bloody business, I had before me that vision of Randolph alone in the moonlight. Or was it Randolph? Who knows? Do great souls find time for such small business? And was it small?

His medals were, of course, sent to the colonel. But the violets in the little book went back to mademoiselle. And the old hat, crushed into three-cornered shape, went back. And I told her what he had done.

She wrote to me in her stiff English:

"I have loved a great man. For me, monsieur, it is enough. Their souls unite in victory!"

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FLAGS

By Harriet Welles
Author of "Anchors Aweigh!" "Duty First," etc.

THERE is only one flag that takes precedence over the Stars and Stripes.

At a given hour on Sunday mornings aboard the dreadnoughts and battleships of the United States Navy the American flag is hauled down. When it is hoisted again it takes second place under the banner bearing the emblem of the Church of God. Aboard dreadnoughts, battleships, and transports of the navy, except for the time that white flag holds the place of honor, the chaplain is a free-lance; but this does not mean that the chaplain is idle.

The huge transport alongside the stone pier had suddenly ceased being the centre of interest. For ten days a constant stream of cargo, provisions, army equipment, stores, and baggage had gone up the gangways, but on this eleventh day, except for the usual activities of the sailors—the transports are manned by officers and sailors of the navy—and the lowering of four gangways, two forward, two aft, there was a suspension of activities.

Breakfast in the improvised ward-room was over. The chaplain, realizing that on this eventful day there would be small opportunity for him to pursue his regular duties, went to his cabin and after reading the lesson for the day and, as was his practice, the lesson for the approaching Sunday, turned to the last mail, which had just been put aboard.

Such a quantity of letters! Forwarded from a dozen places by a score of harassed officers to whom anxious relatives hoping to reach an official eye—and ear—had written last directions, messages, complaints, and warnings. There was an almost monotonous pathos in the recurrence of the words "my boy."

The chaplain read all of them and made many notes, commencing with a reassuring letter to the worried wife of one of the transport's crew who questioned, "The allotment officer, in his report, changed my little girl into a little boy. Will it make any difference in my allowance?" and ending with a comforting answer to a tear-stained scrawl from a sick and elderly mother.

"War is easiest on the men," commented the chaplain, looking with wistful helplessness at the pile of letters.

From outside, far away to landward, came the high, faint call of bugles. On the transport arose sounds of increasing activities; a petty officer and a company of sailors marched across the deck and descended to the pier, where they were stationed in twos at the foot of each gangway. The executive officer called a sharp question, which the officer of the deck changed to a quick command. Some noisy tugs approached. The chaplain, unheeding, took up his last letter; it was from his daughter, who as a Red Cross nurse was serving in a hospital just behind the lines.

"DEAR DAD:

"It seems too good to be true that I shall see you so soon! I'm counting the days. Well, I finished my time in the wounded prisoners' ward satisfactorily. If such a thing is possible, I worked even harder for them than I do for our own men—and I had my reward! The day before I left, one of the Germans actually thanked me for doing something! I was startled! I couldn't decide whether to take his temperature or paste an adhesive-plaster medal on him.

"Quite unexpectedly before I went to my new ward I was sent up to Paris about some delayed supplies, and how I longed for you! However, I did see three American sailors and, except for their air of stern, uncompromising rectitude in what they had evidently been warned was a gay city, I should have gone up and spoken to them—and been snubbed for a brazen, designing Jezzie-bell! As it was, I smiled at them—to their great embarrassment.

"Dad, dear, isn't it a beautiful privilege to be allowed to help win this war?

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All of us—the boys in the army, marine corps, and navy. You and I. The women at home. *Every one.* Putting our shoulder to the wheel, so that defenseless small nations may know that to only a few blood-drunk, lust-mad brutes does might make right.

"Lately German aviators have been busily engaged in trying to bomb our hospital buildings and the houses where the nurses are lodged. It's boring, after you've been on your feet all day and have just achingly hoisted yourself into bed, to have to get up and speed down to the cellar and cling to some one. I wish I had a long-range voice and could hoot into those aviators' ears: 'Never touched us, *you big bullies!*'

"But when it's all over—all cleaned up—you and I are going to have our house in the country, with mother's portrait over the mantel—and you can raise asparagus and I'll raise chickens. Do you mind if I specialize on white Wyandots? I know that Rhode Island reds are the best layers, but they're such a homely color.

"This letter should reach you before you leave America; I'll have another letter or a message waiting for you when you arrive in France. I can't tell yet whether I can get off or whether you'll have to visit me here. At any rate, every day now will bring you nearer to

"Yours most lovingly, dad, dear,

"ROSE.

"P. S.—Do you know that sometimes when the horror of all this suffering used to get the better of me I *longed* for our garden—the one we are going to have. But lately I've felt that I could almost plan how I would have the flowers planted—they are actually 'casting their shadows' they're so near! What is it you say when you go into a room where some one is very ill: 'Peace to this house and all who dwell therein!' Isn't it?

"I wonder if *any* garden can ever equal the beautiful peace of these scarred battle-fields when the wild flowers and blossoming orchards cover them again? God grant it may be soon! But, dad, I feel so strongly that *peace is very near.*"

The chaplain's eyes were bright with excited anticipation as he laid the letter down. He could hardly wait to see his daughter and tell her the great news.

A week ago, while spending forty-eight hours' leave with a friend of divinity-school days at his parsonage in a Connecticut village, the chaplain had gone for a walk to the top of a near-by hill, and had chanced upon the house of his dreams. White, and low, and old, it nestled in a sheltered hollow and faced seaward to where the Sound glinted in the sunshine and gulls on flashing wings swooped and quarrelled. And inside, a wide centre hall—just as Rose and he had so often planned! But the miracle—the incredible miracle—had been disclosed when the brass-knobbed door swung back on a square parlor, panelled in white painted wood from floor to ceiling.

The chaplain, remembering Rose's wistful remark, "We *never* can afford the *real*, so we'd better not even think about it," had gasped. "The original panelling?" he had questioned barely above a whisper.

The woman who was showing him over the house and who had told him that the old farm was for sale because a son who had gone West was "doing so well that he wanted the old folks to join him," had nodded disparagingly: "That parlor's just the way great-grandfather built it. We never had the money to make any improvements," she said.

The chaplain, pausing, had visualized the mellow old room when Rose should have installed their household treasures. Her mother's portrait—painted by a great artist in the spontaneous days before fame had claimed (and hampered) him—would hang on the wide panel over the fireplace. On the narrow mantel would stand the ivory carving acquired in Kyoto. There had only been enough money to buy a kimono *or* the carving, and Rose, after a longing glance at the embroidered roses on the delicate silk ground, had chosen the unfading beauty of the Japanese maiden standing on tiptoes to light a fragile ivory lantern—"To guide you safely home when your sea-going days are over, dad," she had interpreted. Then there were the Chinese bronze, the old embroidery, the grooved and fretted Moro bowl—waiting patiently for that long-anticipated home.

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And the price named for the house and eight acres of orchard and meadow had been within obtainable reach. The chaplain had paid the first instalment that day.

"It's too good to be true!" the chaplain had whispered, standing in the neglected garden and looking to where the gnarled old apple-trees showed the pink of blossoms against an unclouded sky, and irregular stone fences were silvery gray across the springtime green. From somewhere near a robin had fluttered down and, balancing, had called—and waited—and called again.

That robin was a last drop in the brimming measure of the chaplain's delight and satisfaction. He could hardly wait to tell Rose——

Across his day-dream the increasing noise outside struck sharply. The silvery bugles were very near now and drums added their pulse-like beat. In the passageway the doctor, hurrying past, called cheerily: "Better get up on deck, padre —*they're coming!*"

Quickly the chaplain gathered up the scattered letters into a neat pile and, putting away his books, reached the deck just as the bugles sounded at the pier end and the band swung into position. There was a flash of red, white, and blue as the flag whipped out on the breeze and the color-bearers wheeled into line. Again the bugles, high and clear, sang their overlapping orders; behind the flag, row on row, filling the wide pier with the olive drab of their uniforms, came the men of America's new army, and marched toward the transport, while the band fared cheerfully into the music of "The Long Trail."

The doctor and the chaplain watched the lines of soldiers advance and divide. At the foot of the gangways, sailors, stationed there, threw around each soldier's neck a cord, to which was attached a card bearing the number of that soldier's compartment, his bunk, and his food-station. Also certain instructions for troops.

At the top of the gangways naval officers waited and, when one hundred and fifty soldiers had gathered, led them to the compartment assigned. And all the time the band played steadily the songs of the old and new armies: "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Tipperary," "Good-by, Dolly Gray," "Sons of America," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," "There'll Be a Hot Time," and "Over There."

For two hours the monotonous tramp of marching feet continued, broken only by the occasional soldier who lost step smuggling some favorite animal aboard. "When all those felines get shaken down and feel at home, we will wake up some night and imagine that the ship has sprouted a back fence," remarked the doctor, as he observed the struggles of one youthful soldier and a large, unabashed, and needlessly conspicuous gray cat.

"He's hungry—so am I!" volunteered the boy.

So were all of them. Hardly were they aboard when they became one vociferous, empty interrogation-point. The tugs, puffing and shrieking alongside, assailed ears that were deaf to all sound but the impending mess-call. Lined up, their mess-gear in hand, they were conscious that the ship moved—and did not care when, promptly at noon, more than a dozen modern cafeterias broke all speed records in serving food to the long lines of marching men. Thousands of soldiers were fed in less than twenty minutes.

In the ward-room the executive officer took his seat at one end of the lengthened table and smiled at the chaplain, far away at the foot. "Our family's grown, padre," he called cheerfully. "Feel as though I were looking at you through the wrong end of a telescope!"

The army officers commanding the regiments aboard joined in the conversation gradually. Slowly there came the hum of the engines—the transport was under way.

When the chaplain joined the officers in the ward-room for breakfast the next morning the transport was well out to sea and already, among the thousands of men aboard, an organization for efficiency in the daily routine, and in case of emergency, was being perfected. The chaplain, returning to his cabin, heard the army officers explaining to their men the need of cleanliness. "They were not to add to the work of the transport's crew by throwing anything on the decks. And nothing was to be thrown overboard, for fear of leaving a trail by which an ene-

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my's submarine could track them over the road of the sea. Every compartment must be ready to bear inspection at all times."

The chaplain finished reading the lesson for the day just as the bugle sounded "quarters," and he lined up with the other naval officers who handed the report for their divisions to the executive officer, and accounted for such sailors as were absent in the sick-bay or the brig. The chaplain, having no department, merely answered, "At quarters, sir," when his turn came. ("I'm always glad to know that you haven't fallen overboard, padre," the executive had jocularly remarked when, at different times, the chaplain had absent-mindedly forgotten "quarters.")

This finished, the chaplain started on his rounds. The sick-bay harbored three patients, and the chaplain spent an argumentative hour discussing the Red Sox's last game. Perhaps because he had been a well-known athlete during his college days, his reign as umpire of games between the baseball and football teams of rival ships had outlasted that of many less-qualified judges, particularly as the chaplain had acquired the necessary boon of deafness during certain hotly contested crises.

"I guess it's lucky that I really don't understand *what* they *are* yelling, sometimes," the chaplain explained apologetically to the executive, who was only too glad to enlist "the padre's" assistance in dealing with a certain type of sullen trouble-maker. It was an unusual brand of moodiness that could withstand a boxing-bout with the chaplain, who staged his performance on the hilarious lower deck.

Outside, as he left the sick-bay, he stopped to watch a company of soldiers who were taking instruction in the adjustment and use of life-preservers, and smiled to see one intent lad seriously considering their adaptability to his feet.

"That attempt to stand on the water never gets outlawed," mused the chaplain, edging his way past a group that were busily engaged in preparing a mountainous heap of vegetables for dinner.

The brig was sparsely tenanted; the chaplain, after a short talk with the sailor there, found the trouble to be one of misunderstanding rather than the apparently deliberate intention of wrong-doing. A few moments' conversation with the executive released the prisoner and returned him to the busy deck, where lookouts were being selected and instructed, boat drills carried forward, meals being prepared, watches arranged, and cleaning and scrubbing always under way.

On deck, as the soldiers lined up for mess-call, some one started a song. Around the ship it swept from one group to another; a second and third song followed until the opening of the cafeterias made a vitally important and serious interruption.

At the ward-room luncheon-table the chaplain found himself precipitated into a discussion on the nationality of religions and was promptly appealed to for a decision. "I didn't hear the first of this," he apologized.

An army officer leaned forward: "I started it, sir, with a story that one of the English naval officers in Washington told me. It was about sending church-parties ashore from their ships when they are in port, and he said: 'So, on Sunday morning, when the ship's company was mustered, I called out, "Church of England, fall in on the right! Catholic Church, fall in on the left! Fancy religions, fall in at the rear!" and still there were three men left over. "Why didn't you fall in?" I demanded. "We didn't know where we belonged," one of them answered, and added: "We're Mormons!"

"'Did you ever hear such cheeky beggars? "Mormons!" I told them. "Well, if that isn't fancy I don't know what is."' And then he asked me: 'It's an American religion purely, isn't it?'"

"Is it, padre?" called several voices. But the chaplain laughed and denied any information on the subject.

"If there's one person in the world that doesn't know anything about fancy religion it's the padre," affirmed the executive warmly, and added to the army officer next him: "The chaplain's the finest sportsman I know—with all a sportsman's intolerance of cowards or sneaks."

After luncheon he spent two busy hours giving out books from the library, answering questions about new regulations, compulsory and voluntary allotments, and explaining the new war-insurance act.

"Of course I know it's good," he as-

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sured a cautious sailor. "I wouldn't sleep so well at night if I didn't know that, in case anything happens to me, I've taken out enough insurance to give my daughter a start."

Later the chaplain had his first intimate view of the soldiers, who when not busy spent their time on deck. Shyly he approached them, wondering if they were discussing the hardships they would bear, the sacrifices they must make, the battles in which, no doubt, some of them would lay down their lives.

But no! The conversations swung from the dignitaries of their little home towns to the leading characters in the latest Broadway shows; from the description of a closely contested polo-match to the grim details of a coal-mine accident; from the account of the escapades of a college fraternity's hazing delegates to a laconic outline of the experiences of a band of prospectors during a desert sandstorm.

The chaplain went from group to group of the heterogeneous crowd who, in response to the call of their country, had put on the khaki or the blue. There were men from all the professions; there were multimillionaires and laborers; country lads who had never seen more water than flows through a farmyard pasture; adventurers who had voyaged on all the Seven Seas; men from little hamlets; others, familiar with the great cities of every continent; men speaking three or four languages, and others who could scarcely achieve understandable English.

"It's amazing!" mused the chaplain, searching about for lonely or homesick-looking boys—in need of cheering.

Later he drifted into the daily moving-picture show and viewed the hair-raising episodes of a modern cinema courtship. This reel was followed by a film depicting the visit by a murderously inclined tramp to a lonely house, where a lady in evening dress, after a heartrending scene with her mercenary and nomadic cook, faced the very long, very dark night unprotected. When this was finished the chaplain thankfully moved outside and enjoyed a few moments of unalloyed gratitude for the kindly fate that permitted him to pursue a quiet and peaceful life aboard the transports traversing the war zone.

"There's nothing for me to do here," decided the chaplain. "Guess I'll tackle some of those letters."

But before he sat down at his desk he paused a second. Far away—he saw a low white house facing seaward—and an orchard where robins called—from blossoming apple-trees. The chaplain was growing old—and Rose—and home, and happiness—beckoned enticingly.

Long afterward, looking back over the events of that voyage, the chaplain remembered with curious clearness that each lesson for the day had seemed, with a strange insistence, to sound a note of warning. Almost monotonously the old prophets called across the centuries their messages against the futility of human hopes and plans. Ezekiel—that "son of man" from whom the desire of his eyes was taken at a single stroke; Isaiah—Hosea—and each day he read the lesson for Sunday, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, with its supplication: "And when thou hearest, forgive." But he went his unheeding way.

His hours were crowded with varied duties. He was, to the crew, an encyclopædia of information on all sorts of subjects, and already he was scheduled to preside at several weddings and christenings when the ship should be in port, after the return voyage. He taught a school for those desiring to attend; he gave short talks on French history, and his voluntary audiences soon outgrew the quarters assigned; he held a Bible class. And the letters received from the relatives of soldiers on the day the transport sailed must be answered and, when the voyage was over, the sentence added: "To-day I saw your boy, well and happy, land, and march away upon the soil of France." Meanwhile the busy hours sped by; the end of the journey was near.

Sunday morning found the transport on the edge of the war zone, and, even as the bugler sounded church-call, the lookouts were trebled and gunners took their places at the loaded guns.

On the quarter-deck row after row of mess-benches filled the entire space; chairs, for the captain and officers, stood at right angles, facing the improvised al-

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tar—a table, covered with an altar-cloth, and holding a brass cross. Behind it, against the bulkhead, was draped an American flag; in front of the altar, to the right, was the pulpit; to the left the portable organ.

Promptly, in answer to the bugle-call, a steady stream of soldiers and sailors came from all directions, until every foot of available space was filled. The captain and officers took their places; a master-at-arms reported all aft, and the chaplain, stepping to the pulpit, gave out the hymn. It was an old hymn, and they sang it vigorously—thousands of boyish voices ringing out across the serene, sunshiny sea. The lesson for the day emphasized the general peacefulness. It was Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple—that prayer with an almost bell-like refrain: "Forgive, forgive, forgive."

There followed another hymn; then the chaplain read the text and commenced his sermon. It was very little like a sermon ashore; no tinge of "fancy religion" colored the plain, straightforward discourse. The chaplain had been dealing with enlisted men for years; he knew their problems and their temptations, as well as their tendencies toward certain mistakes, and watching their intent faces, he knew when a remark went home—as he warned, explained, rebuked, in words of incontrovertible simplicity. And in closing he spoke of courage—that high, clear answer to the call of duty which has nothing in common with bravado or excitement or the enthusiasms that are so often only imitative.

The service ended with the singing of the national anthem.

During the last verse commotion spread among the men nearest the rail, and, even as the chaplain pronounced the benediction, "The peace of God—which passeth all understanding—" an orderly waited impatiently to report to the captain, "Convoy of destroyers sighted, sir!" and the men crowded to get a view of the slim, knife-bowed greyhounds advancing, with amazing rapidity, on the scent of trouble. Swiftly they came, swept in a wide circle, and fell in their places, passing so close that as they swung into formation the chaplain, going to his cabin, overheard a junior naval officer on the transport—under cover of the soldier's cheering—warily hail a chum on the bridge of the nearest destroyer: "Hi, Muggy! Made a special trip to Philadelphia to see your new son! Looks like you—but maybe he'll outgrow it!"

That night every one aboard the transport was ordered to sleep in their clothes and to wear life-preservers, and in the passages dim blue lights marked, at rare intervals, the turns or ladders.

But in the morning land was in sight—and later a port in France; a great, cheering crowd; the excited confusion of the soldiers, packing; good-bys; a stone pier; the lowered gangways; once more the monotonous tramp of feet, this time turned shoreward—and over all the sprightly cheerfulness of the band, the call of bugles. The voyage was over.

The chaplain, after numberless good wishes and a lengthy stand at the rail watching the protracted disembarkation, turned tiredly away as the last row of olive-drab uniforms disappeared between the cheering crowds up the old street.

Already the tide of cargo was turning again toward the ship; some mail-bags were coming aboard, and the chaplain, remembering Rose's promised letter or message, hailed the passing orderly.

"Why, yes, sir," the sailor answered. "I couldn't find you, so I left a telegram in your cabin, about five minutes ago."

Joyously the chaplain hurried to get it. He had forgotten, in the depression of seeing the young soldiers go ashore, that his daughter was so near. Perhaps the despatch would tell him that, in a few hours, he would see Rose and tell her of the old house, the panelled parlor, the blossoming orchard where robins sang. When the war was over, there need be no delay in hanging the portrait over the fireplace and domiciling the white chickens.

But first, perhaps, they might have a vacation together in Paris, if Rose could get away. There were pictures and statues to see; churches and tombs to visit; a present to be bought. Rose's twenty-fourth birthday was next week, and even in war times wrist-watches must be for sale in Paris. She didn't care for jewelry—but a watch was different.

And if she couldn't get away he must find how to get to her, for, after all, that

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was the main thing. Outside, the executive officer, hurrying past, called, "Good luck—and a good time, padre," as the chaplain tore open the envelope and read the message.

Long afterward—when he raised his head—and faced the future, the years stretched grayly beyond. There would be no old house looking seaward—no fireplace with a portrait above it. A robin had flown with the unreturning spring. And Rose—with the bright hair—the deft fingers so quick to aid the sick or suffering—the happy spirit that answered so readily to laughter or tears—crushed into silence.

The German aviators had struck their target under the Red Cross flag.

For every human being there is some key that unlocks the gates of memory. It may be the vagrant scent of lilies; a bar of music; the aching grind of carwheels; the intonation of a voice; the earliest call of a bird across the dawn; the sight of rain-soaked, wind-blown lilacs; the lilt of an old song; the grim smell of hospital waiting-rooms—and behold! the gates swing back on the garden of memory, dream-heavy days of other years, and the drenching radiance of the light that never was.

For the chaplain it is the sight of blue smoke from the chimneys of small homes and the words of a chapter in Kings—Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple—with its lovely, bell-like refrain. In the chaplain's work it recurs at intervals as part of the lesson for the day, and he reads the stately measured words in a level, emotionless voice.

Statesmen may decide what constitutes victory and reparation; when and where flags may float and what they shall signify to brave and honest men; but one flag and the soldiers who serve under it the chaplain will never forgive.

COMPLINE

By Georgiana Goddard King

WHEN in my bed myself I lay
I have not bent my head to pray
For all on whom dim trouble lies,
Or give God thanks for streams and skies;
But with hands folded on my breast
And thought a moment laid at rest,
—Like saint who every night will sign
On brow and bosom the cross divine,
So I, with inward peace the same,
Say twice or thrice a single name
Then add: Dear heart, this farther day
That's passed since in your arms I lay
Falls not aside, a pebble cast
To swell the cairn above our past;
Nay, goes to build the palace wide
In which our dreams together bide,
Fond stewards! who but occupy
Till the glad hour when thou and I
Through sunrise and through sunset's doors
Treading its so-long-yearned-for floors
Sleep in the fragrant halls thereof
With but one guest, and that third, Love.

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THE FUTURE OF THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

By Allan McLane Hamilton, M.D.

IT is a long call from the crude methods of the great Ambrose Paré to the surgical wonders of the recent war. Until 1536, when Paré became personal surgeon to the Maréchal Monté-Jan, all dangerous complications of wounds were believed to be due to a poison generated by the combustion and contamination of gunpowder, and the customary barbarous attempt at that time was to pour boiling oil over the bleeding parts, which were afterward seared with red-hot irons to stop the hemorrhage. With the coming of Paré all this was changed; arteries were for the first time ligated, and crude measures of cleanliness were adopted.

Paré's experience extended over many years, and he lived until eighty, surviving the siege of Paris by Henry IV. To him is due much that has been adopted or rediscovered by modern surgeons; it even appears that the "shell-shock" of this war was described by him, for in 1545 he pictured the nervous condition that was caused by "the wind of a cannon-shot." Since his day surgery has made mighty strides and protean changes have taken place. Within the past half-century (thanks to the help, first of antiseptic and later to aseptic methods—the first consisting of the free use of germ-destroying agents and the latter depending upon the taking of protective precautions which diminished the risk of infection) the danger has been reduced to a minimum, and in the best hospitals septic accidents are less than three per cent. All manner of hitherto perilous measures are now undertaken with impunity, and radical operations, which perhaps consist in freely opening up the great internal cavities of the body and removing important organs, are successfully undertaken even by the country doctor. As an instance of progress the Cæsarean operation, which was responsible for the safe and unusual entry of Julius Cæsar into the world, and which until a few years ago was regarded as a surgical curiosity, is now every day performed to save the lives of the mother and unborn child, and with the happiest results.

Modern surgery, then, really begins with the invention and use of the means for destroying certain bacteria and preventing inflammation in what is known as "aseptic surgical technique," and by helping the white corpuscles of the blood, which are known as *phagocytes*, to destroy virulent poisons secreted by these bacteria, such efforts being often seconded by the administration of special vaccines or sera.

With this advanced knowledge of the requirements of his work, the surgeon who entered the recent great war gets altogether different results than his father or grandfather, who were called upon professionally to care for the wounded men of the Civil War, whose injuries were altogether different in a large proportion of cases. Surgical knowledge then, measured by present standards, was most primitive, and tens of thousands of men were lost who might have been saved by the advanced methods of to-day. No effective or conservative reconstruction existed, and the number of surviving crippled and useless men was enormous. It is estimated that in the War of the Rebellion from twenty-five to fifty per cent of the wounded were irrecoverable, while it is stated upon good authority that in the recent great conflict those who survived the first day mostly recovered. At least ninety to ninety-five per cent did, and the Germans claimed that ninety per cent of their wounded were able to go back and fight within a month or six weeks. The death-rate from preventable disease was in the recent struggle greatly diminished, thanks to inoculation and other sanitary safeguards. In the war of the sixties more than half the deaths were due to disease. Instead of the streets, chronic hospitals, soldiers' homes, and workhouses being filled with deformed and indigent victims, intelligent and ad-

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vanced means of restoration and well-thought-out schemes have been devised to make new men of them, and reference to these will later be made; but first we are concerned with the steps undertaken by the surgeon to correct immediate defects and physical handicaps.

NEW BONES FOR OLD

Before the year 1914 there was a *renaissance* which was shown in making men over and correcting deformities due to disease of the bony framework of the body; in other words, hunchbacks and others of the kind were made straight. An American surgeon named Albee at this early date found it actually possible to remove large pieces of bone from one place and transplant them elsewhere, to take the place of destroyed and unserviceable bones, and he found that they would take root and grow, fulfilling the offices of the missing fragments. Nothing more striking could illustrate this than the substitution of vertebra and straightening of the spinal column. Albee's usual plan was to take pieces from the front part of one or both *tibiæ*, which are the heavy bones of the leg. In the recent war his discoveries and suggestions have been amplified so that in many instances where bones have been shattered or are almost altogether missing, the substitution of new bone is possible. This surgeon and others have even gone so far as actually to replace a broken and useless lower jaw by a piece of rib—a seeming miracle that has its inspiration in the twenty-first and twenty-second verses of the second chapter of Genesis, which recounts the first surgical operation leading to the anatomical and vital origin of our first mother—Eve. The utilization of bone-grafting is possible, and is also easily made when considerable portions of the long bones of the upper or lower extremities have disappeared, or even, it is said, to make new ends or heads for these important parts, so that articulation is obtained. It really bids fair to be a great discovery—if not as important as any in recent years. By means of the X-ray one can see the exquisitely delicate process that takes place when the shin-bone is deprived of its anterior part and reconstructs itself, the same process taking place where the distant graft has been made. In an exceedingly readable article by Sir Robert Jones he says: "To watch these grafts gradually obeying nature's law, by adapting themselves to the work of restoration, was very interesting. Thus in one case, when the whole length of the shaft of a boy's shin had been destroyed by acute inflammation, the bone was replaced by a strip cut from the opposite shin. This was laid in between the muscles of the original bone. The muscles grew into it and gradually began to use it as a purchase point from which to exert their active force in moving the foot. It was interesting to watch, in successive X-ray pictures, the gradual thickening of the bone, and how it slowly began to assume its duties and functions, proving that the bone-cells build new bone to meet emergencies."

THE ART OF BUILDING FACES

The writer well remembers the clumsy attempts at plastic surgery undertaken nearly fifty years ago at the old New York Hospital by the then venerable Doctor Gurdon Buck, who contrived, by taking a heart-shaped flap of skin from the forehead and twisting it and attaching it to a "freshened" surface on the face, to make a new nose, but with indifferent artistic success. Later came skin-grafting for burns, and still later a variety of measures of reparative surgery of a more important kind. Marvellous results have lately followed the reconstruction of the face by means of the transplantation of bone and cartilage as well as skin. The horrible deformities that have followed extensive destruction of the face by wounds of great magnitude and extent were at first the despair of surgeons and the cause of mental agony upon the part of the patient himself. Instances are even recorded where horror-stricken wives have deserted the hideously disfigured soldier-husbands who have returned to their homes, and hopeless and half-crazed men, after looking upon their own awful faces in the mirror, have committed suicide. Now all is different.

Of course the process of repair is a difficult and protracted one, but is carefully carried out with the help of a sculptor, who first makes a careful mask from

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a photograph and measurements, which serves as a guide for the surgeon. After the patient is fully anæsthetized, pieces of ribs are obtained from his own body and dissected out to replace the jaws and various bony eminences that have disappeared; cartilage is obtained for the nose, and an extensive area of skin is detached from the chest and neck with apertures made for eyes, nostrils, and mouth, and this is used to cover the newly constructed face, and then after the sunken parts have been built up with solidified paraffin, the bones and cartilage being *in situ*, the skin is twisted and applied over all, and soon circulation of blood is established, nutrition goes on, and after a few months the reconstructed man is ready to have a fresh photograph taken, which depicts him as a fairly presentable and often good-looking person. Of course all the cases are not as serious as that just described, for minor areas of destruction are repaired by smaller flaps of skin obtained from the cheeks or forehead.

This is the acme of cosmetic surgery, and calls for all the delicate skill of the trained operator, who must also possess a familiarity with tissue changes. This latter knowledge of histological and biological development is that which has so much contributed to the success of Doctor Joseph A. Blake, now at the head of the Red Cross Hospital in Paris. During all the slow processes of manipulation many complications are to be feared, among them sloughing of tissue and the formation of sinuses, but the results as a rule are wonderful.

REPAIRING THE NERVES AND MUSCLES

Again it has been found perfectly possible to join the ends of severed nerve-trunks, so that the function of paralyzed muscles or insensible skin may be restored. Motion and sensation may in this way be brought again into existence, and the patient made to feel and to execute ordinary acts. Large sections of nerve-trunks may even be replaced by the aid of animal contributors. When this juncture or supply of nerves is impossible, it has been found that the tendons of certain unaffected muscles may be twisted and attached to others at a distance that are concerned in the mechanical operation of important parts. For instance, when the great nerve in the shoulder known as the musculospiral is hopelessly injured, the muscles that extend or lift the hand are permanently paralyzed, and a loss of power and deformity known as "drop wrist" results, which is distressingly incapacitating, as the individual cannot raise his hand, nor can he lift his wrist or straighten his thumb or fingers. Now if the tendons of the counteracting or opposing muscles—the flexors—are utilized and attached to the distal extensor tendon after being twisted so that they play over the back of the forearm, instead of on the other aspect, which is the normal one, the subject will get very good use of his hand and fingers.

The same procedure is of avail in the lower extremity, where the muscles that are uninjured may be transplanted and attached to tendons of paralyzed muscles, and in both instances subsequent training will result in an attainment of function which is sometimes almost perfect. This training requires great patience and care, for not only do the muscles require friction and massage, but a tactful appeal to the will-power of the crippled man, as well as the development of motor impulses and co-ordinating ability and the actual re-education of the brain. Even when these aids to restored function are successfully made, the duty of the surgeon does not end, for there must be prolonged training of the reconstructed tissues. A muscle newly utilized in the manner stated above can be made to do things it never did before, but the patient must be taught to cerebrate and co-ordinate for the freshly acquired tasks. A muscle that has hitherto been concerned in flexing the fingers, as Sir Robert Jones has shown, must be taught to extend them. New impulses must come from nerve-cells in the brain, and "nerve-cells will learn to send messages to the muscles in their new work, and a new limb, as it were, will be created."

What is known as "adaptive growth" is a term applied to the regaining or substitution of function dependent upon this kind of patient training, which develops that great natural law that "all living tissues," whether animal or plant, "adapt

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themselves to the work they have to do." When mutilated or incapacitated, with the aid of nature man will surely, unless entirely deprived of an important organ, reconstruct himself so as to meet the new conditions.

For many years neurologists have seen the practical results of re-education in paralysis, locomotor ataxia, various cramps and other disorders of motility, and this enumeration does not include the important subject of speech defects which belong to aphasia. In all the motor disabilities, if the patient has a mental image of what he has done when whole, and what he is to do, the road to recovery will be an easy one and will result in his rehabilitation.

HOSPITALS, SURGEONS, AND NURSES

Hospital care at the front, it need hardly be said, is full of difficulties, because of the constant danger, the hurry, and the uncertainty of supplies, not to mention the extreme difficulty of securing cleanliness. It is indeed a wonder that in roughly constructed buildings, dugouts, or converted ruins, the results are so good. Heroic measures have been found to be necessary, and the more delicate forms of procedure in vogue in hospitals in peace times, or far behind the firing-lines, are out of the question; so when gross wounds exist, with much destruction of tissue, with consequent danger of infection, it has been advisable to remove large masses of injured muscle, so that clean surfaces are left and, thanks to irrigation by the wonderful solution of Dakin, or even flushing with pure sterilized water, recovery is not only rapid but the time of the healing process is capable of accurate and precise determination. Besides all, the immediate use of special sera has reduced the danger of tetanus, or lock-jaw, or gas gangrene, to a minimum.

In the many large hospitals out of the danger zone very elaborate reconstructive operations are daily performed by the best available surgeons, and those of the Harvard units at Etaples and elsewhere are doing good work. When the writer was in England in 1914–15 the facilities for taking care of the wounded were insufficient, there being a base hospital only at Boulogne, and the naval and army hospitals already in existence were crowded. To-day there are nearly one hundred large hospitals, while in the United States, since the war began, no less than fifty general and debarkation hospitals have been provided, besides those in existence before the war. In addition to these, numerous institutions for the care of "shell-shock" cases and those of insanity are in full operation. About twenty per cent of all the doctors in the United States enlisted as military surgeons. At first there was some confusion and some rigorous intensive and not altogether pleasant training for well-known medical men of age and distinguished position, who from motives of the highest patriotism had given up enormous incomes from civil practice to join the colors. These were trained like the most ordinary "rookie"; made to clean their barracks and empty latrines, were taken upon long hikes, and generally bullied by some tyrannical non-com. At that time men with special scientific equipment were not utilized as they have since been. At one time a surgeon of international reputation was engaged in caring for the minor ailments of women and children at several large camps, and had little or no opportunity for the exercise of his great talents. One bright young man in Kentucky who was allotted to ordinary camp work, and who was a clever bacteriologist, examined two thousand drafted men who had been rejected for alleged tuberculosis and found that they all had hook-worm disease, and after a treatment of a few weeks were saved for the army and sent to fight in Flanders. Later the surgeon-general's office found itself, and things moved more swiftly.

Great credit is due to the small contingent of surgeons who went to Europe before April, 1917, and entered the British service. Such men as Harvey Cushing, the two Cabots, George Brewer, Eugene Poole, Foster Kennedy, and others, left lucrative practices and important interests here, and worked hard. Too much praise cannot be given to the many good and competent nurses who flocked over to do their part. In the beginning it was found most difficult to secure nurses. From England went many notoriety-seeking women with no ex-

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perience, who flirted with the wounded officers and smoked cigarettes in the wards, until driven out and shipped back home. Nowadays all is different, for capable and self-denying nurses had been trained, and have suffered the dangers and discomforts at the front without a murmur.

The importance of good nursing has been recognized by all of us, and Doctor H. S. Souttar, in his book, "A Surgeon in Belgium," says: "I would rather have a good nurse than a good physician, if I were so unfortunate as to have to make the choice. A surgeon is a dangerous fellow and must be treated with respect. But as a rule the physician gives his blessing, the surgeon does his operation, but it is the nurse who does the work." This enthusiastic utterance does not underrate the importance of after-care, not only of the wounded man immediately after the receipt of injury, but later when his physical or mental condition needs her attention. In this work, as well as that of reconstruction, the valuable helper is the sensible, patient, and tactful woman, and not the one who is self-conscious, superficial, and obstinate. Attempts have recently been made to teach nurses how to become psychiatrists, but a little knowledge improperly used is worse than none at all, and the capacity for harm in a mental case especially is very great. Physicians have no use for self-sufficient amateurs.

"SHELL-SHOCK" AND OTHER SHOCK

The writer was in London on the Sunday when the retreat from Mons took place. No one in that great and orderly city seemed to realize that in a region less than two hundred miles away their own army was in danger of extermination, and no one except one man—Mr. Asquith—knew of the horrors of the terrible and overwhelming onrush of the German forces, which was speedily checked, but with such awful consequences. It was very soon, however, when wounded, shocked, and dazed men slowly found their way back to England, and the peculiar psychic state of the English and French soldiers was known. We then heard authentic stories of the temporary débâcle that had taken place—of whole battalions of English troops suddenly stricken deaf and dumb or even blind; of curious mental states of a hysterical nature, of actual insanity, and of vague psychoneuroses for the first time called "shell-shock." I soon recognized many of these cases as old friends, for at home I had found identical symptoms in persons who had experienced the horrors of railway accidents or sudden great mental shock of other kinds, and saw at first nothing distinctive in their expressions of nervous derangement; but what impressed me most was the epidemic of imitative psychic exaltation that was manifested in the form of hallucination: The stories, well authenticated, of the French soldiers who saw a troop of avenging angels in the sky, headed by the Archangel Michael, who blinded the horses of the Teutonic host so that they threw their riders and saved the day; some saw Jeanne d'Arc, and all were keyed up to a pitch of neurotic tension.

For months after this I met returned soldiers who suffered from the temporary or even permanent effects of this kind of shock, and to-day, in England and elsewhere, there are many enduring examples of deaf-mutism, hysterical blindness, and psychoses developed in those men with predisposition.

"Shell-shock" is, with many psychiatrists, an unreliable term, for it may have nothing whatever to do with shells. It may be due to intense fright, to repeated emotional elation or depression, anger or the suppression of fear, or depression and anxiety from a dread of being thought to be afraid. In seventy per cent of the cases there has been no antecedent history of mental weakness, and in the remaining thirty per cent a definite history of predisposition has been elicited.

The French medical men consider this curious mental state always due to hysteria, or, as Babinski calls it, *Pithiatism* (from $\pi\epsilon\iota\theta\omega = I\ persuade$) and ($\iota\alpha\tau\acute{o}s = curable$), with reference to its disappearance under proper psychopathic treatment. This form can be cured speedily by all forms of suggestion, including hypnotism or persuasion (counter-suggestion).

Its manifestations consist of such protean symptoms as palsies, loss of sensation to painful impressions (analgesia),

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mutism, deafness, blindness, vomiting, loss of memory, somnambulism, various obsessions and fears (phobias), and a number of heart symptoms.

The term *cafard* has been recently applied to a form of war-psychosis where an intense loss of will-power is associated with the appearance of supposed shamming. There is also much physical exhaustion, which is supposed to be due either to a failure of the adrenal glands situated above the kidneys or a lowering of tone of that division of the sympathetic nervous system known as the splanchnic.

It is never directly due to gas-poisoning, but the fear of this form of attack is a contributing factor.

But there are two forms of so-called "shell-shock"—one of the nature just described, and the other far more serious, as Foster Kennedy has pointed out, and this latter is expressed by organic paralysis such as myelitis or inflammation of the spinal cord, and is due to actual concussion. W. T. Porter, of the Rockefeller Institute, has investigated and described a still more serious form of shock that follows extensive crushing wounds especially of the thigh-bones, which liberates small particles of fat from the contained marrow of the bones, and these getting into the circulation plug up the minute arteries so that the blood remains in the great veins. Collapse and death usually follow in a short time, and so, although a theoretical method of treatment has been suggested by its discoverer, it has so far been inefficacious.

The management of the patients of the first kind is now less difficult than in the beginning, and it is possible by various means to rapidly cure many. Much conflict of opinion has arisen as to what should be done, for all the cases vary in origin and expression, and cannot be helped by any routine treatment. As has been said, hypnotic suggestion, persuasion, the method of inducing the patient to talk freely, and known technically as mental "catharsis"; or again diversion, occupation, or isolation are all suitable in different cases.

One dumb soldier was taken to see a Charlie Chaplin movie film, and immediately burst into laughter and spoke for the first time in months; another man who was hysterically blind recovered his vision when he accidentally fell into a pond, and others recovered after vivid dreams; in fact, the curious and sudden amelioration or disappearance of symptoms is familiar to those persons who have treated the hysterical in civil life long before the war. Cases of "shell-shock" have been cured in two weeks, and if the treatment be undertaken sufficiently early, the man may be returned to duty in from three to six months.

UPON FINDING AN OCCUPATION

In other days the earnest of full effort consisted in keeping the wounded soldier alive and ultimately turning him out to make his way in the great world as best he could. The aim now is, by the surgical and other means just enumerated, to save the crippled body and restore its functions, and to provide occupation and a trade, so that he may not be a burden upon the community, but will remain a self-respecting and self-supporting individual. More than one observer has shown that if the discharged man is encouraged to believe that he will be provided for without any effort on his part, and will get a pension and therefore need not work unless he so chooses, he will soon relapse into idleness and mendacity, will cumber the earth and be in every way an unproductive person.

In no cases do we see the evil of this resignation and lazy martyrdom as in those who suffer from so-called "shell-shock" or mental perversion, and familiar instances are met with in litigants in railway accidents. In these a rapid cure is usually brought about by a favorable verdict or as soon as a settlement of the case is reached—one way or the other.

Some countries do not give a pension at once, but require the wounded man to undergo a certain amount of reconstructive training, and in England this has worked out very well, the morale of the soldier being greatly improved. No longer shall we see mutilated beggars on the street corners playing upon hand-organs or holding their hats for alms as in the past. I once knew a veteran of the Civil War who had undergone a serious operation upon the skull, with the substitution of a silver plate in his head where bone had been. His condition at

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this time was so unique and his political importance as a "heeler" so great, that he not only received an extravagantly large pension, but continued to turn a neat sum by exhibiting his head to medical students and to frequenters of the numerous barrooms which he haunted. He was an able-bodied man and capable of great physical endurance and effort, but was nevertheless a hopeless and lazy fraud.

For the making over of wounded men repair should begin at the bedside, and the subjects should be taught to do useful things which at first require little effort. Sewing and embroidery now in use are not the occupations of men, but typewriting, designing, and the use of light tools in manufacturing leather and other goods are ways of not only keeping the soldier busy, but taking his mind from his troubles, and may be the beginning of a profitable occupational career.

In Great Britain at an early period of the war returned and wounded soldiers were given the chance to learn and take up useful trades and forms of employment. It appears that 358,160 officers and men were discharged and pensioned from 1914 to May, 1918, and that they were trained from one to two weeks to one to two years, and could in measure at least support themselves in one hundred and thirty-five available occupations. These included agriculture and horticulture, poultry-farming, bee-keeping, carpentry, boot-making, tailoring, motor-tractor work, electrical engineering, switchboard and telephone work, chemistry and prescription dispensing, textile processes and power-loom work, cinematography, tram-car driving, diamond-cutting, commercial work, oil-can making, glass and lamp blowing, dental mechanics, furniture-making, watch and clock repairing, plumbing, basket-making, mine operating, bookbinding, salesmanship, hotel work, and many others; all of the art and trade schools, as well as private factories, electrical works, municipal plants, electrical and telephone exchanges, motor-car builders, hotels and various public institutions, being open to them; in fact, the long list of occupational opportunities were inviting and suited all kinds of disability.

Those engaged in restoring the lost working ability of the maimed and crippled have done excellent work all over the world. In France, especially, we find the invention and provision of ingenious apparatus instead of artificial limbs of a more pretentious kind, which latter are as a rule kept for show, and these are to be attached to the stumps of amputated legs or arms, and terminate in a species of "chuck" or holding appliance with which a tool or agricultural implement can be grasped or affixed, and the method has been called *prosthesis*.

For useful as well as artistic display, artificial limbs, almost lifelike in operation, have been invented, and are reserved for hours of recreation or Sunday use, or are worn by those engaged in light work like typewriting or in commercial pursuits. The prosthetic appliance, however, remains as the most serviceable and rough-and-ready aid to hard work, and all have a special adaptation.

The recent war has also resulted in a decided improvement in the methods of amputation, which in other days were crude and undertaken without any adequate idea of fitting artificial limbs or the saving of the possible utility of the tendons or muscles above the point of amputation. Thanks to the surgeons of Italy, a method has been devised by which certain tendons were left and healed in such a way that button or loop-like projections were left that could, by means of pulleys, actuate artificial limbs, desired movements being obtained by little effort. It is true that the old peg-leg exists that is so familiar to those who wander through seaport towns or look upon old-fashioned prints, but this is bound in time to disappear or be worn only in emergencies. The post-bellum restoration of every kind bids fair then to make life vastly more endurable for the men who have so bravely fought for honor, decency, and freedom; and in their own efforts at adjustment to the new life they will be looked upon as heroes, encouraged and always tactfully helped, and their own consciousness of what they did to win the war will go far to minimize their disability, which happily, by the intelligence of the many workers in the field, is made less than it has ever been in any great preceding war. *Qui facit per alium facit per se.*

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CONFIDENCE

By Carroll K. Michener

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

JORRIS, planting flower seeds in his eight-by-ten "garden" at the rear of the flat-building, did not see the girl as she rested her pint of milk and paper of doughnuts on the gate-post and paused to watch him. He was an odd chap; somewhat seedy, too, especially in his present costume of frayed trousers held up by uncertain suspenders. His shoes were broken and his flannel shirt was torn at the sleeves. The girl smiled a little, as most of the flat-dwellers did when they saw him indulging in his hobby. She rustled the doughnut parcel, but even that did not attract his attention. Then she spoke to him.

"Phlox, aren't they?" she asked, referring to the flower seeds.

The gardener looked up without changing the stooped position of his body, glanced at her briefly, and then went on planting.

"No," he answered, as if dismissing the subject. "They're cosmos."

The girl flushed, not at the error, but at the rebuff, and, picking up the milk and the doughnuts, passed on toward the back door of the flat-building.

The gardener, having finished planting his cosmos, looked up again and caught sight of her just as she entered the door. Not until that moment had he given a thought to the matter of her identity.

"Girl who thumps the piano—third floor—directly overhead," he thought, as if he were classifying and card-indexing her. "Not a girl, though. She must be all of twenty-eight."

The gardener went on with his digging, and the girl climbed three flights of stairs, deposited her purchases in the kitchenette, then drew a chair in front of the window and sat where she could see the garden-plot.

"Who is that funny man?" she called to her mother in the next room.

"What man, my dear?"

"The one who's always grubbing about down there in the back yard where the ash-cans used to be."

"Oh, the bachelor on the floor below us. They say he works for a newspaper—at night. Isn't it a pity he doesn't marry and settle down? Why will men act that way?"

"I don't know," laughed the girl—who really was not a girl, after all, but was fully twenty-eight, as the bachelor had observed. "Perhaps I'd better ask him."

The laugh scarcely lifted the corners of her lips, and presently, as a certain thought came to her, all mirth left them.

"I guess I'd better not," she amended. "He might ask me the same question by way of reply."

There was bitterness in her voice.

"Hannah—" began her mother chidingly, but the girl interrupted.

"Oh, don't call me 'Hannah'! I hate that name. It's as ugly as I am. Why can't you call me Eileen? Oh, why did Eileen have to be my middle name?"

"Hannah!" repeated her mother. "You don't—why, I couldn't call you any other name—*now*. It's my name, too, you know. And your father always liked it. . . . You're all tired out, Hannah; that's all's the matter with you. You must have had a hard day in school. Were the children trying? Go lie down a bit before supper."

But Hannah, the twenty-eight-year-old school-teacher, who was not ugly, as she had said, but at least was not pretty or handsome, went into the next room and wept against her mother's knees. . . .

Down in the eight-by-ten garden-plot Jorris, surveying his handiwork, which promised something far more pleasant than the ash-cans it had displaced, recollected suddenly that he was still a member of the night staff of a newspaper. He put away his garden tools reluctantly

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"No," he answered, as if dismissing the subject. "They're cosmos."—Page 224.

and went away with the attitude of a galley-slave on an expired parole.

The next time Hannah the schoolteacher spoke to Jorris the eccentric bachelor she did not, as she had suggested, ask him why he had never married. She asked him, merely, which of the little green sprouts were the cosmos. Jorris pointed them out to her, this time not in any apparent indifference, but quite the contrary. He even noticed that though the girl was all of twenty-eight and had lines beneath her eyes and in her forehead that should not have been visible, there were three very healthy freckles on each side of her nose. Jorris, frankly, liked freckles. They were so sort of "gardeny" and "outdoorish," as he would have coined the expressions.

How the subject ever got around to newspapers Hannah was very uncertain; for, though she had not gone to the point

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of asking him why he was unmarried, at least she found herself inquiring why he persisted in being a newspaper man when it appeared he would make such an excellent farmer! Jorris looked his surprise.

"By George!" he exclaimed, leaning on his hoe handle and looking at her. "By George! . . . Well, you're right. Why am I a newspaper man? I'll tell you. It's because I'm always falling short of what I aim to be."

"Every one does."

"Oh, no. Not the way I do."

"What did you fall short of?"

"Oh, a number of things. For instance, I was going to be an author." He laughed ironically. "That's what landed me in a newspaper office writing 'penny-grabber' head-lines. You see, they didn't like my book and, when I had starved almost to death trying to sell it, one of the editors kindly took me into a quiet corner of his office and diagrammed to me (Q. E. D.) that I was far from an author. He got me the newspaper job."

"Why didn't you write another book?" There was in the girl's voice a note of sympathetic defiance that surprised him.

"Bless my soul, I don't know," he answered, looking at her keenly. Then he laughed. "That was a long time ago. Fifteen years, I think. Oh, I didn't seem to want to write any more books—then. I guess that was all."

"But plenty of people have written books that never got into print. You shouldn't have minded. . . . Didn't you have other aims?"

The conversation about the book, light enough, and jesting enough on his part, seemed to have drifted into a strange channel of seriousness. He wondered what could be leading him on to make a confessor, as it were, of this girl. His cynicism told him it was masculine vanity. Whatever it was, he decided to indulge it.

"Oh, there were a few—two, at least," he announced with a casual note in his voice.

"One of them was a woman!" said the girl with an emphasis that made him start.

"Why, yes," he began slowly. "How——"

But almost before the words had died on her lips her face went crimson, and, stammering an apology, she fled, leaving him standing mystified, confused, in the midst of his garden.

When Hannah again walked through the rear court of the flat-building past the little plot of greenery the sprouts were much taller. In fact, they were fast assuming familiar forms. They were like babies who have reached that point in their growth when unfeeling males are wont to announce they have "begun to look human."

"It was very tactless of me to say what I did the other day," began Hannah.

"Tactless?"

"Yes. Surely you remember?"

"Oh, that. . . . You're foolish to think of it. The truth is, I haven't the slightest objection to speaking of the matter. I can approach it with absolute calm, which may shock your romantic nature. You *do* seem to be romantic—is that true?"

Hannah laughed.

"Romantic? I, romantic? You mustn't flatter old maids that way!"

The tone of bitterness did not escape Jorris. He resented it and wanted to reprove her for it. He would have contended, chivalrously, that for him there was no such thing as an old maid; but he contented himself with returning to the subject of "the woman."

"Yes," he said ruminatively, "she was another of my aims. . . . Please let me rave on a bit about myself. . . . We grew up together. She was going to be a great singer; I was to be a great novelist. Then we should wed, and live famously, and happily, of course, ever after. Well, she became the great singer, but I became a copy reader on a newspaper. Why should she have married a copy reader who had failed to become a novelist? She married a theatrical producer and now has curly-headed children and fame."

He spoke with that dispassionateness that is the possession of schooled souls, the product of tried philosophies. To the girl, who was without much philosophy and still full of the insistent spirit of youth, his recital was disturbing. She could not precisely say why, but she felt somehow that his words should be tinged with a mysterious melancholy. It was

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"You're all tired out, Hannah; that's all's the matter with you."—Page 224.

the woman's way of looking at things, perhaps. He seemed so cheerful about it! As if to announce to the world: "Well, I'm tolerably well off without her, you see!"

And then she realized the absurdity of her unconscious desire to justify him. She laughed as if to dismiss the whole ridiculous subject.

"Oh, let's don't talk about those old 'aims' of yours any more," she said. "Let's talk about flowers and things."

Whereat they did, to a great extent.

Hannah's mother spoke of him that evening, and the freckles on Hannah's cheeks seemed to glow almost as redly as her fiery hair when she snapped out the apparently irrelevant but emphatic re-

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mark that she "didn't believe that man was conscious of whether she was woman, child, bird, or fish!"

"Good gracious, Hannah!" was all her mother could say. And it was not until many hours afterward that her woman's heart was able to fathom the meaning of her daughter's words. She could have understood sooner, perhaps, if she had seen Hannah looking scornfully and unpitying into the glass as she did her hair at bedtime, hating the three freckles on either side of her too-slender nose, hating the red hair that she twined more viciously as it came under her notice, hating but pitying the wrinkles that came from a roomful of trying school children, and burying her wet face at last in an uncomforting pillow held close to act as a sob-absorber. She was undergoing her first real experience of the condition so many of the world's women weep over—the fancied martyrdom of being born with an unlovely face.

It was on the afternoon of the next day—which was a Saturday, accounting for her presence at home throughout the day—that Hannah made her great discovery. She learned from the janitor that it was Jorris who played the piano in the room on the floor below, almost beneath the one in which hers stood. She had been in awe of this unknown player, who filled the house with the strength and passion of his music. She would not go near her piano when she felt this player was within hearing. Her own efforts, it seemed to her, were pitiful in contrast with his. Now that she knew the player to be Jorris, she felt a strange excitement and a stranger resentment because he had not told her. She wanted to talk to him at once—to reproach him—but, though she saw him at work in his garden often, she felt a sort of shyness now and avoided him. She conceived a mild self-contempt for this and certain other new and strange characteristics developing in her.

When she did, at last, talk to Jorris, there were buds that promised early blooms in his little garden-plot.

They bent together over one of the young promises, but when they stood facing each other again nothing was said about flowers. Instead, in a reproachful voice, Hannah spoke of his music. Jorris only laughed at her.

"Just another of my aims—the ones I've fallen short of," he explained carelessly. "I was going to tell you about it one day, but the conversation drifted away from it somehow. I believe you ran away before I got to it."

"But how have you fallen short of this one?"

"Oh, that's quite a story. I'm not sure you'd be interested, but vanity leads me on. Well—it's mostly about Ned, the young chap I've sent to Europe. I took him out of a moving-picture theatre, because I thought he could sing, and gave him an education. I found he *could* sing. I could play, too, *then*. We had great dreams of how we should go on the concert stage some day—he to sing, I to play his accompaniments. Then I sent him to Europe. It has kept me poor; but, then, I have no one else. . . . I love the boy, you see. And I think he loves me. But he has become a great singer. He's in grand opera at Hanau, and when he's in concert the greatest pianist in Europe accompanies him. . . . I can't fly so high—I can't play for him now. . . . You see how it is, don't you?" he finished, smiling a bit pathetically.

"I see how it is," answered the girl in a voice that was strangely quiet considering the burning tumult within her—a kind of rage at the ungrateful Ned and rage at the humbleness of this man's self-sacrifice.

They seemed to have little more to speak of, and were merely puttering about among the flower-stalks, so that it was no real interruption when the agent of the flat-building apologized for intruding upon them.

"It's a matter of business," explained the agent. "I'm sorry to say we'll have to disturb your garden. We're putting in a new coal-chute, and I want to get in a lot of fuel right away while it's cheap. Funny to be thinking about coal in the middle of the summer, ain't it? I've got to put a driveway here where your garden is. It'll have to come up right away. You'll have to move 'em somewhere."

Jorris looked at the agent and then at the girl.

"Another of those aims," he said to

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her in his characteristic, half-smiling resignation.

"I don't think they would stand transplanting," he said to the agent. "Just dig 'em up if they're in your way."

Then both of the men were startled by a half-hysterical cry from the girl as she turned away and walked blindly toward the door.

"You beast!" she hissed in the general direction of the agent. "Oh, you beast!"

"I'm sorry," muttered the agent to Jorris when the door had slammed behind her.

"Oh, that's all right, old man—business is business," answered Jorris. "Women—are funny about these things; that's all."

When Jorris went up to his rooms he put away, with an air of finality, his little collection of garden tools and began to play at his piano, idly at first, then with moody application, a melancholy fragment of something by Liszt. Over and over he played it, accenting it anew with unconscious emphasis of the lowering gloom within him. His outpouring of soul sounded through the open windows, where the twilight stillness caught it up soberly, to the ears of Hannah, the school-teacher, as she sat above, looking down at the greenery of the doomed garden. There were tears in her eyes and a certain expression that made no secret of the cause of the tears. The flowers in the garden must have known, if none else, that the school-teacher with the very plain, tear-stained face here confessed she was in love with a totally indifferent, seedy bachelor.

"That's what landed me in a newspaper office writing 'pennygrabber' head-lines."—Page 226.

Presently the piano ceased to mourn with Jorris, and his music trailed away into a chanting, philosophic motive. He was his gently cynical self again.

After a silence Hannah heard a rattling of pans and a tinkling of china, mingling with the humming voice of Jorris in his kitchenette. He was a real bachelor, then, cooking his own meals! What a pity! It meant, of course, that he was underfed.

There was a pot of jam in Hannah's china-closet, there miniscence of a fitful burst of housewifely enthusiasm. Hannah brought it forth and ran down the flight of stairs to the floor immediately

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below. She knocked timidly at Jorris's door, and heard the rattling of pans and humming of his voice come to a surprised stop. Then the door opened and revealed Jorris, coatless, collarless.

"I've brought you—*mother* sends you this jam," murmured the girl. "It's home-made, you see, and perhaps you don't often have home-made jam."

"I don't; that's true. Thanks, tremendously. Won't you—won't you come in?"

"I mustn't stop. It wouldn't be proper," she laughed. "But I'll throw convention to the winds if you'll play that piece again."

"You mean——"

"The one you played just now—the melancholy one."

"Oh— I should like to, but I can't."

"What do you mean?"

"It's hard to explain, but I can't. I never play for any one. When I'm alone it's all right, but when others are present it's impossible. Lack of self-confidence, I suppose. Oh, I'm a queer fish."

"But I don't see—I can't understand."

"Then I must demonstrate. I owe it to you—the jam, you know, and your other kindness. You'll see."

He sat down to his piano, drew a deep breath, and began to play. There was strength, sureness in the opening bars, but then came a halting cadenza. Perspiration began to appear on his brow and a tremor took possession of his fingers. His heart beat so strongly and so rapidly that the girl saw the swelling pulses in his neck. Grimly he went on with his playing, but it was mechanical. He made frequent errors—insignificant in themselves, but magnified by his painful consciousness of them. The girl pitied him.

At last he ceased and leaned his moist brow upon his arms, folded across the music-support. Then he got up and went to the window, where he stood for a long time looking out. When he turned to her again he was smiling his old apologetic smile.

"You see," he said, "what a pitiful incompetent I am. Oh, I have physical strength" (drawing himself to his full height and expanding his chest). "I could face machine-guns or bayonets in a charge. I'm not a coward when it comes to physical courage. But see what I am on a piano-bench—a craven cowering before the eyes (ears, rather) of a young woman. It's the same with others present—with any one."

"Self-confidence is all you lack," said the girl reproachfully. "You must cultivate it."

He shook his head.

"You must," she persisted. "Don't you realize what a wonderful player you are?"

"You almost flatter me into self-confidence," he laughed.

"Perhaps I can," rejoined the girl seriously. "Let me try it. You must play for me often."

"It's a bargain. Your jam already has won an unprecedented victory."

Back in her own flat Hannah recalled that remark about the jam. The jam had won a victory! She had the impulse to be furious. Jam a woman's weapon—one of the mightiest and most victorious! And she laughed at this first acquaintance with a great truth, only half-recognizing it as such.

So Jorris played often for the schoolteacher, and played better. He even began teaching her his pianoforte method—another triumph of the jam; or perhaps this time it was the triumph of the hot biscuits or the cakes she sent down frequently to the bachelor apartment—from mother. Jorris had no lack of opportunity for the gaining of confidence!

Then came the day when fate served Jorris an unusual pill. It was bitter-coated, but inside— Well, on this day Jorris had gone rather absently about his jam-inspired piano-tutoring, and Hannah perceived it. She paused in the midst of a crescendo and made him tell her.

It was simple enough, even without the simplicity of his unresentful resignation. They had fired him, dismissed him, replaced him with a younger man at his desk in the newspaper office.

The girl said nothing but stared straight ahead for a minute, then went on playing.

"Softly, softly!" cautioned her tutor as she smashed into a mellow phrase. "This is no battle charge. Your notes are too harsh."

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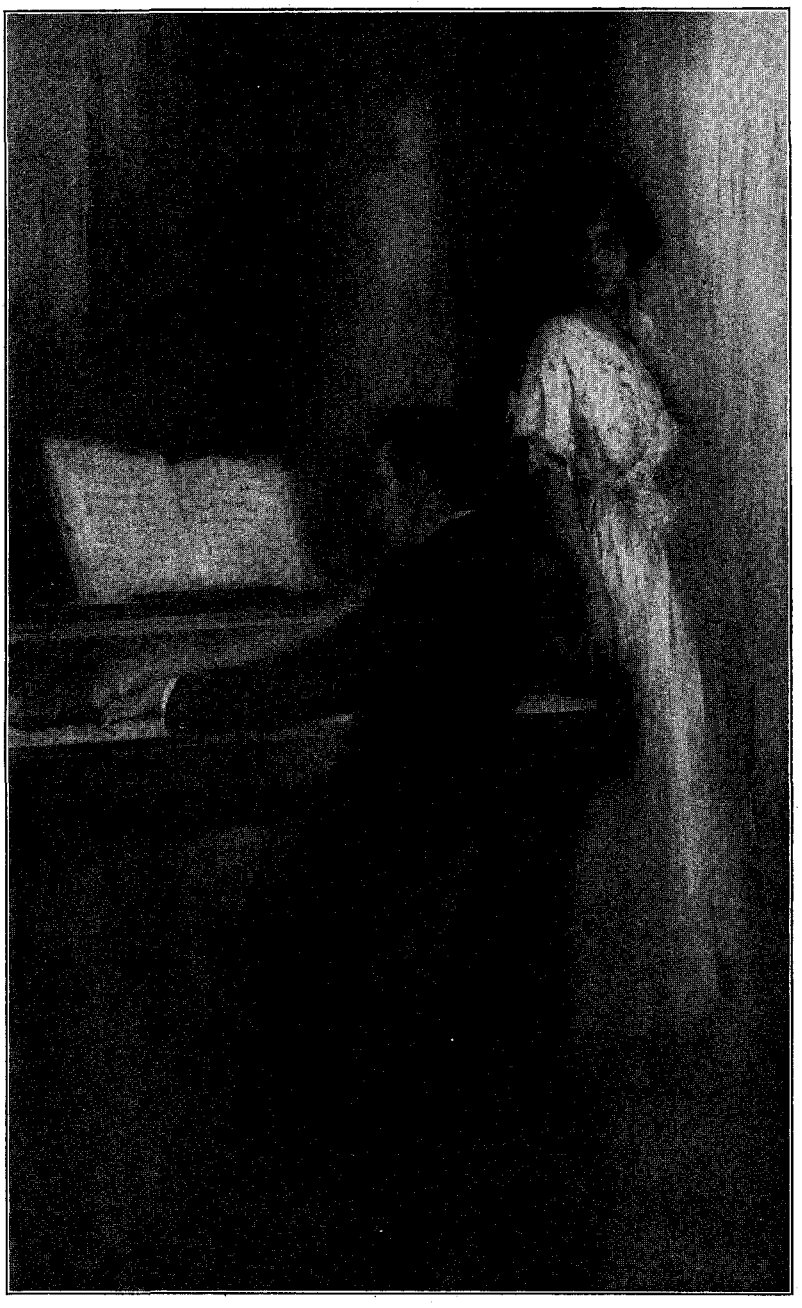

"Play that melancholy bit—the thing you played the day the garden was dug up."
—Page 232.

But she smashed the harder for his correction, and then ended with a tremendous discord caused by a tumultuous precipitation of her head and arms upon the protesting keyboard.

Jorris stood behind her, helplessly, trying to understand the tremendous phenomenon of this woman's tears. He paced up and down for a long time, stealing puzzled, furtive glances at her con-

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vulsive figure. When she became quiet and sat up at last, she spoke without looking at him.

"What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know."

She was silent. Then she said:

"Play for me."

"You know I couldn't get through a bar correctly," he protested.

"You *can*," she persisted almost sharply.

So he sat down and began.

"Play that melancholy bit—the thing you played the day the garden was dug up."

Without music, glancing up at intervals to meet her eyes, he played the melancholia. He played as if he were alone, perfectly; perhaps because he had so accustomed himself to her presence, perhaps because of something compelling in her glance. When he had finished he gazed at her, astonished. He had played often enough before her, and had shaken off a little of his diffidence, but it seemed to him now that complete emancipation from his old timidity had come all at once. As if to convince himself that he had not been mistaken, he began the piece over again. In the middle of it he stopped and almost shouted at her:

"What's the matter with me?"

"Matter? Why, nothing. You're just gaining confidence in yourself."

"Getting fired from a newspaper doesn't, as a rule, give a person any too much confidence," he laughed.

"It isn't that," she answered, shaking her head soberly. "You don't understand, that's all."

"I feel as if I could play before kings!" he exclaimed.

"You're going to," she said quite calmly.

"Another 'aim' for me?" he asked cynically.

"No, you're going to do concert work. You're going to-morrow to show the conservatory people what you can do. You're going to spend all your time with your music after this. You're——"

He broke in with a laugh and dashed into a fortissimo of impromptu composition almost boyish in its vigor. When he ended he faced her soberly.

"Thanks for these kind words, but to-morrow I go looking for a place at another copy desk."

Nevertheless, Jorris did not go the next day searching for a copy desk; nor did he ever go. He sat, instead, at his piano, feeling a profound new sense of confidence, vindicated as often as the tired school-teacher, back from her pupils, gave him an audience.

The marvel of it grew upon him. He could not understand it.

"Why is it I've lost my old difficulty?" he would ask. "It is as easy to play before you as if I were alone."

But the girl would respond only with silence—silence a bit reproachful, because the reason she could have assigned would have bared a heart's secret; reproachful that he should not be the one to perceive it without the telling.

There came a day when Jorris went to play before the great man at the conservatory, and the school-teacher went through her tasks with the pupils absently, thinking anxiously about the outcome.

That night she found him, head buried in his arms upon the beloved pianoforte. She knew without asking that he had failed.

He stood up and looked at her haggardly. Then a light came over his face.

"Why, it's all very simple," he exclaimed. "I know now."

The beating of her heart was very loud.

"I know—*you* give me the confidence. When you are present I can play. With you in the audience I could play before the whole world. If only I could see your face! What a marvel! It must be something magnetic. Are you a sorceress or a hypnotist?"

The beating of her heart ceased to be so loud.

"Yes, I am a sort of hypnotist," she answered sadly. "Hypnotists have power over the head, though not over the heart, as you know."

Jorris was puzzled by her remark but did not in the least gather its significance.

So, the secret having been learned, Jorris played again, one evening, in his own room, for the great man of the conservatory. The school-teacher was there, sitting so Jorris could catch an occasional glimpse of her face as he looked up from

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his keys. And the great man of the conservatory expressed astonishment and made promises.

So Jorris at last was coming into his own. It needed but a bit of luck to confirm the changed course of fortune his good fates now were leading him upon. And that good luck came in the person of Ned, back from his triumphs in Europe. Whereas the great man of the conservatory had little to give save encouragement, here was Ned to repay everything in kind; here was Ned to hook the wagon of his benefactor onto the beams of his own star. For Ned had returned for an American tour in concert.

Jorris's confidence had grown rapidly under the eyes of the school-teacher, and now, at last, it was strong enough to stand alone. He found, to his surprise, as the rehearsals went on and as he came and went, always before audiences, that he no longer needed the face of Hannah before him. The mere thought of her was enough, though it is doubtful if he realized that this was so.

In truth, throughout these busy days Hannah was very nearly displaced from his consciousness as she was from his presence. She still brought biscuits and jam—"from mother"—but she seemed shy and aloof in the presence of the magnificent Ned. At last there came a day when there was no longer any occasion for offerings of biscuits and jam. Ned was not pleased with the little flat and bundled Jorris off to a hotel. And Hannah, the freckled, the wearied confidence-maker, heard no more the so-familiar melancholias from the piano in the room beneath. When the concert tourists were gone she subscribed to a clipping bureau and read each morning of the triumphs of the wonderful Ned and of the mild triumphs—accorded usually in the critics' last paragraphs—of Jorris. To be sure, she had a post-card from Jorris, written in Kansas City, but that was all. That appeared to be the confidence-maker's sole reward.

There were many things in Jorris's mind when he came back at the end of the tour. Among them was a certain uneasiness, a sense of want. He was one of those poor mortals whose senses are not keen enough to perceive until they have gone home from a search that they may have been sitting all day on the wishing-gate. (You know the old children's tale?) So, when Jorris came home triumphant, an "aim" achieved at last, and not fallen short of, he wandered with a vague desire toward the flat-building that had held most of his sorrows. Hannah was in his mind, of course, but so was the little garden-plot that drove away the ash-cans only to succumb to the coal-chute; so, also, were the old memories of copy desks, and unpublished novels, and perhaps of an unattained woman. . . .

He mounted the steps at the front, but descended again on a second thought and went around to the rear. There a sight greeted him that rooted him to the court paving. It was no other than Hannah in a sun-hat bending over a row of flowers bordering the fateful driveway to the coal-chute.

And, standing there, looking at this woman in the sun-hat, Jorris at last attained that rapturous beating of the heart that indicated to his slow sentiment what had been his want. He advanced with sureness of foot and stood by her side.

"Here is your handiwork," he said, causing her to turn toward him, startled. "Here is the man to whom you gave confidence."

"I gave you confidence *to play the piano*, perhaps," she replied almost bitterly, yet unable to control the sunshine that filtered from her eyes.

The emphasized words did not escape him, and he laughed as he encroached more intimately upon the tiny garden. He surveyed the walls and windows of the flat-building and looked up and down the alley. No one was visible. So he took the face of the school-teacher in his two hands and turned her lips upward toward his. . . . He kissed the freckles nestling on either side of her nose, and they were promptly drowned in glistening tears. . . .

"You are trampling on my cosmos-bed," she said when she could speak at all.

"I could trample the feet of kings," he laughed. "You see what confidence you have given me!"

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MADEMOISELLE MARRAINE

By Elizabeth W. Black

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ALL day troops were passing like a gray-blue river of steel helmets floating on and on in columns. With knapsacks on their backs and guns on their shoulders the men marched silently except for the clumping of their heavy boots on the hard road. Armed motors and big guns rattled by, mingling their din with the heavily lumbering "camions" and the clattering hoofs of the packed horses or tooting of staff cars that shot past at top speed. Next day we would hear the long, monotonous roar of artillery seven miles away at the front lines, like surf beating on the seashore. A little later the rattle of ambulances over the plank road leading to our hospital would leave mangled remnants of what were once the physically fit of France.

The blessés are evacuated as soon as they can be moved.—Page 240.

The French Field Hospital was situated between the main road to the front lines and a railroad with an ammunition centre on each side, which means we were frequently under bombardment, especially when a Taube observer caught sight of troops marching to the front. From a little hill near by we could see far away over the plains the spire of the cathedral of St. Quentin, then in German hands and miraculously spared, while the rest of the country looked as if a giant mowing-machine had run across it, leaving only broken chimney-stacks and tree-trunks behind.

In contrast to the devastated region our little village and hospital at Cugny seemed almost a town. The hospital consisted of row after row of wooden sheds stretching away on every side, connected by plank walks. Inside, the corridors have floors of earth and little light, so that they seem to be subterranean caves. The wards are wooden huts connecting these corridors on each side. There are forty-six or fifty beds in each, always occupied, for as soon as a blessé is strong enough he is sent to a base-hospital out of the war-zone, where he can spend his convalescence far from the sound of guns and danger of nightly air raids. Sometimes the wards look more like a railroad-station than a hospital, the arrivals and departures come so quickly.

We are billeted in a hut like the ward, with paper ceilings (full of mice) instead of wood and yellow windows of some kind of paper instead of glass. No one opened these windows at night. There was no need, with the wind blowing up through the cracks in the floor. Instead we shut them tighter, with cotton stuffed along the cracks. Each one has a little space of her own, with sheets for walls, so that the general impression on opening the door is of a Pullman done in white. Our rooms were quite cheerful, with bright-colored chintz concealing trunks, shelves, and rows of hooks, and a

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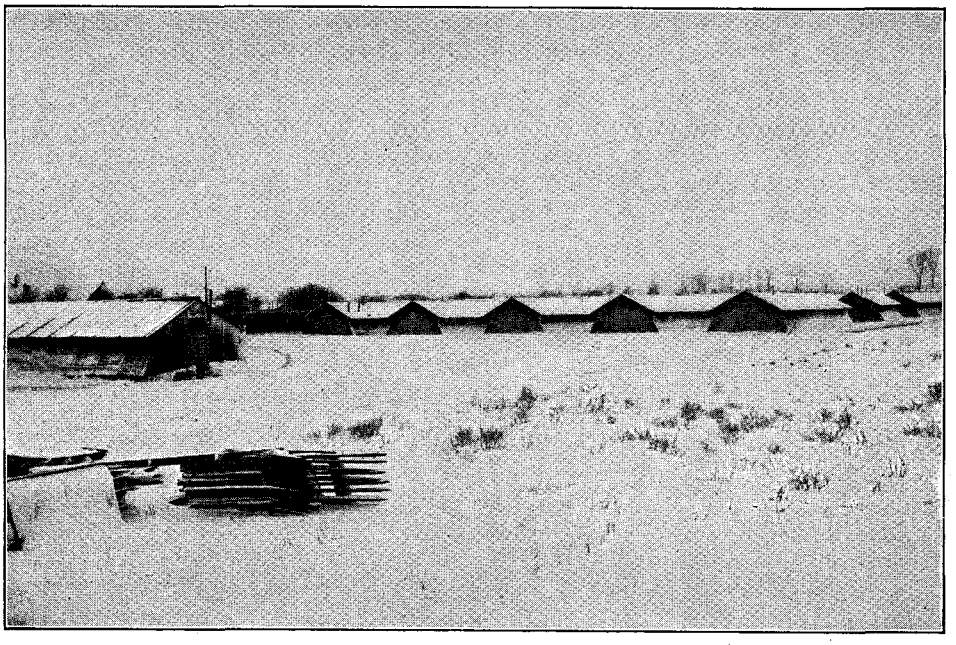
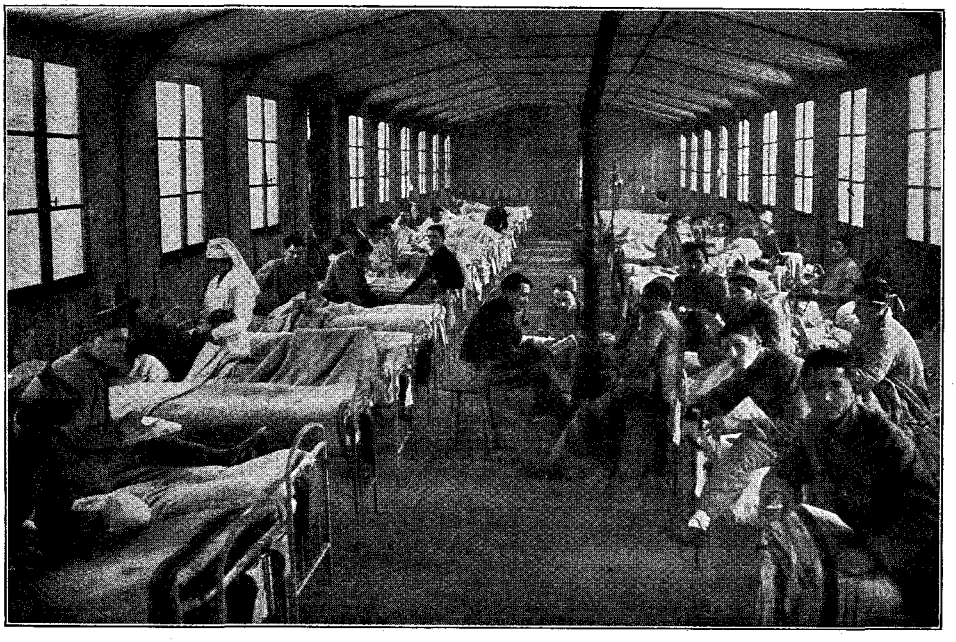


The hospital in winter.

It seems to be a place set apart from everything one has grown to expect in life.—Page 238.



The author's ward.

Even when there is no special event or "fête" the ward is diverting. There is always something going on.
—Page 239.

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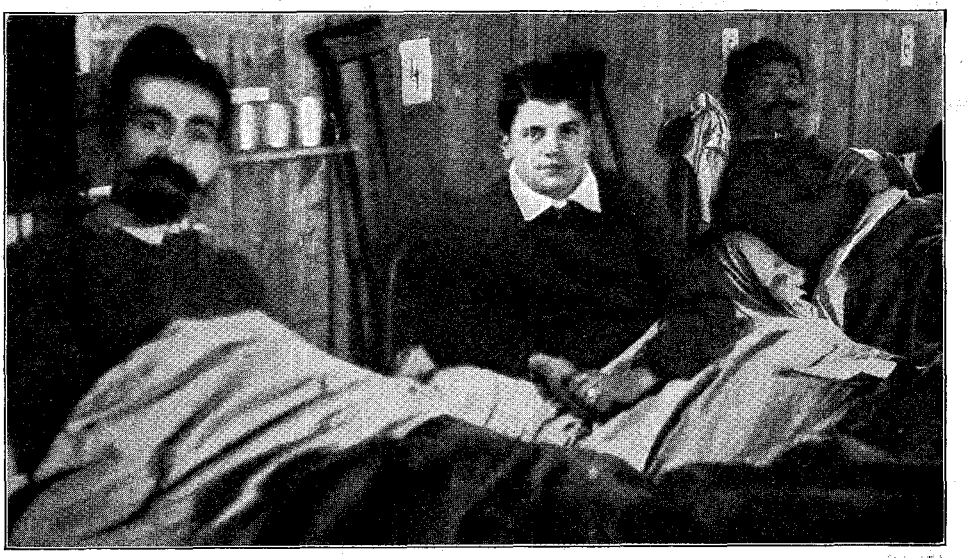
blanket on the floor for a rug. For furniture we have wooden tables, camp-stools, an electric light, and a gas-mask.

Let no one trained in a large New York hospital suppose we had a furnace to heat the wards or running water or bath-rooms or diet-kitchens. We had barely the necessities, as we were only located temporarily, and our equipment had to be light to facilitate moving in case an order came to evacuate immediately. We lived in constant expectation of following the attacks to another part of the front.



It was like a great fraternity, and I was very proud of all my bearded godsons.—Page 237.
On the left is "Monsieur le Valet."

These temporary constructions were little protection against the cold weather, which was more penetrating and painful than the dry cold of American winters. The wind blows down the stovepipes, putting out the fires, and almost tearing the roof off. Snow sifted into the ward through cracks in the ceiling or around the windows, so that I had to rearrange the beds every day, pulling them into the centre of the room at all angles, giving the ward a demoralized aspect. I often had to move my own bed in the middle of the night to avoid a shower of snow.

Every blessé had a cold. The "caporal" whittled a stick for me to use when I painted chest after chest with tincture of iodine each night. These Frenchmen did not like to see my fingers stained, so I flourished the stick as if it were an artist's brush, and amused them by starting off with initials or pictures. Those whose beds were unavoidably in drafts had bed socks of various colors on their heads. I envied them, snuggled under nine heavy blankets like hibernating animals, and wished I could stay in bed until the winter was over. When I tried to warm my fingers, which were usually numb, by literally placing them upon the stove, the blessés would cry out in protest and rub them for me so I would not have "engelures." But in spite of their care my hands would become quite lifeless, and often cracked and bleeding, as I made my tour of temperatures the first thing on a cold morning, or tried to hold icy bottles for the doctors as they did the dressings.

How I dreaded each trip to my little supply-room at the end of the ward, for the back door was always opened by the orderlies on their various errands. The wind would sweep in, leaving a path of snow. With a wall separating me from the stove in the ward and a sheet of ice for a floor, I had to spend a great part of my time in this room preparing the dressing-cart, sterilizing syringes and needles, and cleaning instruments which were con-

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tinually in demand, as nearly every man in the ward had a dressing each day. While doing these things I would try to hurry by making drinks and copying the various orders in the note-book, all at the same time. When the hot-water boiler gave out I would even have to heat icy water on my little alcohol-lamp, which was continually burning like a vestal altar. If I could only have had hoofs! The cotton which I stuffed inside my white tennis shoes kept popping out at the sides like a fringe or the spikes horses wear when they interfere.

And yet through everything I had to keep up the morale of my ward. I had read somewhere about "hospital wards, cheerful and pleasant, with trim, nice-looking girls as nurses, whose air of coquetry was deemed helpful to the patient." This was more difficult than one would suppose, but the blessés helped a lot. In fact, I was never quite sure whether I was taking care of them or they were taking care of me. True sons of their native soil, they had never left their own country and never ceased wondering how I could make such a long journey and stay so far from my home. I was quite a curiosity and source of unfailing interest, from my American accent to my American shoes. They felt a responsibility for my happiness and comfort that was almost equal to my desire to keep them from suffering. I considered myself responsible for the morale of my ward and took it as a personal affront when any one had the "cafard"—that slough of despond that overpowers one with longing for the pre-war days and anxiety for those dear ones who are in danger. During the harrowing moments when the doctors were doing painful dressings, I would try to wear a mask of cheerfulness as I handed compress after compress to the doctor to cover a large expanse of torn flesh or poured ether or "mencière" on an open wound. I did not want them to see by my face what a serious wound it was.

The first time I had this task a little boy of seventeen, whom we afterward called "Le petit Parisien," as he was typical of his home, saved me from uttering a cry of horror and almost running away. He was one of the happiest in the ward and seemed to be quite free from suffering and worry. Therefore the shock came unexpectedly when I first took off his bandage and revealed a right hand frightfully mangled, from which the fingers hung down, fastened by a mere thread. He held it up without a quiver while the doctor dressed it, and when he saw my expression, though there were tears of pain in his eyes, he smiled at me reassuringly.

"Monsieur le Coiffeur" could not forget his original profession, though he had served three years as "maréchal des logis." He always informed me in a distressed tone when my veil had slipped to one side or had some black from the stove-pipe on it. "Monsieur le Valet" was even more useful, as he often mended tears in my sweater for me. To show what friends we were we had special names for every one. It was like a great fraternity, and I was very proud of all my bearded godsons. Only once did we have a disagreement. That was when the song of the soup got on my nerves, and I went ruthlessly from bed to bed trimming the long, drooping mustaches. At first I cut them like tooth-brushes, but with practice I perfected my style and the last half of the ward looked rather well. But they did not think so. Even telling them they looked like Americans failed to appease their wrath, and it took many cigarettes and crackers and chocolate to reinstate me in favor.

We went on duty at eight o'clock each morning, with two hours off in the middle of the day for lunch and a walk, but if there was a great deal of work to be done we would take much less time.

We left the wards at seven o'clock, when night-duty began. One of us did night-duty for a week alone, being replaced in her ward during the daytime. If there are many new arrivals, she sends for assistance, and the nurse in charge of the operating-room hurries over to help the surgeon on guard.

For a while I had a maid to help me, as well as two orderlies and the "caporal," but I preferred to give the baths and make the beds myself. Though they were her own countrymen, she was rough and careless, and the blessés complained that she hurt their wounds by walking so heavily. On Sunday she refused to do anything but sit around on the beds gos-

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siping. When I reminded her that if men could be wounded on Sunday, they should be taken care of on that day as well, she flounced out of the room, saying I was "too young to give orders." I never let her come back again.

We did not have regular days off, but I never wanted one. The first time I was given an afternoon to myself I was so lonely and bored that I went back to the ward in a short time. I was happier there working with the blessés than anywhere else, and I never felt tired.

It always seems to rain at the front, as if the desolate plains and dreary boom of the cannon were not enough to make one realize that war and gloom are close by. It seems to be a place set apart from everything one has grown to expect in life, a place covered with mud and surrounded by a curtain of rain. Past or future seems far away; only the actively busy present is real.

The danger and dreary sameness in which we lived forced us to seek distraction. We were always looking for entertainment, not so much as a rest and change from the physical strain, but from the nervous tension. As an English officer said:

"War is damn dull, damn dirty, and damn dangerous."

We could not endure our existence if we did not have the precious gift of forgetting ourselves in laughter. It was almost as hard to be cheerful on days when nothing happened as it was during a bombardment. It takes so much courage and faith to resist boredom and weariness.

Sometimes there was a moving-picture show, and all the blessés who could limp or stand the strain of being carried on a stretcher to another part of the hospital were allowed to go. I felt so sorry for those left behind that I tried to have a "fête" for them too. Every afternoon for a little while they would play their favorite marches and songs on the "phono," with a few records of American ragtime in my honor. As there was little work with so many gone to the "cinema," I decided to amuse the unfortunate ones who remained by singing to them. The drag of our ragtime pleases them, so I sang a few things I had heard translated into French in Parisian vaudevilles. "The Broken Doll" and "They Didn't Believe Me" sound almost sensible in a foreign language. This started the "concerts," which became an evening custom.

When no one was in great pain in the interim between "soupe" and sleep, while I gave them rubs and tucked them in for the night, the singing would begin. It was really a most serious and formal event. Mayou was master of ceremonies, walking up and down the ward commanding order, with a little hooked cane over the end of his left arm where his hand used to be before the Germans tried to impress their "kultur" upon the world.

These farmers and taxi-drivers and craftsmen had very good voices and sang many of my favorite selections from grand opera. A corporal in the artillery with a "Croix de Guerre" had the most dramatic repertoire and almost flung himself out of bed in the excitement of "Le dernier Tango." Sometimes their eyes twinkled mischievously as they sang some improper ballad. I do not understand the most improper and the airs are always pretty, so I do not mind what words they sing.

Some of the performers have not good voices and yet insist upon taking part. This is often quite trying, especially when it is a sergeant who wishes to honor us. Their songs are even longer than those sung by the good voices, as if in defiance of criticism they would show their superiority in memory at least. Nothing will stop them until every verse is done, and some of the songs have so many, many verses. If they get hoarse or choke and are unable to continue, I am summoned to administer a remedy. So in the midst of our "soirée," the sound of gargling is often heard as an interlude between "Sur les Bords de la Riviera" and "Mon Cœur s'ouvre à ta Voix." But no one laughs, for, though extempore, this concert is a serious affair. Even I am reprimanded severely by Mayou when I speak, if only to ask if some one is comfortable or am I hurting him.

I like the marching songs, in which the whole ward joins, especially the "Marche Lorraine," the poilu song, "Quand Madelon vient nous servir a boire" and "Paname," a sort of Paris Tipperary. I taught them a French version of "Over There" and "Tipperary." They are

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eager to learn English and join in the chorus of "Smile, smile, smile" proudly. We were rather pleased with our choruses, but a nurse coming in from another ward to borrow some aspirin said she "never heard such a noise, every one in a different key!" "Tant pis!"

When any one appears with a camera there is a wild scramble for any sort of clothing available. Men whom I had thought were beyond caring for anything but sleep and peace will stand around in the snow with long lavender bed socks pulled up to their knees over faded and patched pajamas and a sweater or blanket over their shoulders. With his "kepi" on his head, a poilu can pose happily and with dignity for hours. There were so many demands for pictures that we sometimes had to pretend to take them in order to get them back to bed quickly. Then some time-exposures had to be attempted for those who could not get out of bed or there would be tears. Such babies, these great bearded godsons of mine!

Most of the blessés have been decorated with the "Croix de Guerre" for valor, or the "Médaille Militaire" (and a pension) for the mutilated. This is an impressive ceremony, though it happens often. Sometimes one man will receive both decorations. The citations are read by the médecin-chef, followed by a kiss on each cheek. The whole ward compliments the hero and the walking delegates shake hands with him. It always makes me feel rather sad. The two little medals pinned on the patched shirt of an "amputé" do not seem a fair exchange for a leg or arm. They look sort of cheap.

Even when there is no special event or "fête" the ward is diverting. There is always something going on, and no matter how monotonous the work might be, I was never bored. The blessés made even the temperature rounds amusing. It gave me a chance to know each one separately, his special worries and family photographs. They were all people to me and never cases, to be shuddered at, attended to quickly, and passed by as soon as their physical needs were cared for.

It was a military rule that the charts for temperatures and pulses should be complete, with the dressings and operations marked on them as well. In the morning, before they were thoroughly awake, this did not take very long, but by afternoon some were trying their crutches or playing cards, and all of them were feeling too well to see the necessity of a second round. It was a difficult task to bring each one back to his bed, and the confusion of guests and "phono" made it necessary for me to count the pulses out loud in order to concentrate. But if an attack was going on and they saw I was rushed with new arrivals, operated cases demanding much attention and countless interruptions, each blessé would be in his place. They like to tease, but never hurt or exasperate, and are ever willing to help. Some rolled cotton for the dressing-cart, others made their beds, fed their comrades without hands, and helped the orderlies.

It was always a relief to reach the bed of "Monsieur le Boxeur," for a wound in his leg kept him from wandering away. He also had both hands bandaged, one being so mangled there was doubt about saving it. I had to take his pulse in his forehead, and he liked to delay me by chewing, to confuse the count. He had to be fed, and yet was always joking about something. I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry when he pretended to box with his big, bandaged hands.

"Camouflage" was next to him, with white bandages across his face, making him look a part of the bed. He was a tall "mitrailleur," and showed me a photograph of his pretty fiancée in her Alsatian costume.

"Tell me, Mademoiselle Marraine," he would always say anxiously, "do you think she will care for me when I return a poor 'mutilé,' with a changed face? She always thought I was so good-looking, so much more so than the other men. Maybe she will marry Jean after all, when she sees what they have done to my face, those 'sales Boches' and these doctors. O là, là, what a terrible war!"

"Mademoiselle, you are a thief!" called "Rigolo," when I had progressed several beds beyond him; "I accuse you of stealing four sous."

This was a never-failing source of merriment. When I am not noticing, some one will put some joke in my pocket. As the doctors' visits come right afterward

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there is much stifled amusement when I put my hand in my pocket to find my pad and pencil to take orders in my most dignified manner, and pull out a champagne cork or a pipe. Every one claims it as his own, and I am called a thief by ferocious men with mustaches bristling in feigned wrath.

"Where is 'Monsieur le Moqueur'?" I asked, looking about for a handsome boy of nineteen who had come into the ward with a shoulder wound which did not depress him in the least. He was almost too gay, teasing everybody all the time and usually getting into trouble.

"There he is by the stove! See, he is trying to make the thermometer go up!"

I rescued it just in time, threatening him with a punishment of a thermometer for a whole hour. When he is not teasing he is working away at a silk table-cover which he says is for me, so I cannot be very severe.

"Monsieur le Crocodile" is one of the oldest men in the ward and usually in tears about some pain, real or imaginary. One day it is because he was hurt at his dressing, and must cry "O là, là, how my leg hurts!" for hours afterward, until one hopes it will not be necessary to dress his wound for some time. Again he will be whining because "Look, mademoiselle, there are two whole days since my dressing has been changed. O là, là, what a miserable life! I am not being well cared for. They forget me."

However, he is easily pacified with some cough-drops or a pair of new socks, "sent all the way from America for M. le Crocodile, because his crying was heard far away." But, poor man, his home is in German hands and he does not know where his family is.

The blessés are evacuated as soon as they can be moved, some to base-hospitals, and others to the front after a short furlough, some going to their home as "reformés" never to return to the firing-line. It is hard to see them go, all these men whose sufferings I have shared and with whom I have experienced the occasional joys as well as the horrors of war. They come into the ward crying and go out crying, but there is a difference.

There is great confusion in the ward before a train goes. The "caporal" brings in a mass of uniforms, caked with yellow clay, and the personal effects which were taken from the men on their arrival. These have to be sorted out and returned to the proper owner, even to his special "bidon" for wine. Socks, shirts, and anything that has been destroyed or lost must be replaced from the hospital supply. Each blessé has his papers in a large envelope, tied to a button of his coat, making him look like a helpless child travelling alone for the first time. They are quite pathetic in their misfit uniforms, many of them bearing decorations pinned proudly on the shabby coat that has seen rough service. The others wear their glory and reward inside their chests or shining in their eyes.

They have been brave as only the wretchedly unhappy can be, for one cannot be really brave unless one is suffering. It is in the hospital that the individual courage is shown in this war. The romance of the sword and the old-time heroic tactics and strategy have been revolutionized by modern inventions. There is little opportunity for individual heroism and achievement when war is run on such a business basis, with the men fighting like members of a firm trying to put a big deal across. In such a contest victory came in the end to the side with the biggest numbers, the longest purse, and the most enduring nerves. But in the hospital the old-time Spartan fortitude and heroic endurance go on every day as each individual fights his own battle against pain.

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FITTING THE MAN TO HIS JOB IN THE ARMY

By Lieutenant Harold Hersey, A. G. D., U. S. A.
Author of "The Faith of the Man in the Ranks"

THE spring of 1917 found the army facing the greatest problem of its history. The men who had been studying the war did not approach the subject with blind eyes. They had witnessed the unparalleled and satanic efficiency of the Germans; they had made close observations of England's splendid efforts with her citizen armies after the never-to-be-forgotten obliteration of the old army at the Marne. To those of the General Staff it was plain. A huge force must be gathered together quickly. It must be trained, equipped, and sent overseas. There were many major problems, such as man-power, shipping, uniforms, ammunition, aviation, the consistent production of steel and fuel, and among them the training of specialists. The last named did not reach the public eye. It remained under cover, but by no means did it remain untouched. The situation was acute. Speed and accuracy were the fundamentals. Huge levies of human material were being dumped into camps and formed into divisions. Something had to be done to see that men were rightly placed. The Secretary of War accordingly formed a committee of men who knew about employment problems under the direction of Doctor Walter Dill Scott. These men took up the proposition from the start. It was partly a problem of adopting civilian ideas in a citizen army and partly a matter of developing and carrying into effect new ideas. It was recognized then that no hope could be held out that every man would find his place. The army is primarily formed to fight. The specialists are there to soldier. They are not set aside as are the highly organized corporation specialists in rooms or laboratories where they may work undisturbed. On the contrary, they must expect to perform their duties under varying circumstances that would try and bring into force every element of their previous experience and knowledge. It was also admitted that many high-grade specialists would not obtain immediate positions analogous to their abilities. For instance, in a company of two hundred and fifty or more men there might be a need for thirty specialists. This would mean that there were other individuals in the same unit with corresponding ability to those already selected. This could not be helped. At most, some attempt might be made to fill the list required and the ones who remained in surplus could be used as occasion demanded. Later on they might be assigned to other units. What was required was an accurate system of records which would at all times give information as to the whereabouts of men of unusual caliber, knowledge, and experience.

The overwhelming increase in our armed forces created a demand which easily exceeded all previously known estimates. Many men skilled in civilian trades were needed by the army. The Germans, however, had for many generations trained men especially for certain tasks. We were to take men already fitted to their tasks but trained under varying and individual conditions. If one were to put the employment problems of the railroads, oil, steel, lumber, and ten other industries together and multiply them tenfold, some conception might be obtained of the work laid upon the shoulders of the committee selected to study conditions and provide remedies to the authorities in command. It was fortunate that many corporations had developed departments of employment management, by which labor-supply was accurately gauged and used in large industry. It also brought about a new type of man—the employment specialist, or what might be called the practical psychologist and economist. These terms

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are confusing, but as this article develops it will be seen what they stand for in this connection.

Each part of an army is organized down to the last private in the ranks. Complex tables are provided for this purpose, specifying each position and what is required in every case. The problem was how to find men for the highly graded places, the particular trades, and for the average. The committee which took up this under the direction of the Secretary of War at once saw that nothing but a practical solution would suffice. A card was drawn up which aimed to outline individual records. Interviewers were selected in the various camps and each soldier personally interrogated. This record was filed away in each case under the man's name. It was the rough beginning of what has now become a highly specialized form of selection in use throughout the army. The old system of depending upon the non-commissioned officer for information as to the qualities and experience of men in the company was done away with and in its place there was substituted a highly practical and simple system for the instant finding of the right man for the right place. Secretary Baker phrased it exactly when he said:

"*A system of selection of talents which is not affected by immaterial principles or virtues, no matter how splendid, something more scientific than the haphazard choice of men, something more systematic than preference or first impression is necessary.*"

I might add here that the Committee on Classification has adhered strictly to this, and their system is not technical nor hard to understand and operate. It will be seen later that the one thing always insisted upon has been simplicity and practicability. It was remembered that we needed a large army and we needed one quickly. The only attitude to take was how to accomplish this end. Involved ideas and conceptions had no place.

The man in the army looks at reality with pretty level eyes. He is not to be "kidded," as the saying goes. He is out of sympathy with any movement which does not conspire to produce fighting material. He does not look with favor upon entangling alliances with weak ideals, well meaning though they may be to outsiders. I am squarely with them in this idea, and when I first came into touch with the classification scheme, over a year ago, I applied the usual army test to it at once. It worked. I was a loyal supporter from that moment of the Secretary of War and his wise policy, not merely as an officer but as a believer in the adaptation of economical needs in civilian life to a citizen army of this great size.

Doctor Scott, in introducing the Secretary of War to a school for personnel officers which I recently attended, said: "We have heard all sorts of single factors referred to as the one factor that would win the war. We have heard of food, coal, transportation, air, tanks, infantry, and ships. We have never heard from the Secretary of War what the single factor is; in fact, we don't think there is any single factor. We do know, however, that the Secretary of War was the first official directing the war energies of any nation who appointed men to make a study of personnel in order that every soldier in the army should be placed where he has the best chance to develop his own talents and to serve his country. And we therefore know that he believes in the work of personnel."

Such a thing would have been laughed at in Napoleon's time, when men were thrown into war like so many animals. Who could have thought in those days of the time when each new man when he enters the army would be given an opportunity to prove his worth and be assigned to tasks for which he is fitted? It takes much of the hardships out of warfare and makes possible an army of the people where the new soldier is placed in his proper niche.

The Secretary of War has built up throughout the army an organization for the classification of men according to their occupational qualifications. As before stated, this information is entered on cards and filed away for immediate use, the idea being that if a particular man is an expert carpenter, for example, he can be of more use to the army in that capacity than merely peeling potatoes.

Due to the rapid expansion and need of the system, literally thousands of men have been assigned to particular grades of work which corresponded with their pre-

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vious training. The committee in one of its pamphlets states that "A good example of the service comes from one of the Southern cantonments. A colonel of a regiment of Engineers came to the division personnel officer for help in finding a man for the most responsible position an enlisted man can fill, that of regimental sergeant-major. The colonel was looking for a mature man of commanding presence and force of character, with military experience. He wanted some one who had clerical experience, preferably as an accountant, and who also had engineering training. The personnel officer found him a man who met even these varied specifications. As a lad this man had enlisted in the navy and risen to the rating of machinist's mate. He had then left the navy and worked for two years or so as a stenographer and bookkeeper; and at the time of his enlistment in the National Guard, in the fall of 1917, he was a senior in the Engineering School of Tulane University. Moreover, he was a private in the colonel's own regiment."

It will be seen from this example that the card system opens up the entire personality of an organization. No man is lost in the crowd. He is interviewed immediately upon induction into service. The new qualification card is a highly efficient instrument. It has developed through many stages. The information called for carries each history from the date of birth. The educational requirements are more fully set forth than in the first cards issued: The man's military experience, the branch of service he prefers, his religious preferences, his talent for furnishing public entertainment, his fraternal organizations, his experience as a leader, if any, before entering the service, his main occupation, and an exact statement of what he did, the years engaged in the work, and his status in the trade as an apprentice, journeyman, or expert. Much care is taken to find out details of any other occupations in which he may have been engaged. For instance, he may have been a cost accountant for eight years, but during that time he owned and drove his own car, making repairs, and taking a general interest in cars of all kinds. Upon investigation it might be found that he was thoroughly capable of taking care of any car on the market. It follows logically, then, that this man can also be rated as an auto chauffeur and mechanic. Let us add the supposition that in his work as a cost accountant he was in direct charge of a large force of employees. We can deduce from this that the army has a valuable man who could make an excellent non-commissioned officer in charge of some section where automobiles were largely used, or he could be assigned to clerical and executive work in the regimental headquarters. This can be carried very far in some instances, but on an average the drafted man proves to be efficient in but one occupation. His knowledge of other kinds of work will be noted, however, and if an immediate call is issued for men to fill one of them, he could be selected as excellent material for training. We must not get away for an instant from the fact that the first demand of an army is for fighting men, but the support branches such as the quartermaster, medical, ammunition, and general supply organizations are likewise as necessary to the service as the fighting element. And among the ranks of the line troops there are hundreds of positions that must be filled by highly trained specialists. There is great need always for electricians, telegraphers, machinists, aeroplane mechanics, bakers, and cooks, auto mechanics and chauffeurs, stenographers and typists, musicians, surveyors, cartographers, tailors, and so on unendingly. The list covers every conceivable trade and profession. It can be seen at once how important, how far-reaching are the reforms instituted in classification by the Secretary of War and his committee of specialists. With so large an army much of the work would have been abortive without this intelligent handling of the placing of men.

We have covered so far the interviewing and placing of the information gathered on the cards. The question now arises how are we to know whether the men's statements concerning their previous qualifications are accurate or not? It is not so much that men prevaricate but rather that the average individual is not equipped mentally to set a seal upon his ability or experience. This requires authoritative handling and it has received

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the serious consideration of the Secretary of War. Two kinds of tests have been promulgated: the trade and intelligence tests. The former is in great demand, due to the fact that where a man is sent abroad an absolute rating must be placed upon him. Chauffeurs are of prime importance, and a well-worked out test is given to each one before he is qualified as such. These trade tests take three forms: oral questions, picture tests, and performance tests.

The oral ones consist of questions asked in the language of the particular trade and concerning matters which are of direct interest to that particular trade. These oral examinations are produced in the shops around Newark, N. J., by a committee of experts working in close unity with the central committee at Washington. In other large industrial centres there are branches where the work is carried on, but the headquarters at Newark reviews and formulates the final scope which the oral tests are to assume. The first stage is to get a general survey of a particular trade and opinions from intelligent workmen connected with it. The various operations are closely watched, and from these are developed the first large series of questions. Then follows the collection and compilation of the rough material. The questions are closely studied, finally revised and weighed in every conceivable scale. When the test is edited and published, it is reduced to a few questions which demand brief answers, where the element of chance is left out entirely. From this an accurate judgment can be placed upon a man, and his rating as apprentice, journeyman, or expert determined.

The oral test may be supplemented by the picture test, where tools of the trade in question are produced and the soldier is called upon to identify them, to state what they are used for, and often to point out which should be used as specific jobs are named.

The performance test consists of the actual accomplishment of some task in the trade. Take chauffeurs, for example. A man claims he is an expert. He passes the oral and picture tests. There is always a reasonable doubt as to the absolute finality of these tests. He is accordingly taken out with an examiner and made to operate a machine under varying conditions. There is no need of describing this part of the work further. A general knowledge is of more value to the public mind than a technical one because of the rapid changes which are going on at all times.

The intelligence or mental tests are given to obtain an accurate rating upon the psychological sides of men. They have been in use for some time by large industry, but under the direction of Major Yerkes and the committee these tests have been adapted strictly to contemporary needs in the army and are of the most practical nature. Both the mental and trade tests produce certain ratings which are entered upon the qualification cards, providing further means of finding men for particular places.

In addition, the committee is carrying on work for the education and training of specialists in various institutions over the country. Constructive work is done on the paper work in the army, selection of aviators, and the hundred and one other branches of the service where study and help is needed. The classification of men ramifies every department of the military and naval forces. "It is a novel contribution to the making of armies," as the Secretary of War has said, "and in making this assortment of persons we are under the unhappy inhibition of taking any man's judgment of himself."

In the future the new man who enters service can feel that he will receive just treatment, and if he is a specialist he will be given ample opportunity to work along the lines best fitted to his previous training. It is a great innovation. The system as it now exists is the patient result of over a year's tireless investigation. It has been found to work. That, after all, is the supreme test. General Hutchinson, Director of Organization of the British Army, recently stated that before another twelvemonth the work we are doing will be regarded universally as of paramount importance.

"The right man in the right place" is a slogan which has been adopted in every department of the American Army. A skilled man adequately placed does much to increase the efficiency of the Amer-

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ican Expeditionary Forces. Not only that, but it will heighten the morale of the men by giving them a concrete interest in their work, and opening up unlimited opportunities for the man of special training.

We have made the maximum use of our man-power. The intelligent and thorough analysis of men has helped to hammer our army into shape, and will be a supreme factor in helping to solve the problems of Peace.

MUSIC

(FROM A HILL)

By Danford Barney

A BAND is playing down below in the street
Waking the dirty village from the still
Deathly vale where moon and the hill shades meet,
Fearfully poignant under the dark of the hill,
Terribly sweet, aye, and a bit too sweet.

Hark, the bugle notes to their startled wings
Flutter unseen, shiver along the hills,
Die in the vale; now the old melody swings
Time to the weary heart, as sweetness thrills
Over God's finger-board, and tautens the strings.

A dream-girl came to-night from over the sea
To sing the road for dusty tattered fellows;
God! for the rhythm that wanders eternally—
Lithe, swift body—sweet of the eyes that mellows
Trodden turf for blossoms of memory!

Premonition of death in darkness sleeping,
Then the trilled bugle's dance below the hill;
Beyond the hill, the same dumb figures creeping
Across the land of no-man, watching still
As that woman somewhere down the dusk, weeping.

Surging, feeling out of the numb of sleep,
Miracle melody yearning along the hill
Breaks as the wave—drum-taps—last, the deep
Longing over the night the mind hears still,
The song foregone, the swing of the planets' reap.

Will dreams fester when our song is done?
We'll mind not that! A cloud is bringing rains
Across the moon, all past and present gone;
Yet the rumbly squeak of unseen wagon trains
Keeps with the frogs their stupid monotone.

Mobile Hospital 39, A. E. F., France,
August, 1918.

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A SABINE FARM

By Julia M. Sloane

I ONCE remarked that I thought New York City a most friendly and neighborly place and was greeted with howls of derision. I suppose I said it because that morning a dear old lady in an oculist's office had patted me, saying, "My dear, it would be a pity to put glasses on you," and an imposing blonde in a smart Fifth Avenue shop had sold me a hat that I couldn't afford either to miss or to buy, for half price, because she said I'd talked to her like a human being the year before—all of which had warmed my heart. I think perhaps my statement was too sweeping. Since we have changed oceans I notice that the atmosphere of the West has altered my old standards somewhat. There is an easy-going fellowship all through every part of life on this side of the Rocky Mountains.

Take banks, for instance. Can you picture a dignified New York trust company with bowls of wild flowers placed about the desks and a general air of hospitality? In one bank I have often had a pleasant half-hour very like an afternoon tea, where all the officers, from the president down, came to shake hands and ask after the children. Of course that is a rather unusually pleasant and friendly bank, even for California. Always I am carefully, tenderly almost, escorted to my motor. At first this flattered me greatly till I discovered that there is a law in California that if you slip and hurt yourself on any one's premises they pay the doctor's bill. Hence the solicitude. I was not to be allowed to sprain my ankle, even if I wanted to.

Probably the same geniality existed in the East fifty years ago. I have been told that it did. It is a very delightful stage of civilization where people's shells are still soft, if they have shells at all. There is an accessibility, a breeziness and camaraderie about even the prominent men—the bulwarks of business and public life. We are accused of bragging and "boosting" in the West. I am afraid it is true. They are the least pleasant attributes of adolescence.

Banking isn't the only genial profession. There is real estate. Of course about half the men in California are in real estate for reasons too obvious to mention. Providence was kind in putting us into the hands of an honest man, better still, one with imagination, when we came to look for a winter bungalow. He saw that we had to have something with charm even if the furniture was scarce, and took as much pains over realizing our dream as if we had been hunting for a palace. It was he who found our "Sabine farm," which brought us three of the best gifts of the gods: health, happiness, and a friend. We had almost decided to take a picturesque cot that I named "The Jungle" from its tangle of trees and flowers, even though the cook could reach her abode only by an outside staircase. The boys had volunteered to hold an umbrella over her during the rainy season, but I wasn't quite satisfied with this arrangement. Just then we saw an enchanting bungalow set in a garden of bamboos, roses, and bananas, and looked no further! It belonged to an Englishwoman who raised Toggenburg goats, which made it all the more desirable for us, as the goats were to stay at the back of the garden and provide not only milk but interest for the boys.

J—— dubbed it "El rancho goato" at once. Our friends in the East were delighted with the idea, and many were their gibes. One in particular always added something to the address of his letters for the guide or diversion of the R. F. D. postman—"Route 2, Box So-and-So; you can tell the place by the goats"; or during the spring floods this appeared in one corner of the envelope: "Were the goats above high water?"

It wasn't just an ordinary farm. There was a certain something—I think the names of the goats had a lot to do with it, Corella, Coila, Babette, Elfa,

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Viva, Lorine, and so on—or perhaps it was the devotion of their mistress, who expended the love and care of a very large heart on a family that I think appreciated it as far as goats are capable of appreciation. If she was a little late coming home (she had a tiny shack on one corner of the place) they would be waiting at the gate, calling plaintively. There is a plaintive tone about everything a goat has to say. In his cot on the porch J—— composed some verses one morning early; I forget them except for two lines:

"The plaintive note of a querulous goat
Over my senses seems to float."

Of course that was the difficulty. Creatures of one kind or another do not lie abed late. Our Sabine farm was surrounded by others, and there was a neighborhood hymn to the dawn that it took us some time to really enjoy—if we ever did. Sopranos—roosters; altos—pigeons and ducks; tenors—goats; bassos—cows and one donkey. There was nothing missing to make a full, rich volume of sound. Of course there is no place where it is so difficult to get a long, refreshing night's sleep as the country.

One rarely comes through any new experience with all one's preconceived ideas intact. Our first season on the Sabine farm shattered a number of mine. I had always supposed that a mocking-bird, like a garden, was "a lovesome thing God wot." Romantic—just one step below a nightingale! There was a thicket of bamboos close to my window, and every night all the young mocking-birds gathered there to try out their voices. It was partly elocutionary and partly vocal, but almost entirely exercises—rarely did they favor me with a real song. This would go on for some time, then, just as I dared to hope that lessons were over, another burst of ill-assorted trills and shrills would rouse me to fury. I kept three pairs of boots in a convenient place, and hurled them into the bamboos, paying the boys a small reward for retrieving them each morning. Sometimes, if my aim was good, a kind of wondering silence lasted long enough for me to fall asleep. There is an old song—we all know it—that runs:

"She's sleeping in the valley, etc., etc.,
And the mocking-bird is singing where she lies."

That, of course, would be impossible if the poor little thing hadn't been dead.

By day I really enjoyed them. To sit in the garden, which smelt like a perpetual wedding, reading Lafcadio Hearn and listening to mocking-birds and linnets would have undermined my New England upbringing very quickly had I had time to indulge often in such a lotus-eating existence.

Then there was "Boost." He was a small bantam rooster, beloved of our landlady, which really proves nothing, because she was such a tender-hearted person that she loved every dumb creature that wandered to her door. Had Boost been dumb I might have loved him, too. He had a voice like the noise a small boy can make with a tin can and a resined string. He had a malevolent eye and knew that I detested him, so that he took especial pains to crow under my windows, generally about an hour after the mocking-birds stopped. I think living with a lot of big hens and roosters told on his nervous system, and he took it out on me. Great self-restraint did I exercise in not wringing his neck, when help came from an unexpected quarter. Boost had spirit—I grant him that—and one day he evidently forgot that he wasn't a full-sized bird, and was reproved by the sultan of the poultry-yard in such a way that he was found almost dead of his wounds. Dear Miss W——'s heart was quite broken. She fed him brandy and anointed him with healing lotions, but to no avail. He died. I had felt much torn and rather double-faced in my inquiries for the sufferer, because I was so terribly afraid he might get well, so it was a great relief when he was safely buried in the back lot.

Though I love animals, I have had bloodthirsty moments of feeling that the only possible way to enjoy pets was to have them like those wooden Japanese eggs which fit into each other. If you have white mice or a canary, have a cat to contain the canary and a dog to reckon with the cat. Further up in the scale the matter is more difficult, of course. One of our "best-seller" manufacturers, in his early original days, wrote a delightful tale. In it he said, "A cheetah is a yellow streak full of people's

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pet dogs," so perhaps that is the answer. The ultimate cheetah would, of course, have to be shot and stuffed, as it would hardly be possible to have a wildcat lounging about the place. I think the idea has possibilities. So many of our plans are determined by pets. "No, we can't close the house and go motoring for a week, because there is no one with whom to leave the puppies." "Yes, we rented our house to Mrs. S—— for less than we expected to get for it, because she is so fond of cats and promised to take good care of Pom Pom"—which recalls to my mind a dear little girl who had a white kitten that she was intrusting to a neighbor. The neighbor, a busy person with eight children, received the kitten without demonstration of any kind. Little Lydia looked at her for a few moments and then said: "Mrs. F——, that kitten must be loved." That is really the trouble, not only must they be loved, but they are loved, and then the pull on your heart-strings begins. We have a pair of twin silver-haired Yorkshire terriers who are an intimate part of our family circle. I sometimes feel like a friend of mine in San Francisco who has a marvellous Chinese cook and says she hopes she will die before Li does. I hope "Rags" and "Tags" will live as long as I do—and yet they are a perfect pest. If they are outdoors they want to come in, or vice versa. It is practically impossible to sneak off in the motor without their escort, and they bark at my best callers. Since they made substantial sums of money begging for the Red Cross, they have added a taste for publicity to their other insistent qualities, and come into the drawing-room and sit up in front of whoever may be visiting, with a view to sugar and petting. And the worst of it is, I can't maintain discipline at all. Rags has had to be anointed with a salve compounded of tar and sulphur. It is an indignity and quite crushes his spirit, so that after it has been put on he wishes to sit close to me for comfort. The result is that I become like a winter overcoat just emerging from moth-balls rather than hurt his feelings. Of course it makes some difference whether the pet that is annoying you belongs to you or a neighbor. I doubt whether I could have loved Boost, however, even if I had known him from the shell.

In spite of these various drawbacks we led a most happy life. It was so easy. The bungalow was so attractively furnished; our own oranges and limes grew at the door. There was just room for us, with nothing to spare, that had to be kept in order, and our landlady was as different from the cold-hearted ones we had known as the bankers and real-estate men. She seemed to be always trying to think of what we might need and to provide it. Dear Miss W——, she will never be a good business woman from the world's point of view, she is too generous and too unselfish! We all loved her. Many were the hours I inveigled her into wasting while we sat on bales of the goats' hay and discussed life and the affairs of the country—but mostly life, with its curious twists and turns, its generosities and its stinginesses. The boys spent their time in the goat-pen making friends of the little kids, whose various advents added so much interest to the spring, and learning much from Miss W——, whose attitude toward life was so sane and wholesome for them to know.

"Buckaboo," the only buck on the ranch when we came, was a dashing young creature prancing about and kicking up his heels for the pure joy of living. Joedy informed J—— that he reminded him of him, "only in a goat way, father," a tribute to the light-heartedness that California had already brought to at least one member of the family.

If our Sabine farm's vocation was goats, its avocation was surely roses. We were literally smothered in them. A Cecil Brunner with its perfect little buds so heavily perfumed covered one corner of the house. The Lady Bankshire with its delicate yellow blossoms roofed our porch, while the glorious Gold of Ophir, so thorny and with little fragrance, concealed our laundry from the road. There was a garden of bush roses of all kinds to cut for the house; and the crowning glory of all was a hedge of "Tausend Shöen," a kind of Dresden rose, growing luxuriantly, and a blaze of bloom in May. After years of illness and worry, it was good to feel life coming back joyously in a kind of haven—or heaven—of roses.

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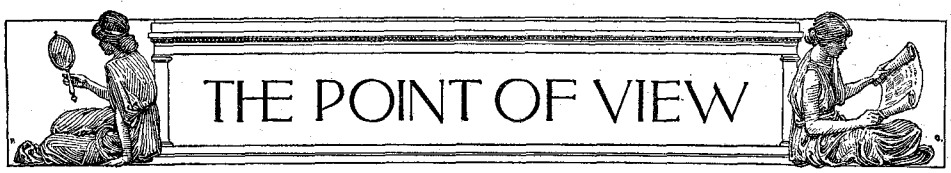

THERE is one good among the hundreds brought about by the recent war which, though not much in itself, may be counted as one of the benefits resulting from a necessary evil. The war has served to bring the airman down to earth, so to speak, and make him human. Heretofore the airman was a daredevil of the spectacular and professional variety, to be seen only rarely either as an attraction at an exposition or when representing some airplane manufacturing company at an aviation meet. But the recognition of aviation as a means of offense and defense in warfare has changed all that. The airplane caught the popular fancy; the airman became the modern hero.

How Does It "Feel" to Fly?

There was no difficulty in securing the necessary personnel from which to make aviators. The spectacular appeals to a young man. To be an aviator was the thing of the hour. The result was that aviators began to be seen more frequently. The training camps and stations turned them out, finished fliers, in a remarkably short time. People no longer turn in the streets to stare at a pair of gold, or silver, wings on somebody's breast.

However, non-flyers still look upon the flyer as something out of the ordinary, and will take a keen interest in meeting and talking to him. The first question asked is: "How does it 'feel' to fly?" His answer, if the question is asked by a lady, will probably come in the shape of thrilling stories. If the flier is a little tired and feels like clearing the thing a little more quickly, he will make a few straightforward statements to the effect that flying is very much like driving a car. Thrills can be found if sought, or hours can be spent in the air as monotonous as guiding a motor-truck along an uninteresting country road. There are thrills galore to be found in "stunt" flying. But the greater part of the airman's flights, especially if he is an instructor at a training station, are not orgies of stunting. They are countless, colorless, monotonous merry-go-rounds filled with exasperation and disgust.

However, there is something fascinating about the mere act of having flown which seems to create a change in the person having learned to fly, as seen through the eyes of that person's friends. The flier has acquired a something that makes him different. He has about him an indefinable and vague quality which causes him to be regarded in a new and entirely different light. He is not the same man.

But there is a deeper meaning in the question, "How does it 'feel' to fly?" than the questioner himself suspects. It has nothing to do with the sensations of flying, but deals directly with the actual "feel," the sense of feeling, of flying. This leads into what might be called the psychology of flying; the effect of flying on the flier; the effect of the flier's make-up or characteristics upon his flying.

Right here let me make a statement that will be disillusioning: The difference between a man before he can fly and after he has learned to fly is about the same as that in a man before he learns to drive a car and after.

The flier, of course, has different qualities from the car-driver, but he had these qualities before he learned to fly. Flying, in itself, did not produce any new qualities, it merely brought out those qualities which were latent in the flier before he took up flying. For that matter, the qualities might have been fully developed, it being merely a case of adapting those developed qualities to a new set of conditions.

What, then, are the qualities of a flier? What qualities go toward making an expert flier, and what qualities ruin a man for flying? Any one who could make a definite statement in answer to these questions would indeed be a valuable man to the government. He would be an infallible expert on man and human nature. Of course it can be predetermined to some extent, but to no degree of certainty.

An instructor of flying has a wonderful

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opportunity to make a study of human nature. In fact, in order to be a good instructor he must be able to size up a man to some degree of accuracy. It is interesting to see how the old theories formed by one work out. In some cases they are upheld, and in others are altogether upset. Innumerable conditions govern the simplest acts, and indications of the reactions to these conditions are sometimes hard to find in the face of a man.

I have known men, athletes, and with every mark of courage and determination upon them, give up in their attempts to learn to fly, while others, little men, altogether unimpressive in appearance and with what would seem to be weak faces, would prove to make most expert and daring fliers.

In this war, romance has played a big part. The love of adventure and excitement has drawn together a class of men from whose ranks most of the modern heroes have emerged. It is this type of man, the adventurer, who seems to make the best flier.

Flying is an entirely mechanical operation, if reduced to its simplest analysis. It can be figured out according to formulas; so much lift and so much drift, the L over D ratio of ground school-days. A certain speed must be maintained to remain in the air with a given machine. A bank of so many degrees may be used with perfect safety in a turn of a certain radius. A certain climbing angle can be maintained with an engine of so much power. But there is something about flying that marks the difference between the mechanical flier—the air chauffeur who can merely keep his machine in the air—and the flier who flies not according to rule but by "feel." It is the difference between the machine operator and the artist. It is the difference in the machine-made article and the work of art. It is the difference seen in the man who learns to ride through constant and painstaking practice and the born horseman.

There is a "feel" to the air that seems to come hard to some. Others sense it immediately and easily adapt themselves to it. To me it becomes plainer every day that the man who makes the good flier is the man with a bit of idealism about him. It is the man who seemed eccentric or "queer," who had a touch of the artist in him. Musicians, painters, dancers, those with a dash of devil-may-care and abandon, who have, at the same time, a mind that possesses keen judgment coupled with quick action. *Sensitive*, that is the word. It is the sensitive man who seems to have the touch and sense of balance that enables him to fly and perform manœuvres with the greatest of ease and without knowing exactly how he did them. He seems a part of the plane, and operates the controls instinctively so as to get the effect in his plane he desires without realizing or knowing the motions he used with the controls. He sees the plane in the position he wants it without having to visualize the effect of the different controls to get the final effect in the plane. But there are positions in flight, in which the controls act differently than they ordinarily would. In other words, the control is reversed, as is the case in the ailerons when "stalling," or the flippers of a seaplane when taxi-ing before a stiff wind. It is at such times as these that the reasoning faculties and quick action of the pilot must come into play.

These qualities the artistic type of man seems to have in as great a degree as any other type. Perhaps it is that he senses the different effect and "feels" it out, rather than really reasoning the thing step by step. It is the man who reasons things out step by step who, to my mind, does not make the good flier. The deep thinker, or, rather, the plodder, seems to do better in the engineering end of aeronautics than in the actual flying itself. It is this type of man who makes the ideal mechanic—the man who can design a plane or engine with mechanical exactitude. Perhaps it is because this man is always thinking of the different mechanical parts of a plane while flying. His mind is too much occupied in thinking of wires, struts, strains, etc., to allow him to devote much of his attention to the art of flying. Of course every flier must be on the alert to detect anything wrong with a machine in flight, but my experience has been that the man who is quick-witted can usually realize that something is wrong, and what is wrong, in time to make a decent landing somewhere if a landing is necessary. If a man were to concern himself about all the parts of a plane and examine the wings, wires, struts, etc., carefully before each flight, most of his time would be spent in examination and very little in aviation. It is much easier on a man, and the effect will

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be shown in his flying, when a plane can be accepted at its face value. The average mechanic in the service is a careful man. He can be trusted to keep a plane in good shape, not allowing it to be taken up unless it is in perfect order. If the flier were to worry about wires breaking, spars giving way, etc., the effect on his nerves would show itself in a very short time. He would soon worry himself into a state where he would be unable to fly.

The mechanical flier, the man who maintains level flight by lining up struts and rocker-arms, or by keeping the edges of the wings level with the horizon, is usually the man who is worrying about his plane. He is always expecting something to happen, and has not the confidence in his own ability to bring the plane out in case it actually does go wrong. As a result he is subjecting himself to a constant nervous tension that another flier does not experience. This man must check his flying with his eye. He does not trust his sense of balance, and as a result does not develop the instinct of flying by "feel." In a haze or fog, or even when in a machine where it is not possible for the pilot to see the edges of his wings, this man would be lost. It is a known fact among water-machine fliers that the man who learns to fly in an F-boat, where the flier has nothing obscuring his vision, or anything by which he can mechanically check up his levelness of flight, becomes the best flier, and can fly any other type of machine with ease. He has learned from the beginning to rely on his sense of balance, flying by "feel." As a consequence, this man has confidence in his ability to fly through a fog or at night.

This sense of balance is largely developed in horsemen. It is for this reason that, as a usual thing, good cross-country riders make good fliers. They have already developed that keen judgment and good sense of balance which is as well adapted to flying as to riding. It is this "feel" that flying instructors try to inculcate in the student flier—to have him acquire the knack of having operated several different controls with different motions, and yet have his mind free to observe what is going on about him. After a time, flying becomes an instinctive operation, and until that time arrives the flier is of no use as a pilot. He must be able to fly under the most trying conditions and at the same time give his attention to a map in the plane, the ground below, an adversary, or, as is the case in seagoing planes, to his compass and the surface of the water beneath. A submarine periscope makes but a slight trail in the water, and a keen eye is required to spot it.

I have heard people say that they can pick a flier from a crowd of men, or the good flier from a number of fliers. Personally, I doubt this. There is nothing in the appearance of a man which would indicate his being a flier, or his ability, if he is a flier. A poor flier may have just as "keen" a look (as I have heard it expressed), and just as much a dare-devil expression, as the crack. In fact, it often proves that the expert flier is a man who does not seem particularly interesting, as far as appearances go. Some interesting facts are going to come forth when the medical experts of the army and navy have completed the experiments on aviators and would-be aviators now being carried through. Of course one of the conclusions will be that any normal man can be taught to fly. The interesting point will be to see which type proves to make the best flier and which the poorest. Some types will tend toward acrobatics and "stunt" flying, others to conservative flight. I do not think that a man's actions, or behavior, out of a plane will be any indication of his behavior in a plane. I think that it will be found that the men who have been accustomed, throughout their lives, to excitement and irregularities will be found to be among the ranks of the good fliers. By good fliers I mean the men among whom there are fewest smashes and accidents, despite the fact that these same men are those who are always trying something new. To be sure, they get into scrapes, more so than do the others, but they always seem to be able to extricate themselves before the crash comes.

The plodder, the rule-by-thumb man, will be found to be among the conservative fliers. It may be that he has never had an accident. This is due more to the fact that he has never allowed himself to try things out that would put him in a position other than that of normal flight. It is this latter type of man who, when he does get into trouble through any fault not his own, does not seem able to help himself and loses entire control of the machine. His mind works by steps, if it works at all in moments like

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these, and by the time he has reached a conclusion, or just a little before that time, his falling plane has reached the ground or water, a crash resulting.

Desk-Ridden

THERE'S a certain commonplace fellow that I know who sits all day at his desk. He has a comfortable and regular job, this fellow, bending to his task a mind inclined through long usage to the grooves of Duty. The things that come under his hand he does, skilfully and faithfully, and at the end of his thirty days there's a check. Thus the days tick by, while a dusty grayness creeps back from his temples and fine little lines spread fanwise from the corners of his eyes.

He is clean as to the manner of his private life, this fellow, and he is happy with the thin, pale happiness of one who has never tasted bitterness on the wide ranges of experience.

But—and here's the pity of it—his ears, as he sits at his work through the drift of precious days, lift to the distant call of Romance ten thousand miles away, his nostrils quiver with the breath of perfumes coming down the centuries from age-old gardens of delight, and his eyes pierce the city's smoke to far-off reaches of silver beaches and the white sails of stately clippers plying up and down the world.

Almost as if he were confessing a secret vice he half-whispered something of these things one evening, fearful of my ridicule, and laughed with affected carelessness as he spoke. Yet I could see that he was opening to me an inner sanctuary—the men that one meets in the market-place do not so strip the soul; wherefore I was very gentle.

Beauty was a fetish with this man—the beauty of little things. He was horribly sensitive about symmetry, for example; he hated anything out of line, deformed, or abnormal—a picture hung aslant gave him "the willies"—things like that.

He had a way, he said, of watching the eyes of the people that passed in the street for the wonder of them. They kept drifting by, like pairs of beetles riding down the wind (he had read that simile somewhere, I think), until the effect was hypnotic. Watching them, block after block, their setting vanished like mist, until he saw nothing but eyes—legions of them drifting by forever and ever. He would watch, subconsciously, for a pair that didn't match, a gray eye and a blue together, for instance, and felt that if that ever occurred he would scream or go insane or something. In fact, he wasn't altogether certain that he wasn't crazy anyway. He wondered if I thought so.

I said I thought he was quite sane, that he lived his subconscious life more intensely, perhaps, than most men. He nodded. "But it is my real life," he said; "that's the queer thing about it. All this stuff"—his gesture collected all the dream dust he had been scattering—"is more real to me than the things I actually do—sleeping and eating and walking and eating and sleeping—the 'dreary intercourse of daily life.'"

I talked to him a long time; we argued. In the end I told him he ought to commercialize his dreams, and elaborated the notion for his benefit; and he shook his head and said he had hoped I wouldn't suggest anything so silly. "I can't even write a letter," he said.

This all befell a number of years ago. In the interval there have been long periods when Fate or Fortune has sent me racing over the planet with the dust of various affairs forever rising from my nervous heels. And always, returning to my own, I have found my meditative friend, desk-tethered, in the shackles of Habit, with the blue dreams of all the ages peopling the shafts of sunlight from his office window.

And somehow I feel that he will sit there until his candle gutters out, and I think that I would like to find the master key that would unlock to the world all the gardens in the hearts of desk-ridden men.

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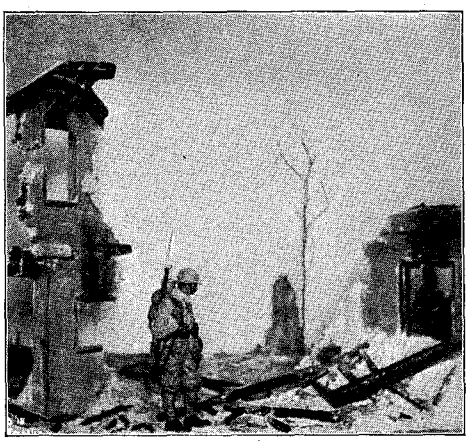
THE FIELD OF ART

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE ROUND

Dwight Franklin's Groups Modelled in Wax

HOW shall a great truth be brought home to every soul in the population? With faith in art as "a universal language," the Liberty Loan Committee for the district of New York lately cried aloud to the artists for their help in telling the tale of an immense national need. Finance appealing to Art! We were wrong if we had thought that this was just a bright fable from the mural painter's palette. We saw now that it was a fact of workaday life, bearing witness to a good understanding between two groups of citizens equal in loyalty to their country, but bringing different gifts for her use. The response of the artists to the bankers was glad and immediate. Their co-operation with the public-spirited men and women of the Fifth Avenue Association was whole-hearted. Thus the artists' plan and the merchants' purse together made a poem out of a thoroughfare, and people called that poem the Avenue of the Allies. It was verse which all who ran might read, a very visible epic, with its many-colored flame of flags against the sky, and its line upon line of pictured or sculptured war-history and war-prophecy meeting the passer's eye everywhere from the Altar of Liberty to the Plaza. United in a common appeal, these pictures and sculptures differed widely in technic, subject, and scale. Pictorial publicity experts say that certain small groups modelled in wax by Dwight Franklin, showing the dough-boy or poilu or Tommy in his daily life, attracted a universal attention not always given to some of the more majestic creations.



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"Home."

Mr. Franklin's groups are modestly dramatic illustrations in the round, each one sequestered within a mimic stage, the place of the proscenium arch being filled by a flat curtain of glass, or gauze, or both. The figures are modelled at a scale of an inch or so to the foot, and are colored and lighted in whatever way their author deems will give the maximum of pictorial enhancement with the minimum of loss in other qualities, such as historic detail or emotional appeal—qualities whose importance varies according to the special aim of each work. Note that the draperies are modelled and colored. To clothe these figures in scraps of actual fabric, inevitably out of scale, would be to turn them into dolls, and this is not Mr. Franklin's dream. The lighting is simple, yet highly important; an orange film or an azure film may make or mar.

Even quite hardened observers like myself paused before that group called Home, with its lone poilu sent back by the fortunes of war to his native village, and standing in heroic calm beside his ruined cottage. The light is cold; there is no gesture, no rhetoric, no breath of overstatement. The group confutes at least two of our ancient tribal misconceptions as to the French soul: first, that the Frenchman's *du calme* exists but for jocose ends, and second, that the French have no word in their language corresponding to our English word "home." But that is not the reason why we are moved by this fragment of drama. The reason is too long to tell, too complex to be untwined all at once out of that rugged and venerable arabesque where human secrets hide. Probably the oracles, far from being dumb, will

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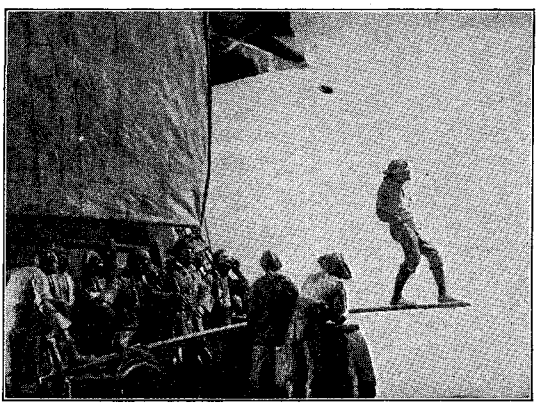
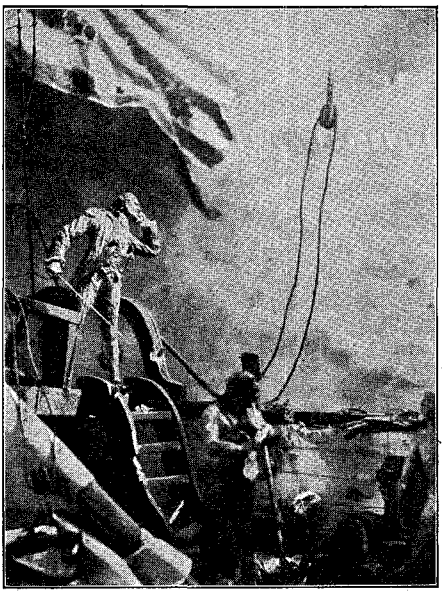
tell us that Mr. Franklin's media, borrowed freely from many arts, sympathetically convey an extraordinary sense of tactile values. I heard one of them stammering something of the sort, and I took it to mean just this: that the passer pauses before a window, and on seeing behind the glass a solitary soldier in sad case, suddenly finds himself saying, half aloud, "'Soldier, soldier, home from the wars,' little soldier whom I could hold in the hollow of my hand but for this window-pane between us, soldier with your little tin hat that I could pass my finger all around, and your heavy pack that I could easily lift off, how would I feel if I were in your place? *Allons, dis-moi, p'tit poilu, toi si brave, toi si fort,*" yes, long before you know it you are instinctively saying *toi* to him; not that you feel his dignity the less, but his sorrow the more. And perhaps the fact that Mr. Franklin's figures are *little* creatures, so small that you naturally say *toi* to them, helps to make their appeal more engaging and more intimate. They are "pictures in three dimensions," to be sure, but those dimensions are so far from being formidable! Mr. Franklin believes, from his seven years' experience in modelling animal groups for our American Museum of Natural History, that more people are "reached" through the small groups than through those built on a grander scale; just as there are many persons who can honestly clasp the Tanagra figurines to their hearts, but who sidle away as if feeling a draft in the presence of full-grown masterpieces, the progenitors and even prototypes of those pleasing Tanagréennes.



Pirates.
Walking the plank.



Paul Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard.*

The screen of glass which Mr. Franklin places before his groups lends atmosphere to what otherwise might be too precise an assemblage of forms. It unrealizes mere reality. It even invests his scenes with something of that sense of dream which broods over all the poignant happenings of our actual world. What Nature does in kindness, Art may do in craft; always with care, however, and never with a heavy hand, since the artist will do well not to abuse with many veils his godlike privilege of showing to you a mystery. The honestly dramatic opportunities of the theme itself are surely not to be neglected. In that pair of groups which might be named Piracy, Old and New, a world of dramatic suspense hangs over both the sinner at the plank's end and the innocent hospital ship. Again, dramatic tension plays phosphorescent around the figure of Paul Jones, flaming spirit of the *Bon Homme Richard,* and dramatic interest envelops all the actors in the group called Kamerad, in honor of that sly *salutamus* which to-day connotes for us not so much "we who are about to die" as "we who are

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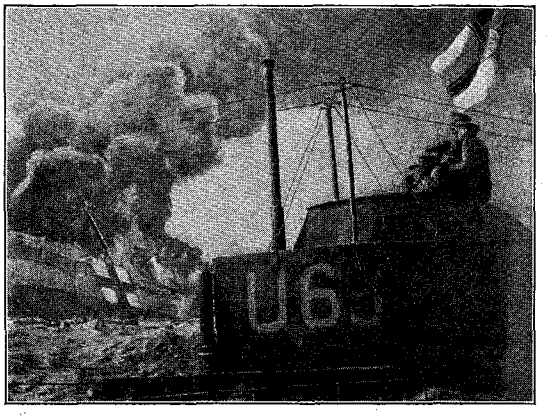
about to kill, if we can." It is a conflict; which will win, the towering man with the bayonet or the cowering man with the bomb? And those stretcher-bearers, will they arrive in time, even if they arrive at all? A wounded marine stood looking at that group. One could understand the long intensity of his gaze. A moment later he was telling his mate: "The man who made that was *there*, or else he had the hell of an imagination."



Pirates.
German U-boat sinking a hospital ship.

Besides these works of emotional appeal lately used by our Liberty Loan Committee and then in the hands of the kindred organization in Canada, Mr. Franklin has created a host of groups, beast and man, which are being studied with enthusiasm by teachers and classes in many museums. His subjects range from the polar bear to the fireside kitten, and of course include apeman, caveman, Bedouin, buckskin man, Afghans, vikings, and many other actors in the drama of ethnology. On a little eminence between zoology and propaganda are the three groups in the Metropolitan Museum. One shows a mediæval monk illuminating a manuscript; another represents the narthex of Santa Sophia, rich in color, with a delightful imperial procession; while the third, perhaps the most finished example of Mr. Franklin's unique craftsmanship, is a model of the banqueting-hall of Penshurst Castle, with lord and lady, page and steward, jester, forester, and man-at-arms. Everything is just as it used to be in the Middle Ages, as far as research may now declare; where research has faltered, romance has happily put in her word. It is no small triumph to have made such a model for such a museum, and to have satisfied alike a learned directorate, a prosperous adult public, and a battalion of story-hour school children, future guides of our destiny in art.

Museums have always known the value of the architectural model as an object of intellectual interest. To-day, with a still broader view, they show models so designed as to be of emotional interest also. In the near past, any pedagogue might hale an innocent child before the great white cast, and say: "Child, this is from a narthex. I show it to you for your own good. It will teach you to appreciate architecture." Out of one hundred children so treated, ninety-nine and nine-tenths perished miserably, as far as their appreciation of architecture was concerned. And though the remaining one-

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"Kamerad."

tenth of a child recovered, and is to-day in Washington erecting temporary buildings (at least we hope they are temporary). with the sure and happy touch born of his infant encounter with the narthex, still it has been felt that this percentage of recovery

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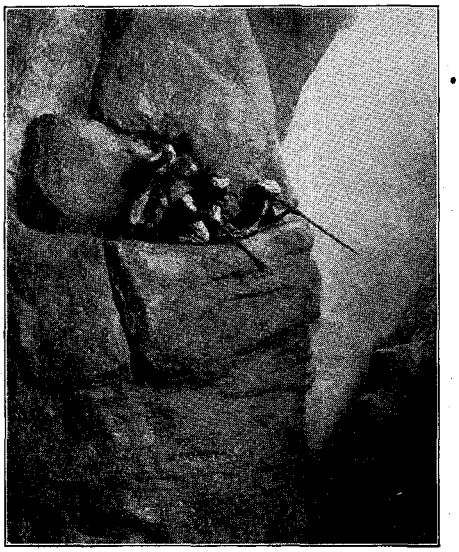
is too low, too low! Hence Mr. Franklin. To make a model as complete as the Santa Sophia, or the still more alluring Penshurst, a man must be sculptor, painter, carpenter, moulder, stage-director, and, indeed, a very Viollet-le-Duc of a fellow when it comes to window-traceries and open timbers, surcoats, pole-arms, and all "the mediæval grace of iron clothing." But even though he could thus turn a Protean hand to many trades, and still had not the paramount gift of a loving imagination, his sin of omission would find him out. So would the story-hour school children.



"Afghans."
In the Children's Museum, Brooklyn.

The Feast of the Vikings.
In the Museum, University of Illinois.

Some one has just solemnly asked me (I had a hope the question might be spared) whether these story-telling groups are to be classed as *fine art*. With equal gravity I am moved to reply, quoting the curt young lady who lately sold me a rain-coat: "There is no guarantee." If we were discussing sandpaper or sugar, combs or saws, the case would be different; one could then speak positively as to fineness and the degree of it, 00 or A1. And I confess I have often been revolted a little by the false finery of that phrase of ours, fine art. There is even something grossly illiberal in the implications we allow it. So much the worse for us if those implications have in any way strengthened our art students (or ourselves) in the foolish thought that "fine art" is something consecrated solely to pictures, statues, cathedrals, and so not to be expected in army badges, dining chairs, or calicoes. Yet the fault is not in our words but in ourselves if we make false standards from them. The French, in using their phrase "Beaux Arts," do not suggest an ignoble line of demarcation separating fine art from industrial art, but take for granted a spirit of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, between artist and craftsman. So much the better for France in her dawning day of industrial rebuilding. Meanwhile, we can at least assure our anxious questioner that in the French Salon des Beaux Arts intelligent visitors give serious attention to small models of stage sets with their accessories, even when these models lack the added lure of players well bestowed, such as these gallant little figures by Mr. Franklin. As to Art's not telling a story, ah, well, that prohibition is only one layer in a rich impasto of colossal *verbotens* which the critic in his unhappy hours puts up in the way of the creator. Who minds such things nowadays?

ADELINE ADAMS.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 24.

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THE NEW DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

A NECESSITY FOR FOREIGN TRADE

By Gerhard M. Dahl
Vice-President, the Chase National Bank, New York

DOLLAR diplomacy has been a term of reproach directed at those who would utilize our national diplomacy to further our economic progress. Our antebellum insularity served to shield us from the logical disaster of this critical attitude. But with the change in our political and economic relations with the rest of the world, our hope of playing a conspicuous part in the world's commerce, as well as our domestic prosperity, will be seriously impaired, if not entirely destroyed, unless there is created a New Dollar Diplomacy frankly designed to promote our economic development. This does not imply the growth of our trade and the increase of our national wealth by unfair or grasping methods or at the expense of others. It must mean a recognition of the fact that between nations as between individuals there may exist friendly trade and competition with beneficial results to both competitors. Neither the idealism of the American people nor the higher standard of business ethics achieved as the result of a developed public conscience should be sacrificed to dollar diplomacy, for they can and should go hand in hand.

A number of years ago Mr. Hartley Withers, in a consideration of international commerce, divided the nations of the world into three classes: first, those young and growing nations which need large amounts of capital for the development of their resources and, therefore, borrow abroad more than they loan abroad and, consequently, have an adverse balance of trade; second, those further-developed nations which pay in export of goods more annually than their interest charges on their debt abroad, and so have a favorable balance of trade, and, third, those most highly developed nations which loan capital abroad but collect more interest annually on their accumulated foreign loans than they loan abroad. They have an adverse balance of trade or an excess of visible imports, because goods are sent to them to meet interest charges.

Canada is an illustration of the first class, the United States before the war of the second, and England, France, and Belgium of the third. Sir George Paish estimated that before the war England had invested abroad approximately some seventeen and one-half billion dollars, on which amount England ought to receive some nine hundred million dollars a year interest. It was also estimated that England loaned abroad about eight hundred million dollars a year, leaving a balance of about one hundred million dollars a year to be paid in goods.

Our country has emerged from the second class into the third, first, by repurchasing from Europe some four billion dollars of our securities and, second, by loaning to Europe some ten billion dollars.

England has been for years the greatest banking, shipping, and foreign investing nation in the world. We, as a nation, must now elect whether to continue along this road of international economic relations into which the war has led us or to return to our former insularity. If we would go forward we must first meet the acute needs of a war-devastated world for our goods and our credit. Of the two, credit is probably the greater and more urgent need. At the conclusion of the Civil War there existed a great reservoir of investment credit in England, France, and Holland, and this reservoir was liberally resorted to for financing the rapid and expanding development of our great natural resources. These old and highly developed countries became our creditors for vast sums, and we continued as their debtor until our war-created prosperity

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enabled us to repurchase our securities. The Civil War credit reservoirs have been depleted, and this nation now is confronted with the necessity of supplying the vast immediate credit requirements of those nations which have suffered most and have relatively exhausted the credit resources of their own people, and also of those young and growing neutral countries which have heretofore sold their securities in England, France, and Belgium. The credits here spoken of are not bank credits—not short-term credits for the movement of goods which are self-liquidating, but long-term credits or investments outside the scope of ordinary banking.

There is certain indispensable machinery for any permanent successful foreign-trade policy. We must have commercial banking facilities, shipping facilities, and the American investor must learn to put his savings into foreign government, railroad, public-utility, manufacturing, and other sound enterprises. It might be possible for us to elect to exist and be reasonably prosperous without any great expansion of our foreign commerce. We might not feel any moral obligation toward the rest of the world permanently to develop our foreign trade. We might consider the question solely as an economic one in which we can pursue our own broadest selfish interest. But the present acute needs of the Allied peoples presents a moral obligation, and the only way in which we can in any measure discharge this obligation is by extending our credit and investing our capital abroad.

The greater part of our loans thus far have been made by our government to other governments. To some small extent, American capital has been invested in the securities of European governments. But hardly to any extent have we invested in their railroad, utility, and industrial securities. Our government has recognized its duty to make advances directly to the Allied governments. The American investor holds the obligation of the American Government, and the American Government in turn the obligation of England, France, or Italy. The needs of these countries will continue, but the place of the government must be taken by private capital in both countries. Therefore, the railroad, utility, manufacturing, and other securities of these and other countries must be marketed directly in the United States to the American investor. And that involves a governmental policy on our part. To a certain extent, and within reasonable limits, the American Government must support the American investor. These are obligations of all of our people, and all of our people cannot ask some of our people to meet this obligation without assuming a measure of responsibility. Aside from the moral obligation, the economic benefits inure to the nation as a whole, and a public opinion must be created understanding that the healthy development of our foreign commerce—directly dependent upon such foreign investments—will serve not only to give a return to the investor, profit for the manufacturer, the banker, or the merchant, but will also contribute largely and directly to the prosperity of the small merchant, the laboring man, and the farmer.

American commercial banking facilities have been, during the past few years, extended to a great many foreign countries. Branches have been established and corporations organized for the purpose of doing an international banking business. A discount company has been organized in New York. The bankers are eager to meet their responsibility and to contribute their part toward the building up of our national commerce in so far as they can do so with safety to their depositors. Of course it is not easy to displace London as the financial centre of the world. We have yet a long road to travel before the popular supposition in that regard can be realized. An editorial from one of the leading daily papers in New York, of December 29, 1918, said, among other things: "World trade was financed in London because British shipping focused at the British Isles. Soon American shipping will focus on our coasts, and the financing will be done here." It is not so easy as it sounds. Shipping has had something to do with financing world trade in London, but not everything. Just what the writer means by ships being "focused" on our coast I do not know, but this editorial illus-

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trates the chief danger to the American people at the present time, namely, an assumption that world commerce and world finance will drop into our laps in the very nature of things. England's banking system is the most elastic in the world. English bankers have had years of training and experience in foreign banking and investments. London has created a ready discount and acceptance market, and a draft on London has been accepted anywhere in the world. Before the war London was the only financial centre a draft on which carried with it the certainty of ready convertibility into gold, and so London's prestige as the great banking centre of the world is difficult to compete with.

There will be many opportunities for Americans to invest in foreign securities at attractive rates and in reasonably safe enterprises, contingent only upon the attitude of those of our people who are not foreign investors toward those who are. Foreign investors and those engaged in foreign trade must not be sneered at as dollar chasers. The strong arm of the government must reach out to protect against deliberate confiscation the American who invests his money in foreign enterprises or who goes into foreign countries to promote our trade. England's experience in reselling us our own securities is the most striking illustration in the history of the world of the value of foreign investments. The investor has an unsentimental habit of inquiring as to the probable return on his investment and the certainty of recovering his principal. Is there not a well-grounded suspicion that American public sentiment has been hostile to business for a number of years past, and is it not inevitable that if such hostility continues we cannot be a factor in the commerce of the world? American business, handicapped and shackled by hostile government action and critical public sentiment, cannot compete with foreign business supported, aided, and in some cases subsidized by foreign governments.

While we have been assuming our permanent predominance in the world's commerce, other countries have been acting. Great Britain has created a state subsidy of $250,000 a year for ten years as an aid to the British Italian Corporation, Ltd., a private company with a capital of $5,000,000 subscribed by twenty British and colonial banks and private banking-houses and other British firms together with the Credito Italiano of Milan, Italy. This corporation has for its objects the development of the economic relations between the British Empire and the Kingdom of Italy and advertises that it is prepared to consider business propositions requiring such financial assistance as is outside the general practice of ordinary banks. This financial assistance is the extension of credit for longer time than the usual banking credit and also the floating of permanent investments. The British Government recognizes the importance of this kind of financial assistance in developing foreign commerce. Among the banks owning the British Italian Corporation are Lloyds Bank, Ltd., with deposits of $1,500,000,000, and the London County, Westminster & Parr's Bank, Ltd., with deposits of $1,250,000,000. Can the reader imagine the reception which would be given any member of Congress in Washington who would dare suggest that a private corporation, owned by the leading banks and banking-houses in the United States, should be subsidized by the United States Government? Probably a committee in lunacy would be appointed. I am not suggesting that a subsidy should be granted to an American company, but I am pointing out the competition business will have to meet and that, at least, in the absence of subsidies it should not have hostility but encouragement and protection.

Primarily, our foreign trade would seem to depend upon our skill and capacity in producing goods. Without any particular stimulus we must and will produce raw materials such as wheat, cotton, copper, coal, etc., and we must manufacture our own raw materials into finished products instead of shipping them abroad, there to be manufactured by our competitors and resold to us. The production of raw material is the simplest part of our foreign-trade problem. The encouragement and development of our manufactures are important, but the most difficult part of the problem is the crea-

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tion and maintenance of the machinery of transportation and credit. The manufacturers can produce and, under the Webb Bill, passed by Congress in the pursuit of an enlightened policy in dealing with our foreign trade, they can create co-operative organizations for selling. The Department of State can negotiate treaties, the Department of Commerce may gather and disseminate information, and the Federal Reserve Board may exercise financial supervision. But all of the foregoing combined cannot create for us success in trading in the markets of the world without an efficient transportation and credit system nor without a national sentiment appreciating the problem, eager to overcome the difficulties and free from the petty envious fear that some one may profit out of the co-ordinated result.

In all of the discussions dealing with the development of our foreign trade during the past few years the importance of supplying our own transportation facilities has been emphasized. We must have American-owned ships. Success in trade, after all, depends on service, and if our competitor transports not only his own goods but ours, he will invariably give preferential rates, terms of shipment, and speedy deliveries to traders of his own country and discriminate against our merchants and manufacturers. We have to meet and compete with the economic nationalism of other peoples. This war has created and is still creating an American-owned merchant marine, the chief part of it now the property of the American Government. In the meantime the government has commandeered privately owned American ships. Shall the government enter permanently the field of shipping? Shall it own and itself operate the American merchant marine? If so, what is to become of the privately owned ships it has commandeered? Shall they be turned back to their American owners and relegated to competition with their own government? Shall we sell our government-built ships to private capital with the hope or expectation that private capital can operate them in competition with the ships of other nations? But other nations grant subsidies. Will the American people do so? But even in the absence of subsidies, can privately owned American ships compete with foreign shipping under the La Follette Seaman's Act, which imposes a higher standard of wages and a higher standard of accommodations upon American ships than is imposed upon foreign ships? Already shipyards in the United States are idle because the government will not permit the construction of steel ships for foreign account. Private capital in the United States cannot engage in building ships for private account because of doubt as to the policy of our government and the fear of practical confiscation through government competition.

Our future prosperity is dependent upon world-wide economic forces which must be appraised correctly and realistically, and upon our proper understanding of them and of their just utilization will depend the continued employment of labor in the mills and shops throughout the country. The war has put an end to our traditional policy of political as well as financial isolation, and may we not assume that hereafter the American investor in foreign enterprises will receive the protection and co-operation of his government? With the assurances from our government that such protection and co-operation would be given the American people—the small and large investor—the millions who invested in Liberty Bonds during the past eighteen months will be prepared to invest their future savings in foreign securities; such securities would but represent the credits our country must grant to the nations associated with us in the war to enable them to pay us for our manufactures and materials required by them for the reconstruction of their devastated lands and crippled industries, as well as to the friendly neutral nations to permit the development of their natural resources. This in brief is the underlying principle and creed of The New Dollar Diplomacy which can and should be fostered through the close and hearty co-operation of our government and the millions of American investors.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

ENTERING THE NEW ECONOMIC ERA

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

NOTHING in the period which has elapsed since Germany's surrender, the signing of the armistice, and the termination of the war, has been more characteristic than the matter-of-fact composure with which the world has accepted the new and vitally changed situation. It is a fairly safe guess, however, that experience has been much the same when other great wars of the past came to an end. The histories do not usually tell us about that. Occupied as they are apt to be with the narrative of what happened to kings and parliaments, and interesting themselves with the course of every-day life or of financial markets only when popular revolt or financial panic gave spectacular evidence of the tendencies of the day, they make it hard to draw comparisons.

At the End of a Great War

The Englishman, Thomas Tooke, almost the sole economic writer on the aftermath of the long wars with Napoleon, describes for us, in his almost contemporary narrative, the precipitous fall in prices of materials when peace returned. He tells with emphasis of the "general depression in the value of all fixed property," of the "losses and failures among the agricultural and commercial and manufacturing and mining and shipping and building interests, which marked that period as one of most extensive suffering and distress." But he is also careful to explain that these phenomena represented in large part "a recoil from the extravagant speculation in exportable commodities"—a condition which, though it existed with us in 1916, did not exist in 1918. But even so, he gives no picture of the manner in which the social and business world of that day adjusted itself to the sudden transition from twenty years of war to the new surrounding circumstances of prolonged peace.

YET the mood and attitude of the public then, as in the later episode of 1865, must have been much the same as that which we of the twentieth century have been witnessing. It is war conditions, after all, which are abnormal and difficult to realize; the instinct of the whole community is to plunge at once and with redoubled energy into the peace-time problems. Even in the war establishment itself, there are few men nowadays to complain, like Jane Austen's naval officers, at the blighting of their career by an untimely peace. With the general public, the return to every-day affairs is as natural as the diversion of attention from the war bulletins of a few weeks ago to the returning transport ships; to the parade in the harbor or down the city's main thoroughfare, the disbanding of the "war boards," the releasing of the army and navy recruits of war-time to the civilian pursuits which they are now impatient to resume. With the business community, the shifting of interest is bound to be even more instantaneous and even more in the natural and ordinary course of things.

Settling Down to "Peace Problems"

It is safe to conjecture that the English merchants and bankers of 1815 accepted the new situation quite as if it had come on a scheduled date. We know by the record how promptly and enthusiastically our own Northern business community of half a century later busied itself with its postponed plans for the country's industrial development. Probably we should find, if we had a proper narrative of the attitude of the European people when even the Thirty Years' War was over, that they accepted the situation as if they

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had been reckoning on it all along. Undoubtedly, the merchants and the bankers and the peasants made haste to get down to the pressing business necessitated by return of peace.

It is not then surprising that, when financial and industrial problems have so paramount a place in the public mind as they undeniably possess to-day, the momentous events in political and military history which crowded on one another's heels in October and November should all be tacitly accepted as part of what has been destined to happen, and that everybody should now be talking of other things. This is experience which is bound to come to all who participate in an era of epoch-making history.

A dreamer of September, who might by chance have imagined the surrender of Alsace by Germany without a fight or a defeat, the exile of the Kaiser, the sailing of Germany's battle-fleet to the Firth of Forth to give itself up without resistance, and the taking over of the Imperial German palaces and of the German Government by tradesmen's sons selected by the proletariat, would possibly also have imagined an outside world so stunned by the bewildering spectacle that it did not know which way to turn. All these things have happened, but the community at large now looks back at them much as it does at the fiasco of Gallipoli, the collapse of Rumania, the partition of Russia. It takes them as logical episodes of the great drama which we now see must have ended as it did end. The practical question is, What next?

Opinion of Financial Experts

AT the end of December the newspapers put the usual queries to important men of affairs, economists, and public men, asking what they looked for in the immediate economic future of this country. The answers were striking. In one of these lists, out of thirty responses by men in positions favoring practical knowledge of prevalent conditions, all but one predicted prosperity in the United States, and the one who dissented did not foretell hard times, but merely a prolonged period of reaction, with more or less discomfort and uncertainty but no actual uneasiness. All agreed, however, that prices of goods must go lower. All admitted that a more or less awkward period of readjustment, with a good deal of industrial and commercial confusion, must accompany the decline.

But all of them also held that the fall in prices could not be precipitous or commercially disastrous. All believed that the deferred requirements of consumers, home and foreign, were so great that they could not wait indefinitely, and at some point in the decline would have to re-enter the market as buyers in quantity. Some of them thought this post-bellum prosperity could not safely be predicted for more than four or five years ahead. The quite unanimous consensus of judgment was, that when the perplexing and troublesome "transition period" was over, conditions in all respects fitting the old-time definition of "normal prosperity" would be restored. To the question, What were the facts which made for confidence in the American economic future? the array of separate answers was astonishing. Ranging all the way from the spirit of the American business man to our war-time repurchase of our foreign obligations, from the new and scientific American banking system to the country's immense available resources of those things which the outside world must have at once and at any price, the note of reaction or despondency was not once sounded.

In the field of business itself, the process of readjustment began with unexpected promptness. During a week or two the idea was somewhat prevalent that the regulatory power of the government's War Industries Board over maximum and minimum prices might be extended far enough along to moderate the shock of reversion to the new order of things. But that was not to be. Barely a month after the signing of the armistice a general committee of the steel manufacturers—whose products had been notably subject to war-time regulation—went to Washington with proposals of a gradual reduction which they expected to ask the Industries Board officially to enforce.

The Board refused to act; replied that its tenure of office would be terminated by itself on January 1, and notified the millmen that they might fix their own prices

(Continued on page 46, *following*)

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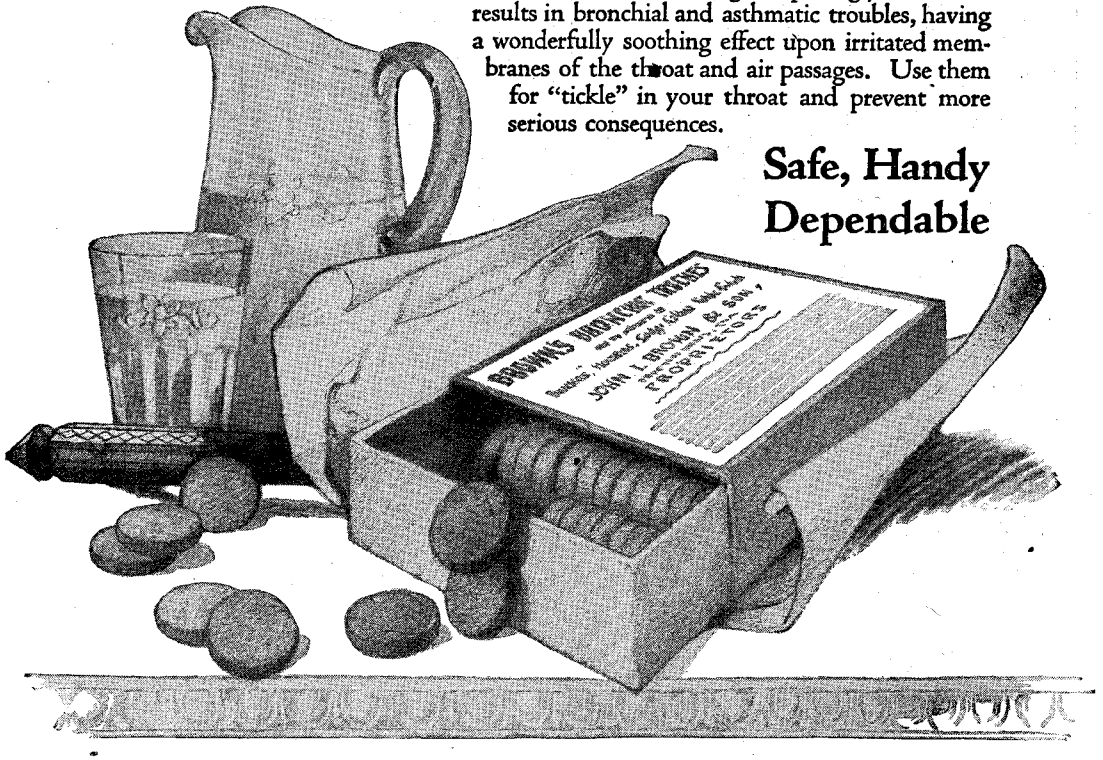

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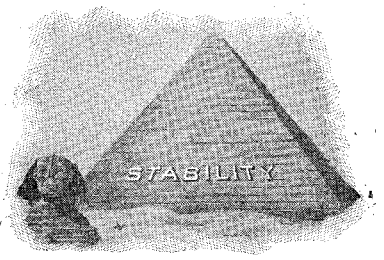

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for all future contracts. Voluntary reduction of nearly 10 per cent in prices for such products followed. This action of the War Board, and the general contentment of the industry with the verdict, showed how little of real apprehension existed.

TO the government's taking of its hands off of regulation of prices, production, and industry, there were, however, three rather notable exceptions, all arising from circumstances peculiar to themselves. The government could not retire with similar promptness from control of food production. It could not relinquish operation of the railways. It actually added, even after the armistice, to the responsibilities assumed in its belated acquisition, last July, of the telegraphs and telephones.

Questions of "Government Control"

To grain-producers the United States Government, months ago, had guaranteed a price of $2.20 per bushel for wheat from the 1919 harvest. Farmers, after their fashion, grumbled because $2.50 was not granted, and some protests were heard, even at Washington, from Western congressmen. Yet the $2.20 price was abnormally high. Wheat had never commanded $2.00 a bushel in Chicago at any time between 1868 and 1917, except on "corner days" in the Board of Trade, and even then the speculators, not the farmers, got the benefit of the abnormal prices, whereas the Food Board's price was a guarantee to the producer. No such price would ever have been named by Washington, but for the paramount necessity of stimulating wheat production during the short supplies of our Allies in the last years of the war.

The resultant situation soon developed some curious aspects. Under the stimulus of the guarantee, farmers in the "winter wheat belt" planted this past autumn 6,700,000 more acres than the year before; an increase of nearly 16 per cent over the largest previous achievement. The season which immediately followed planting was the most favorable in sixteen years. On the face of those conditions, the Department of Agriculture in December stated the possibility of a harvest 200,000,000 bushels greater than a year ago, surpassing all precedent in American production.

RESULTS may not wholly bear out that forecast. But supposing a total wheat crop larger than the thousand million bushels of 1915 to be harvested, government must still redeem its guarantee and pay the $2.20 price to American producers. If home and foreign demand for wheat continues so far urgent that consumers will pay that price as they have paid the similarly regulated price of 1918, well and good. In any case, government can still control the price which must be paid for American consumption.

Guaranteeing the Price of Wheat

But if the price declines on foreign markets,

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then the government would not only have to stop the sale in the United States, say of wheat from Canada and Australia, but it would have to assume on its own account the loss arising from its sale of the country's surplus wheat to Europe, at a figure less than the guaranteed $2.20. Nobody at the moment knows how this problem will work out. The outcome will depend on the needs of the consuming world in 1919; on the extent to which normal grain production is resumed in Russia, on the Danube, and in western Europe; on the restoration or continued shortage in facilities for ocean transportation. The chances are, at any rate, strongly against return to normal conditions during the next twelve months.

WITH the railways an equally anomalous situation was presented at the ending of the war. What would have happened to railway rates or railway wages, if the properties had never been taken over for war-time government operation, no one can surely know. What has actually happened since that assumption of control is an average addition of 50 per cent to passenger fares and of 25 per cent to freight rates; the resultant increased income being, however, so far superseded by addition of fully $300,000,000 to the wage scale that, even now, a great part of the companies are not meeting expense of operation plus the charges on their debt. As matters stand, investors in the railway securities are protected by governmental guarantee of income equal to the average earned in the three years before our country went to war. This public operation and guarantee may continue under the terms of the Railway Control Act, until twenty-one months after peace has been formally proclaimed; which would possibly extend them up to the end of 1920.

But the administration has the right to terminate the present status at an earlier date. Therefore three possibilities arose—continuance of public control until the stipulated date, with new legislation in the meantime which would place financial safeguards on the return of the properties to private operation, or extension of the period of control, or public purchase, and future operation of the roads as a government monopoly.

The Railways and the Government

Popular dislike to such absolute governmental control, heightened by discontent over the quality of railway service given at the greatly increased rates under Washington's operation of the lines, leads to belief that the third recourse will not be adopted. The certainty, in case of purchase by the government, of huge increase of the public debt on that account, and at the moment when the problems of our existing war debt were pressing for solution, served equally to influence opinion.

Yet the existing situation is perplexing to a high degree; it is already a heavy burden on the national balance-sheet; its solution, in one way or another, cannot be very long delayed. So also of the present administration of telegraphs and tele-

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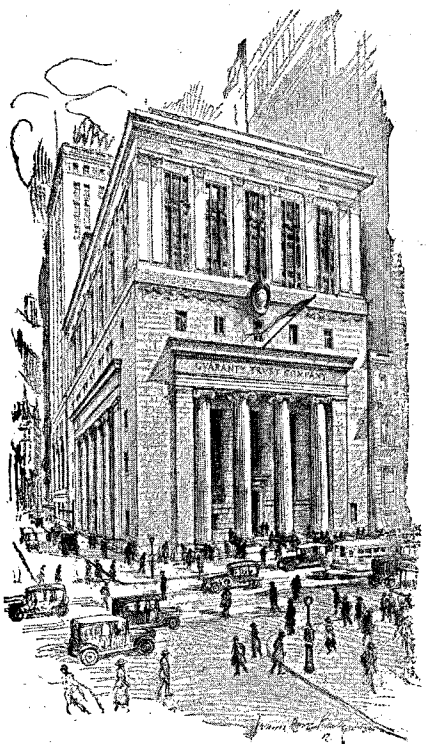

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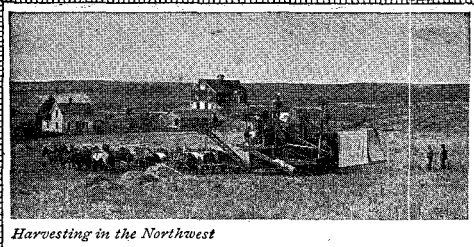

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phones by the Post-Office Department, the government's acquisition of the ocean cables also, after the war was virtually over, and the Postmaster-General's subsequent open indorsement of the plan of public ownership. Here, too, the question of ultimate restoration or of perpetual state control is an inevitable battle-ground. The public voice has yet to make itself heard distinctly in regard to all these questions. It will certainly not assent to reversion to such outworn restrictions or absence of restriction as formerly existed with the railways, the wire communications, or the grain trade. The trend of popular sentiment on the present railway situation, no less than the manifest popular attitude regarding control of prices, fails to indicate enthusiasm for outright state control. But if this is true, then the legislative problem, of combining extended and enlightened public supervision with guaranteed private operation, is the one solution left.

The attitude of American financial markets toward these successive developments, like their attitude toward the political events in Europe, was clearly one of suspended judgment. That prices on the Stock Exchange should on the whole have drifted slowly toward a lower level was perhaps merely recognition of the fact that the good news of returning peace was now in the background and that those who looked ahead saw only immediate uncertainties. Yet even the Stock Exchange failed to show actual despondency or consternation. It merely seemed to be awaiting actual developments.

Eastern Europe's Paper Inflation

NONE of the markets, home or foreign, appeared to pass judgment on the European economic future. In financial circles of western Europe it was pretty clearly evident that opinion was suspended until the nature of the final peace terms should be known. But conditions in eastern and central Europe were in one essential matter adding complications to an already deeply involved economic situation. That Russia under the Bolshevik régime should have incurred for 1918 a public deficit estimated at $15,000,000,000 to $20,000,000,000, that this deficit should be mainly met by increased paper-money issues, and that such paper currency should have increased more than $15,000,000,000, leaving an outstanding total five times as large as the French assignats of 1795, was not surprising. Apparently, it pointed only to ultimate partial or complete repudiation, such as marked the revolutionary experiment of France.

But in Germany also—at the moment when her national bank was disgorging gold from its reserve to pay back the Russian indemnity and the loot from the Belgian banks—an almost equally formidable paper inflation suddenly got under way. During December, published statements of the Reichsbank reported new issues of currency by the bank running up to $200,000,000 weekly, almost as high a figure as the Bank of

Financial Situation, continued on page 52

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BEHIND
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All applications must come only from fields and correspondents approved by the Company after rigid expert investigation.

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Financial Situation, continued from page 50

Russia's output under the Kerensky government. In the two and a half months following Germany's first note of submission on October 6, almost $1,000,000,000 was added to the German Bank's outstanding circulation.

In December that circulation reached a total figure (nearly $5,000,000,000) which barely failed of doubling the total of a year before. It was ten times the outstanding paper circulation of July, 1914, and meantime the issues of war-time currency at the German "Loan Banks," which were close to $3,000,000,000 at the opening of last October, increased $275,000,000 in the ensuing month. The nature of Russia's currency experiment was plain enough. But what was to be said of this prodigiously rapid inflation in the Germany of old-time scientific banking and economic efficiency?

The Indemnity from Germany

THAT question interweaved itself in a very extraordinary way with one of the first political problems of the hour. It was entirely inevitable that the question of the indemnity on Germany should assume a foremost place as soon as the problems of settlement for the war came up for consideration. If it were said that the proposition of exacting money damages from a defeated antagonist has in it (as a whole world has recognized since 1871) something a bit ignoble, the answer was at hand. The circumstances under which Germany conducted and lost this war had been unlike the circumstances which surrounded any other campaign or series of campaigns in modern civilization. Even Bismarck's ransom of $1,000,000,000 on prostrate France, nearly half a century ago, was imposed at a moment when whatever of physical ruin and devastation had occurred was the work not of the French in Germany but of the Germans in France.

There was a plausible-sounding argument to the effect that, since Napoleon III had actually declared war and since he had therefore forced Prussia to fight, he and his nation ought to be mulcted as a consequence. The world was not aware, for many decades afterward, that the declaration of war by the Paris government was a result achieved through the clear purpose and treacherous machination of the government at Berlin. But whatever might have been the merits of that question, the 5,000,000,000 francs imposed by Bismarck represented in no sense reparation or restitution, but a punitive indemnity, exacted by the victor because the enemy was at his mercy. The original demand for a war indemnity from Russia, urged by the delegates of victorious Japan in 1905 at Portsmouth, was similarly based on other considerations than damage or destruction by the enemy on Japanese soil. If it had been, then the opposition to such terms by the United States and other neutral governments, and the consequent withdrawal of the indemnity stipulation by the Mikado, would in all probability not have occurred at all.

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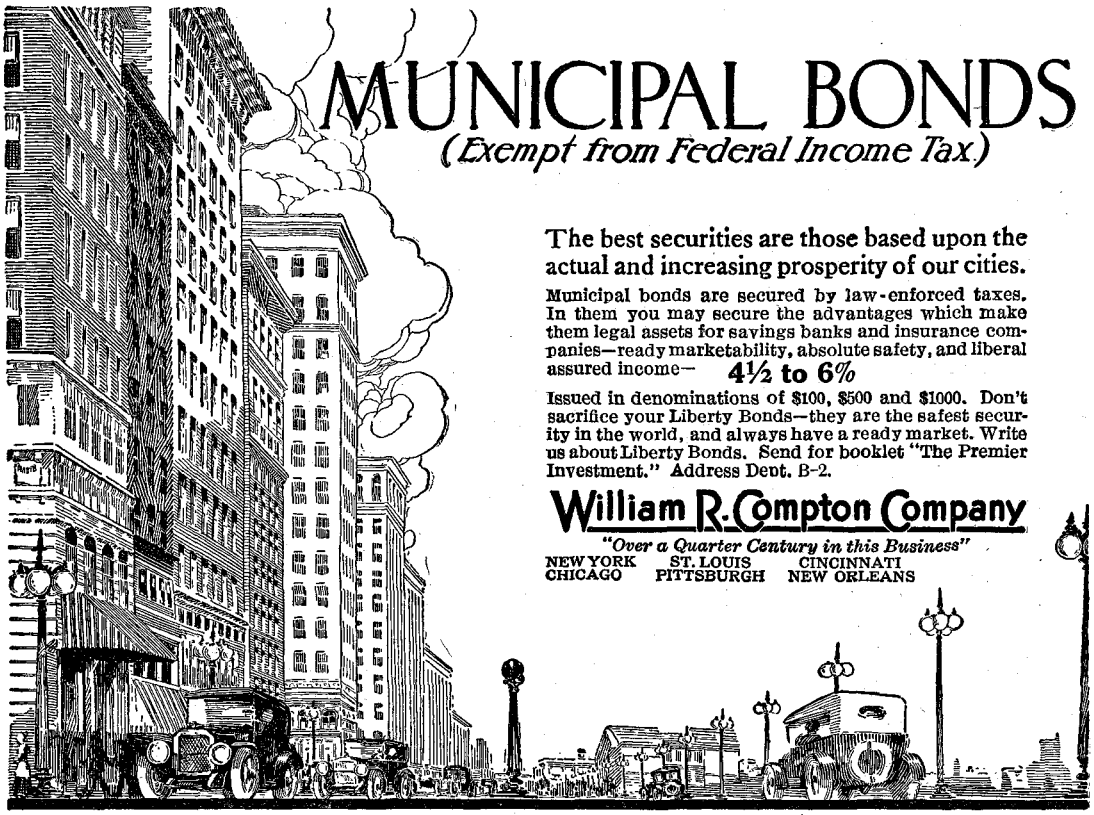

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Financial Situation, continued from page 52

IT hardly need be said that Germany stands in an altogether different case. The kind of destruction, spoliation, and malicious plundering in which her armies engaged during the invasion and occupation of Belgium is too well known to need description. But discussion of an indemnity brings up the principle again, that when a government which has guaranteed a neighbor state against invasion proceeds to invade it, when its generals burn whole sections of that nation's towns and cities, seize the tangible resources of the country, impose on non-resisting towns a compulsory and illegal tribute exceeding $500,000,000, remove to Germany the gold reserves of that country's banks and the machinery of that country's manufacturing establishments, and do all this while their soldiers and officers are plundering private houses of furniture, pictures, food, wines, wearing apparel—then there is no more possibility of disputing the moral, legal, and practical necessity of money restitution than there would be of requiring a notorious robber on the highways to surrender booty captured on his person.

Reparation and Restitution

What is true regarding Germany's responsibilities for Belgium is equally true regarding her conduct in northern France. The claim of France is in some ways even more urgent; for whereas, after the first fury of devastation, German commanders in Belgium, for their own purposes and with the motive of preventing utter ruin of a state which they meant eventually to annex to Germany, had stopped the hand of the destroyers, in France they continued up to the close of war a deliberate campaign to achieve complete industrial and commercial ruin. Nothing like that part of their conduct had been witnessed in modern history. Even the Goths, the Vandals, and the earlier Huns respected sanctuaries and monuments of religious art, and the action of the Germans regarding the forests and orchards of France was the first clear commentary in twenty-five centuries on the meaning of Isaiah's famous parable against the King of Babylon: "The fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon; saying, since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us."

What Germany had done on the sea, in outright contravention of the laws of war and of common humanity, nobody needs to be told. That she would have to pay for this, her own statesmen had in principle admitted, during their communications with the United States over the *Sussex*, and in their later negotiations with Spain. It was no simple matter to calculate what the aggregate of such righteous money indemnities would amount to. Even in the matter of the ships alone, some calculators have fixed the sum as high as $250,000,000. Belgium herself has not officially drawn up her full bill of reparation. Unofficial calculators have estimated the damage done in Belgium and France,

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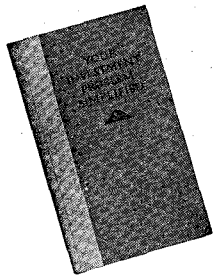

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Financial Situation, continued from page 54

for which restitution must be and will be exacted, at aggregate figures running all the way from $5,000,000,000 to $15,000,000,000.

Lloyd George's Proposal

SHORTLY before the Conference itself assembled, however, the whole discussion became suddenly complicated through a quite unexpected public announcement made by various members of the British Government. It was repeatedly set forth by them that Germany would be required to pay the entire amount which the war had cost her enemies; that stipulation being coupled with the explicit statement that this total cost to the Allies was £24,000,000,000, or say $120,000,000,000, of which England's share was £8,000,000,000, or $40,000,000,000. A sense of perplexity, to some extent even a feeling of dislike, was rather quickly manifest even among the best friends of England and the strongest enemies of Germany. This feeling was occasioned, partly because Lloyd George and his colleagues had spoken in advance both of the Peace Conference and of any statement of their claims by France or Belgium; partly because the speeches seemed to have rather close relation to the pending general election in Great Britain; partly because of the contrast between the declaration that the enemy "will have to pay the uttermost farthing that it is possible to wring from them" with the British Premier's statement of November 13 that we must "set our faces against any base, sordid, squalid idea of vengeance and of avarice"; but partly also because of the total inability of any one to conceive in just what way a nation or government, however morally responsible for payment of such amounts, would be able to pay them.

That Germany deserved any punishment which the Conference should see fit to impose, few people seemed to doubt. It was also recognized, from a practical point of view, that Germany would have no friends at the table around which her fate would be under discussion. Whereas England spoke a good word for France in 1871, France for defeated Russia in 1905, Germany for Turkey in 1913, and whereas even France of the first Napoleon was to a large extent protected by the Austrian delegates in 1814, the Germany of 1918 could have in the international discussion only cold and resentful enemies. This fact, however, only added to perplexity over the practical problem of indemnity.

That problem clearly involved three distinct questions: What ought in right to be the basis on which to fix the amount of such exaction from a defeated state? Could that state actually pay the indemnity assigned, and how? Finally, what would be the longer economic effect of such payment on the nation which paid and on the nations which received it?

As to the basis on which the payment should be fixed, Lloyd George in his December speeches answered: "The cost to her enemies of the war for which Germany was responsible," and to this he

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added: "We have an absolute right." Yet it had at least to be admitted that for just this method of calculation there was no precedent whatever, unless Bismarck's exaction of 1871 were to be so regarded. No indemnity was imposed on such a basis after the Balkan War, or the Russian-Japanese War, or the Crimean War. It was proposed but not granted in the Manchurian War; and although an indemnity of 700,000,000 francs, or $140,000,000, was imposed on France in the Treaty of Peace in 1815, even that was chiefly due to the persistence of Prussia, whose generals had already levied a "war contribution" of 100,000,000 francs on Paris, and the total sum was not one-twentieth part of the cost of the Napoleonic wars to England alone.

The British Government, indeed, actually returned to France in 1815 three of the French colonial possessions captured in the war. In return for Cape Colony, Curaçoa, and Demerara, taken from France's ally and vassal, Holland, Great Britain actually paid $30,000,000 to the new Dutch Government. This was an action never paralleled under the circumstances, save on the two occasions when the United States paid $12,000,000 to defeated Mexico for her cession of California and $20,000,000 to defeated Spain for cession of the Philippines.

How France Paid Prussia in 1871

AS to the second consideration, how any such indemnity would or could be paid, that was bound to depend on the figure fixed for the indemnity. Such payments are not made in the way which might at first glance be supposed. When France was called on to make payment, within three years after May, 1871, of 5,000,000,000 francs in "gold, silver, national bank-notes, or first-class bills of exchange," the French bankers went at once to work to raise the money. It was paid well within the time assigned, but in a wholly unexpected manner. Actual shipment of French gold and silver footed up only 512,878,058 francs, or barely one-tenth of the full indemnity.

The gold reserve of the Bank of France was not exhausted, and it presently became even larger than before the war. No less than 4,248,000,000 francs out of the 5,000,000,000 total was paid in bills of exchange drawn upon European cities outside of France, these bills having been created through a remarkably successful floating of French Government loans on the other European markets. To the largest indemnity loan, for instance, which was for 3,500,000,000 francs, no less than 1,541,000,000 francs was subscribed in such foreign markets—even German bankers and investors taking 471,154,815 francs, the largest share of any foreign subscribing market. In other words, nearly half of the entire indemnity to Germany was raised outside of France, and almost 14 per cent of it in the markets of her previous antagonist.

Germany, when the present war ended, held in the vaults of her national bank some $580,000,000

Financial Situation, continued on page 59

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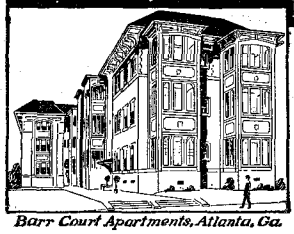

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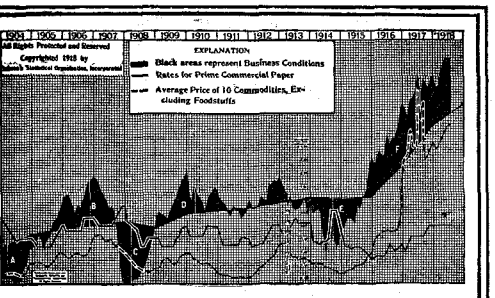
Financial Situation, continued from page 57

gold, and that was pretty much all the actual treasure of the kind within the country's boundaries. It would not go far toward meeting the indemnity named by the British statesmen. Unlike the France of 1871, Germany has to-day neither a huge reserve of securities of foreign nations nor an accumulated trade credit against her foreign customers. The one had been disposed of on the markets at outbreak of the war; the other was not only counterbalanced, prior to July of 1914, by her own indebtedness on trade account (to England in particular), but the foreign trade of Germany had been extinct since the British fleet, a month after that date, drew up its line of blockade in the North Sea. Behind all such aspects of the question stood the fact that, as against the suggested $120,000,000,000 requisition, the estimate by Doctor Helfferich, on the total wealth of Germany in 1913, was $75,000,000,000.

German Resources and the Penalty

THESE simple facts explain why the estimates and proposals of the English statesmen, in December, did not seem to be taken seriously anywhere. The French statisticians, though they figured out an indemnity bill of $50,000,000 for France alone, named no such total figure as the British premier. But even with the plan of assessing Germany for the full cost of war abandoned as impossible, there would still remain some curious questions: Just how would the defeated states raise the money even for reparation and restitution? Could it be done without large grants of credit to Germany, even by her recent enemies? What would be the effect on economic Germany, already buried in a mountain of depreciated paper? How would Germany's payment, either of principal or interest on a newly created foreign debt, be possible without that reopening of English and other foreign ports to German products, which the British statesmen, in the recent electoral campaign, had declared would not be permitted?

These are the very unusual considerations which surround this immediate problem of the Conference. Behind them stand such other perplexing questions as that suggested by the experience of the seventies, when the great panic of 1873, coming in rapid sequence to the war of 1871 and the indemnity payment which followed, was vastly more destructive in Germany, which received the five thousand million francs, than in France which paid them. Other questions will arise; possibly some which have never before arisen in the course of international relations. The indemnity problem will not be settled by demanding impossibilities. Reparation and restitution will not be obtained from a people unable to raise the amount prescribed. Conceivably, the problem may turn out to be itself inextricably involved in the new financial and economic bonds whose mutual responsibilities, under some sort of League of Nations, will be part of future international history.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THE STORY OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

VII—The Odd Lot

By William W. Craig

(This is the seventh of a series of short articles on the Stock Exchange appearing in the Investment Section of Scribner's Magazine.)

THE time was not so long ago when Stock Exchange firms were not overenthusiastic in the execution of orders for five, ten, or fifteen shares of stock. They felt that this class of business was hardly worth the expense entailed in the clerical work of keeping records of transactions for which commissions were of trifling amount. The hundred-share unit had been established as the minimum for the general run of speculative operations, and it required something in a way of an evolution of business to bring the fractional amount of stock into prominence.

There are few, if any, brokerage houses which are now unwilling to handle orders to buy or sell small lots of stock with the same care as the "full" lots of 100 shares each. The change has been brought about by the rapid increase in recent years of investment in securities by persons of moderate means, and also through the increase of speculation in "odd lots."

An odd lot of stock is the term applied to any amount of shares from one to ninety-nine. In practice the buyer of an odd lot on the Stock Exchange has to pay a slight fraction above the price which 100 shares of the same stock would command in the market at the same moment the purchase is made. In selling he receives usually a small fraction less than 100 shares would have brought. The commission rates vary with different brokers. Most firms will not execute any order, whether for one share or more, for less than $1, and from 5 shares upward the charge for several years past has been 12½ cents a share to buy or sell if the stock is quoted above $10 per share and 6¼ cents per share if the stock is appraised in the market under $10.

The rapid growth of the odd-lot business developed a distinct method of handling it on the Exchange. Brokerage firms undertook to specialize in fractional amounts of stock, with the result that several houses do nothing but conduct this class of business. They act for their own account and as they are dealers, as distinguished from brokers, they do not charge a commission on their orders. They buy from and sell to the commission brokers and thus they are not directly intermediaries between the public and the market. A brokerage firm which receives from an individual customer an order to buy 10 shares of Union Pacific, say, telephones the order to its representative on the Exchange, who goes to a broker representing an odd-lot firm. If the

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order is to buy at the lowest price obtainable at the moment, the dealer sells the stock at a figure a fraction above the price which 100 shares of the stock commands at the next sale after the order is received. That is, the market for the larger unit governs the market for the smaller lot.

A similar method is followed in completing a selling order for an odd lot, except that the price received is a fraction less than the 100-share price. The buyer of an odd lot, of course, has the privilege of designating the price which he desires to pay, and in that case the order is kept open by the dealer until the price is reached by market fluctuations. Also, the buyer may direct that the stock be secured at the price which is being bid for 100 shares, and a seller may order his stock sold at the price at which 100 shares are being offered when his order reaches the floor. The method followed in most cases, however, is to base the price for an odd lot on the price of a full unit, the difference generally being one-eighth of 1 per cent between the full lot and the odd lot.

The procedure mentioned is allowed by Stock Exchange practice. The odd-lot dealer accumulates fractional lots until he has 100 shares, and then he sells 100 shares in one block, clearing his record in a single transaction. Thus he is constantly trading against his commitments. When he sells fractional lots he sells them "short," unless his firm happens to have the stock on hand, and when his books show that he is short 100 shares, he buys 100 shares in a single lot. He is then in position to have the 100-shares lot split up into fractional amounts and delivered to the brokers to whom he sold the odd lots.

Were it not for the presence of dealers in odd lots, it might be difficult at times for orders in fractional amounts to be executed. The dealers are always ready to buy or sell, they make the market. Because of the activity of the dealers there is as free a market for odd lots on the Stock Exchange as for the regular units of 100 shares.

The application of the term "odd lot" is made more particularly to stocks on the Exchange than to those in the outside market. In case of stocks whose primary dealings are conducted between firms which buy and sell for their own account, the fractional lot is frequently much more in evidence than the full unit. High-priced issues, such as stocks of the so-called Standard Oil group and certain public utility companies, change hands in lots of less than 100 shares as the usual thing, and the prices are governed by the law of supply and demand, with no reference to the current quotation for 100 shares.

While the major portion of all purchases of odd lots represents investment purchases for cash, speculative ventures in them have in recent years become an important factor in the business of the market-place. There are Stock Exchange firms which decline to carry fractional amounts of stock on margin, but they have passed into the minority.

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—"The Queen," page 273.

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